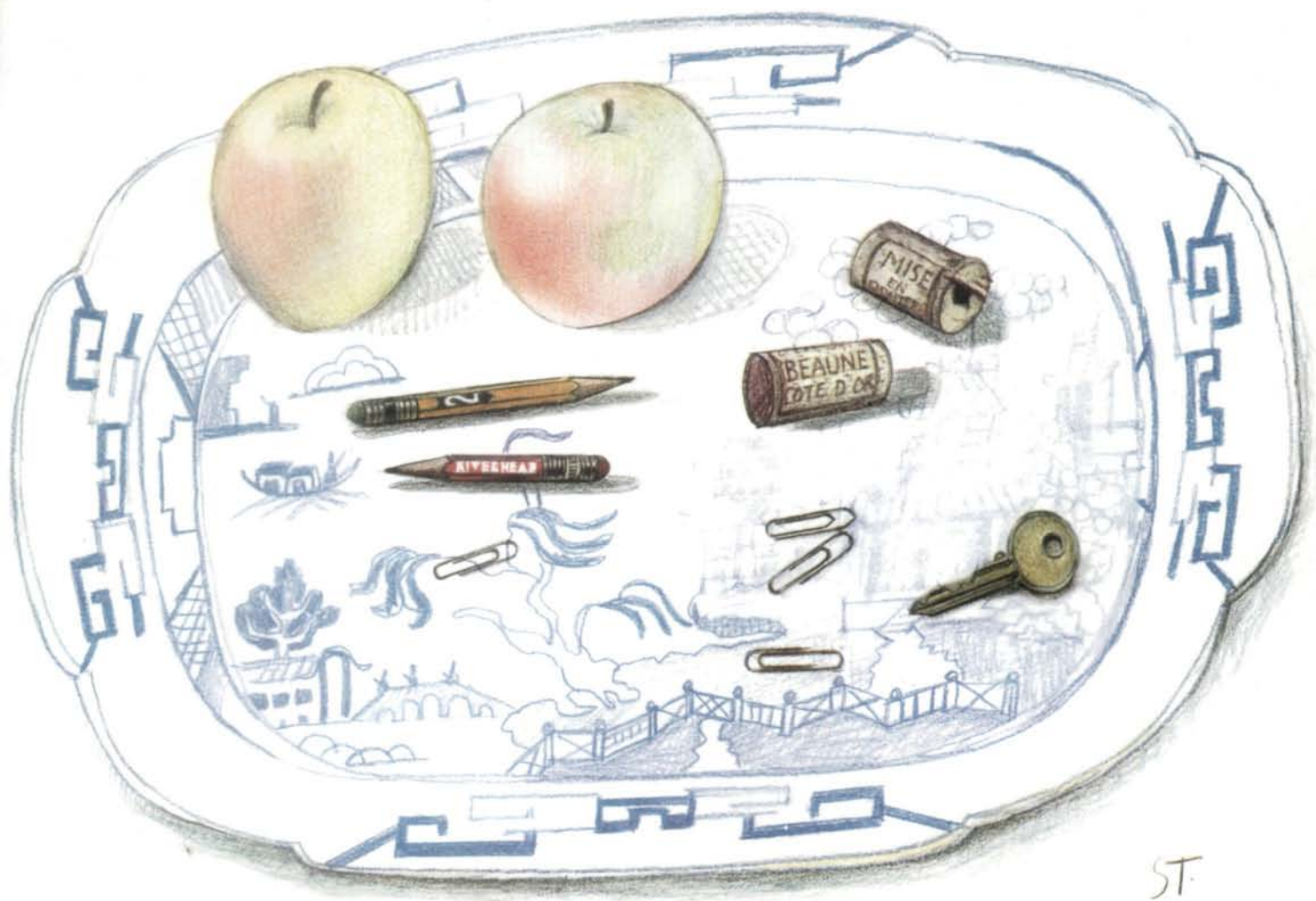


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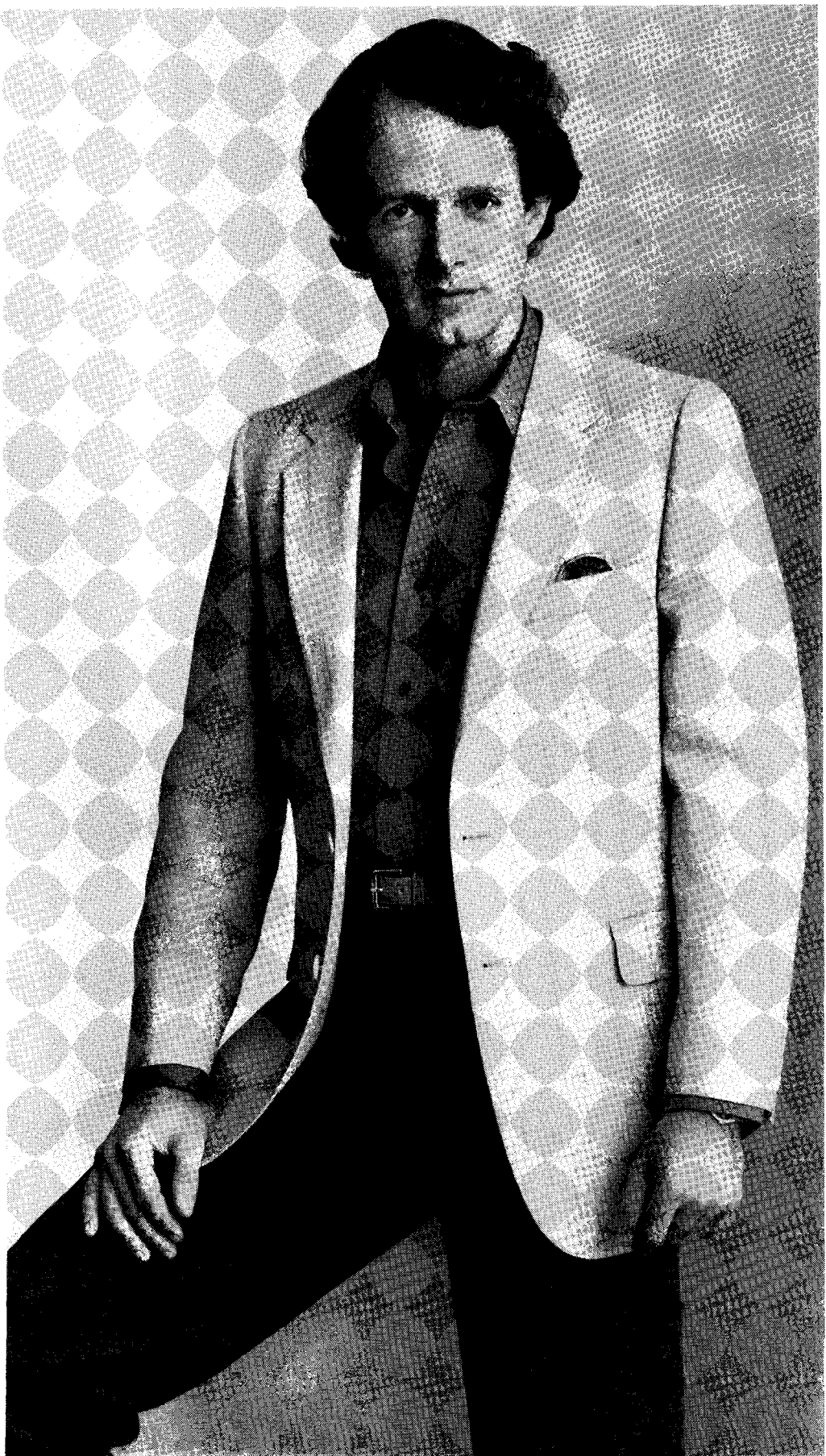
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE BALCONY—Genet's exquisite little play is given a thorough shaking up by Richard Schechner, one of whose guiding principles is never to leave well enough alone. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/26/79.) (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 8.)

BENT—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETRAYAL—A play by Harold Pinter, with Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. Directed by Peter Hall. Previews through Saturday matinee, Jan. 5, and opens officially that same evening at 7. (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BETTE DIVINE MADNESS—Bette Midler in eruption is worth travelling many a mile to see. (12/17/79) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Through Sunday, Jan. 6.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—Two plays in repertory through Sunday, Feb. 3. Shakespeare's *HAMLET*, with William Hurt, Jacqueline Brookes, Douglass Watson, Lindsay Crouse, and Michael Ayr: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2 and 8; Tuesday, Jan. 8, and Friday, Jan. 11, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2 and 8. Friedrich Schiller's *MARY STUART*, with Stephanie Gordon and Tanya Berezin: Friday, Jan. 4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10, at 8. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

CLASS ENEMY—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougall St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

COMIN' UPTOWN—A thoroughly misguided notion—a black musical based on "A Christmas Carol"—brought to gratuitously complex completion. The star is the gifted Gregory Hines. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—A revival of William Inge's play. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

EVITA—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FUGUE IN A NURSERY—A comedy by Harvey Fierstein (who is also in the cast). (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN GERTRUDE STEIN—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougall St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

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KING OF SCHNORRERS—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Judd Woldin. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A KURT WEILL CABARET—A pleasing assortment of Weill songs, ably presented by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (11/19/79) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, and Sundays and Mondays at 8.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Jan. 6: *THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE*. . . . Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 9-13: *THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD*. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéés Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LOOSE ENDS—Michael Weller's entertaining study of young folk in the nineteen-seventies: how they have accepted (or rejected) the burdens of adulthood, including the burden of

making good in a society they mostly dislike. With Christine Lahti and Kevin Kline. Directed by Alan Schneider. (6/18/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MODIGLIANI—A sad, implausible, carefully written play about a few days in the life of the celebrated painter. Jeffrey De Munn takes the leading role. (11/26/79) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéés Sundays at 3.)

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Philip Bosco, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéés Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—The second in this season's series of four productions is *HOME*, by Samm-Art Williams. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinéés Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

NIGHT AND DAY—Tom Stoppard conducts a semi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nar on the nature of journalism as all hell breaks loose in a mythical African state. Maggie Smith heads an excellent cast. (12/10/79) Directed by Peter Wood. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE 1940'S RADIO HOUR—A musical that lives off the singing of a great number of golden oldies, all in the name of summoning up how radio was in its prime. Written and directed by Walton Jones. (10/15/79) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8; Friday, Jan. 4, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

OKLAHOMA!—An admirable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ONE MO' TIME—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

ON GOLDEN POND—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PARIS WAS YESTERDAY—Celeste Holm portrays Janet Flanner in a one-woman show based on Miss Flanner's writings for this magazine. Paul Shyre did the adaptation and directed as well. (12/31/79) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8; Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3 and 8; Tuesday, Jan. 8, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 10-11, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 12, at 2:30 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 13, at 3 and 8.)

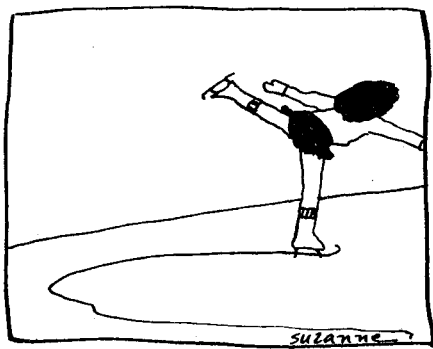
PETER PAN—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)

REBECCA—THE RABBI'S DAUGHTER—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration by David Ellin. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesday at 8 and Saturday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Thursday at 2:30, and Sunday at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

ROMANTIC COMEDY—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of ill-matched playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3 and 6.)

SCRAMBLED FEET—The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)



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SHOUT ACROSS THE RIVER—A play by Stephen Poliakov, Opens Wednesday, Jan. 2. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SORROWS OF STEPHEN—A very funny new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

STRIDER: THE STORY OF A HORSE—The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. Most of the actors, who do well, double as horses and people, and the results are sometimes effective, sometimes humorous, and often painfully cute. The music (originally composed by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin and arranged by Norman L. Berman) is consistently delightful. Robert Kalfin was both co-translator and co-director. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SUGAR BABIES—Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TEBBLE AND HER DEMON—A so-called fable, based on a short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, about a woman who goes to bed with a demon who isn't really a demon at all, and the sad consequences that befall her. With F. Murray Abraham and Laura Esterman. (12/31/79) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TONGUES—Joseph Chaikin in a sort of scrapbook of mysterious musings by Sam Shepard and himself, with musical accompaniment. (12/17/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Lillian Hellman's play, as done by the Long Wharf Theatre, of New Haven. The director is Arvin Brown. Previews Wednesday, Jan. 2. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 3. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOODY GUTHRIE—Tom Taylor in a one-man show adapted by Mr. Taylor, George Boyd, and Michael Diamond from Guthrie's writings and songs. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career

of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **DRACULA**: Jean LeClerc co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Wednesday through Saturday, except Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.) ... **THE ELEPHANT MAN**: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Jack Wetherall is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsis directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE FANTASTICS**: 8,184 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **SWEENEY TODD**: A mass murderer in nineteenth-

century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed musical with Lucie Arnaz and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—A ninety-minute Christmas show that includes the Rockettes in a parade of wooden soldiers. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily at 2:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 6.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 3-5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 3: "Apollo," "Pas de Deux," "In the Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... Friday evening, Jan. 4: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "In the Night," and "The Concert."... Saturday matinee, Jan. 5: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Apollo," and "Symphony in C."... Saturday evening, Jan. 5: "In the Night," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "La Valse."... Sunday matinee, Jan. 6: "Interplay," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C."... Sunday evening, Jan. 6: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Apollo," and "The Concert."... Tuesday evening, Jan. 8: "Swan Lake" and "Union Jack."... Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "The Goldberg Variations," "Tzigane," and "The Concert."... Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Interplay," "Apollo," and "Union Jack."... Friday evening, Jan. 11: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C."... Saturday matinee, Jan. 12: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Apollo," and "La Valse."... Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinee and evening, Jan. 2; Saturday evening, Jan. 5; and Sunday matinee, Jan. 6: "Divertissement II," "Guignol," and "Count Down."... Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 3-4: "Aviary: A Ceremony for Bird People," "Gallery," and "Sanctum Suite."... Saturday matinee, Jan. 5: "Divertissement I," "Scenario," and "Tent." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 27—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 9-10, and Saturday evening, Jan. 12: Act II of "Swan Lake" (company premiere), "Greening" (American premiere), "Le Corsaire," and "Dougla."... Friday evening, Jan. 11, and Saturday matinee, Jan. 12: "Serenade," "Manifestations," "Paquita" (company premiere), and "Troy Game." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees at 2.)

KRASNAYARSK DANCE COMPANY—Eighty dancers, singers, and musicians from Russia. (Car-

negie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3 and 8; Sunday through Friday, Jan. 6-11, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 3 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club that shrewdly books jazz, country, blues, and above all, rock bands. The lineup: rock guitarist and singer Rick Derringer Thursday, Jan. 3; bluesy jazz pianist **MOSE ALLISON** and bluesy rock singer **TRACY NELSON** Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5; high-wire jazz singer **BETTY CARTER** Friday through Sunday, Jan. 11-13. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. Pianist Kirk Lightsey and bassist Rufus Reid perform through Saturday, Jan. 5; on Sunday, Jan. 6, Angela Suarez will sing Brazilian jazz; and on Monday, Jan. 7, pianist and composer **SY JOHNSON** will move in with bassist **MIKE RICHMOND**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is supported by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. ... In the Beelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (682-4052)—This rough-hewn night club hasn't done much for the surrounding neigh-

borhood, but it's done a lot for rock and roll and the New York rock scene. The bands: the Locals and Shrug Wednesday, Jan. 2; the Yorks and the C.I.'s Thursday, Jan. 3; Shrapnel Friday, Jan. 4; and Revelons and the Messengers Saturday, Jan. 5. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CITY LIMITS, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine to Texas chic and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

THE CONSERVATORY, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (265-0060)—This redesigned corner bar has brought in singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**, who works with bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Aaron Bell Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to Anne Marie Moss, who sings at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ**, a youthful curator of swing music, works with a trio during dinner (from six to eleven) Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DOWNEY'S, 705 Eighth Ave., at 44th St. (757-0186)—In the green-tartan-carpeted back room of this steakhouse, composer **ARTHUR SIEGEL** has set up his own entirely charming version of Show Tunes 101. Mr. Siegel sings and plays the piano every night but Sunday at nine-thirty and eleven. Thursdays through Saturdays singer **SANDY STEWART** joins him. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Jan. 6, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will be in charge of a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

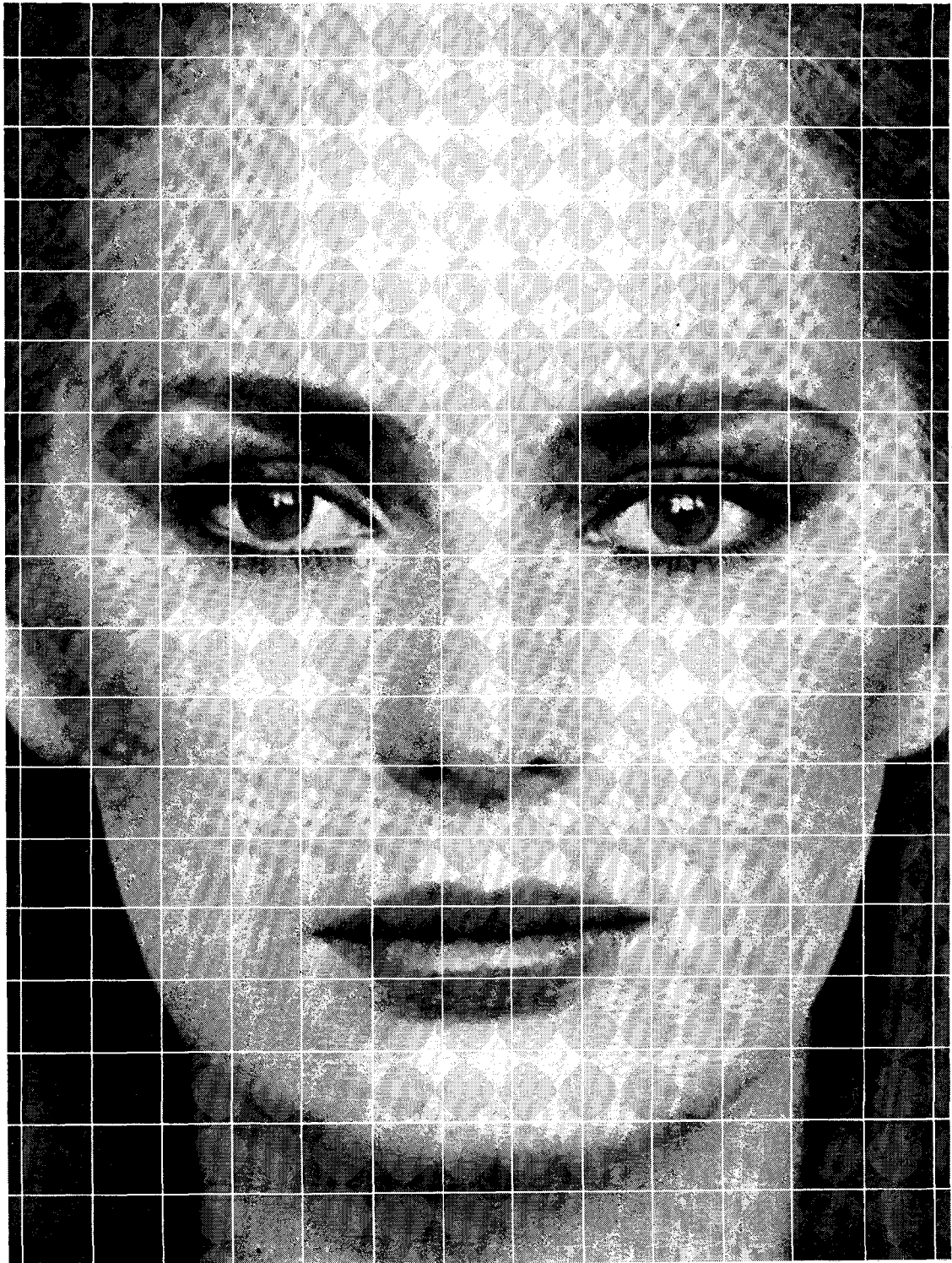
FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, the master, inspires his new quartet as well as the audience, through Saturday, Jan. 5. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 8, **DAVID AMRAM**, a French-horn soloist, composer, wooden-flute soloist, singer, percussionist, beatnik, conductor, and musical multinationalist, will lead his quintet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATHILA ZOLLER** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **Bob Bodley**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman**. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist **Loumell Morgan** and bassist **Morris Edwards** team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several-months-old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, who is bound to attract patrons from all around the town. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

HORS D'OEUVRE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to both. The bands: **Slits** and **Jah Malla** Wednesday, Jan. 2; **Con-tortions** and **Dufunked** Thursday, Jan. 3; **Quincy and Scruffs** Friday, Jan. 4; **Rattlers** and **Single Bullet Theory** Saturday, Jan. 5; **Manhattan Project** Sunday, Jan. 6; and **Klaus Nomi** and **Come On** Tuesday, Jan. 8. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor, and on the ground floor in the Shandon Tavern. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, trombonist **STEVE TURRE** leads a quintet that features trumpeter **JON FADDIS** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5; on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, **DENISE DELAPENHA** will sing Brazilian jazz with her quintet. Sundays are jam sessions. Music from nine-thirty. Downstairs in the Shandon Tavern, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, will belong to **TED CURSON**—a lively, likable bandleader and a crisp hard-bop trumpet soloist—and his quintet. The next weekend, Jan. 11-12, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will work with a trio. Sundays are turned over to saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and his nonet. Music from ten.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar with music provided by pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**, the bluesy romantic, and his bassist, **MARTY RIVERA**. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The schedule includes Robert Gordon, a back-of-the-throat rockabilly baritone, who will perform Thursday, Jan. 3, and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 9-10; **NRBQ**, a rock and R. & B. group that will be on hand Sunday and Monday, Jan. 6-7; and **Elliott Murphy**, who will perform rock and roll on Tuesday, Jan. 8. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. The attraction currently is singer **ANITA O'DAY**, who appears Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 2, **Pinups**, the **Minx**, and **Cutthroats**; Thursday, Jan. 3, **Knots**, **Jinx**, and **Fabians**;

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Friday, Jan. 4, **Blessed and Forced Entry**; Saturday, Jan. 5, **Speedies and Buzz** & the **Flyers**; Sunday, Jan. 6, **Octaroons**, **Locals**, and **Major Chill**; Monday, Jan. 7, **Colors**, **Change**, and **Thin Ice**; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, **Vengeance** and **Maxx**. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A new program, this one entitled "Was Bessie Blue?" is underway, with singer **CARRIE SMITH** doing the Bessie honors, with help from tenor saxophonist **BUDD JOHNSON**, pianist **DILL JONES**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and drummer **BOB DURHAM**. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinetist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A little neighborhood place that brings in jazz, blues, funk, and disco musicians. Trumpeter **Hugh Masekela** and his African-funk nonet are here Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 3-5; and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, will belong to electric violinist **Noel Pointer**, who plays rhapsodic R. & B., and his band. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-club bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Electric violinist **MICHAEL URBANIAK**, whose music is derived from jazz, rock rhythms, and Polish folk tunes, will lead his quintet on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. A sign in the lobby proclaims that one should "see and hear Cole Porter's piano." It's true that Mr. Lyon's instrument, a **Louis XVI Steinway**, did belong to Porter, who lived in the hotel, but Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied **Mabel Mercer** throughout the past decade, is the real draw. His touch seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—**SY OLIVER'S** bouncy septet—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Various young up-and-coming performers

comprise most of the entertainment, but on Monday, Jan. 7, **JOSH LOGAN**, the stage arm movie director and, lately, singer, will arrive with his wife, **Nedda**, and his daughter, **Harrigan**, to do the eight-thirty shows. (On Friday and Saturday, the **Logans** will do two shows, eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.) Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (75-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **RED NORVI**, the father of the vibraharp, is paterfamilias to a quartet—pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**, drummer **MOUSEY ALEXANDER**, and bassist **JACK LEBERG**—which performs on its own and back up singer **MAVIS RIVERS**. Shows Tuesday through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining and dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4604)—A light, airy second floor jazz club, in which most of the wall are refreshingly uncluttered. Drummer **BO MOSES**, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN**, trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO**, pianist **STEVE KUHNS**, and bassist **STEVE SWALLOW** collaborate Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 3-6; on Thursday, Jan. 10, **CHUCK RAINEY**, an important R. & B. bassist during the previous decade, will move in with some musical friends. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Wednesday, Jan. 2.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find trumpeter **BILLY BUTTERFIELD** quintet. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Altoist **LOU DONALDSON** heads up a quartet through Saturday, Jan. 5; tenorist **HAROLD VICK'S** quartet will work on Sunday and Monday, Jan. 6-7; and on Tuesday, Jan. 8, trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** will begin a five-night visit with his quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. On Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 2-3, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will head up a quintet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club is currently bringing in a lot of blues players and a whole bunch of rock-and-roll bands. The bluesy attraction will be **J. B. HUTTO** on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12. Shows usually begin at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for journeyman rock bands, but sometimes established, non-new-wave performers make their way onto the stage, too. A partial lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 2, **Ramlips**; Thursday, Jan. 3, **Billies** and **Get Wet**; Saturday, Jan. 5, **Sterling**; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, **Marbles**. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dining. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** is back in town and leading a quartet through Sunday, Jan. 6; on Tuesday, Jan. 8, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** will take over with his quartet. Mondays are devoted to the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist **Esther Blue**; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist **Harris Simon**. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Clarinetist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and his Ellington-minded quartet, **Ellingtonia**, perform for students (Columbia U. is just across Broadway) and non-students nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

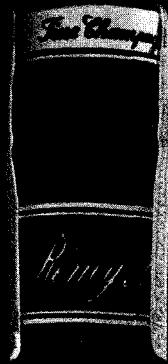
JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JURY'S IRISH CABARET OF DUBLIN—Thirty singers, dancers, comedians, and instrumentalists. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 3-4, at 8.)

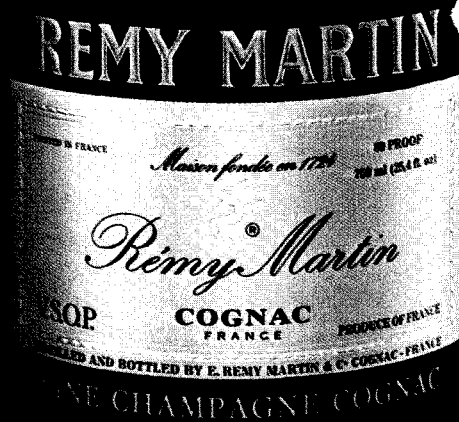
TAHUANTINSUYO—American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Jan. 3, 8-10 p.m.



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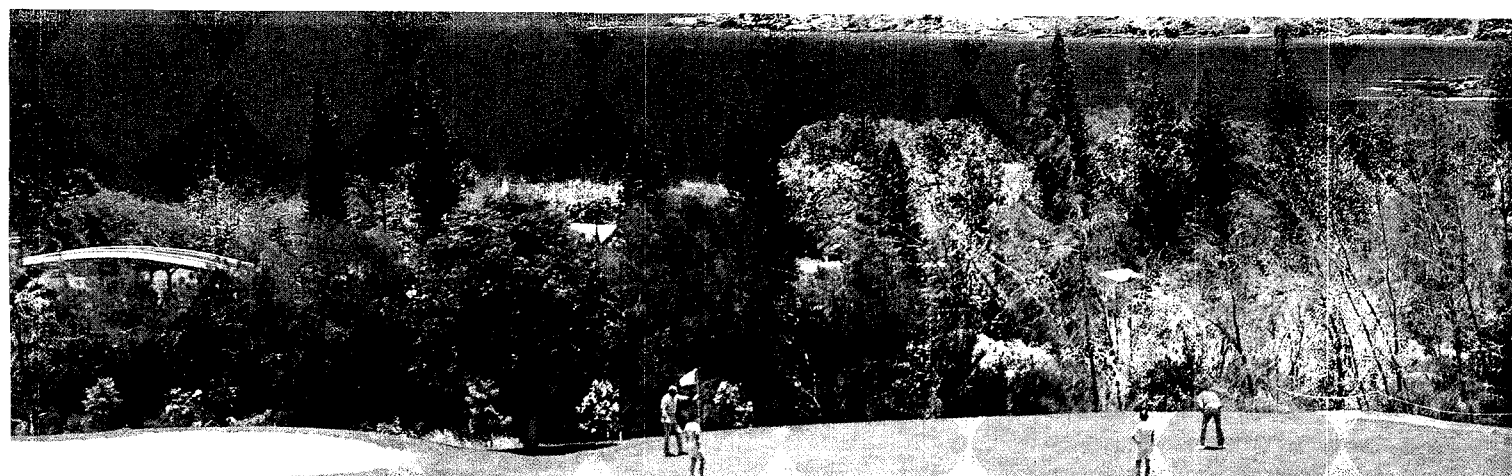


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Kapalua Bay Hotel
Maui, Hawaii

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, Jan. 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-7507.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BORIS ANISFELD (1879-1973)—Paintings, and set and costume designs for the opera and ballet, done in exotic, sensual colors by an artist who worked with Diaghilev and Fokine. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

ILYA GRIGOREVICH CHASHNIK (1902-29)—Paintings, architectural drawings, and porcelain designs by one of the early theorists of the Suprematist group in Russia. Through March 15. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

COLETTE—Photomontage record-album covers and "jewelry" installed in Plexiglas boxes by a conceptual artist who has festooned the gallery with filmy dresses for the occasion. Through Jan. 31. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Painstaking studies of nude figures and of fruits and eggs arrayed on cloth, done in watercolor or in pencil alone. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JUDITH GODWIN—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Wednesday, Jan. 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

RAOUL HAGUE—Massive sculptures made of raw walnut or cherry tree trunks that are not so much sculpted as severely pruned. There are also similar pieces of sycamore and poplar. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE (1885-1962)—Twenty-five oils and a few works in other mediums; a number are from his later years. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A benefit showing of nearly two hundred drawings from the past ten years, together with a few sculptures. Through Jan. 18. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

EDDA RENOUF—Drawings in which the artist incises a simple pattern on paper and then scrubs over it with pastel; the effect is much like that of a rubbing. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

HUGO ROBUS (1886-1964)—Twenty-three sculptures, including a number of the impish nymphs he was noted for, and a few paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANSEI UCHIMA—Paintings, pastels, and wood-blocks, mostly abstract, by a Japanese artist now resident in this country. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ROBERT VICKREY / HARVEY GORDON—Tempera paintings by a precisionist artist who specializes in bright sunlight falling on children, bicycles, seaside boulders, and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul in the floppy white wimples they used to wear. / Small watercolor sketches of interiors and city scenes, done with the immediacy of a snapshot. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

MASTER PRINTS—Etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs ranging from Hieronymus Bosch to George Bellows and including rare works by Rembrandt and an etching of a seated nude by Matisse. Through Jan. 15. (Tunick, 12 E. 81st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Collages and paintings on paper by Catharine Warren, Christo, Robert Nickle, and others. Through Tuesday, Jan. 8. (Open Mondays.) ... **EINSTEIN**, 243 E. 82nd St.: Paintings by Mel Pekarsky, Lucy Sallick, Sylvia Sleight, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings by Tony DeLap, Nigel Hall, and William Tucker. Through Wednesday, Jan. 9. ... **ERICSON**, 23 E. 74th St.: Vertical works on paper by Richards Ruben, Yvonne Thomas, and four other artists. Through Jan. 31. ... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Drawings entitled "Christmas 1979" by Edward Gorey and Edward Sorel; drawings and watercolors by R. O. Blechman; and small, boxed collages involving her own porcelain figures and water-

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colors by Alexa Grace. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Works on paper by such Americans as Sloan, Marin, Luks, Pène du Bois, Demuth, and Hartley, plus the original illustrations by Joe Lasker for his son David's book "The Boy Who Loved Music." Through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Small-scale paintings, mostly abstract, by Corneille, Folon, Wols, Hartung, and others. Through Jan. 19. ... **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: New paintings by Jake Berthot, Stuart Diamond, and Katherine Porter; Loren Madsen has sculpture. Through Jan. 23.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ED ARNO—Cartoons, many from this magazine. Through Friday, Jan. 4. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St.)

LUIS CRUZ AZACETA—Fantasy paintings (usually based on big-city violence), self-portraits in garish inks, and other works by a Cuban-born artist. Through Friday, Jan. 11. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

TONY BECHARA—Abstract patterns worked out in rich colors on a grid background that is almost as fine-meshed as graph paper. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

LARRY BELL—Brilliantly colored forms "drawn" by a process in which no pigment is used. Vaporized aluminum and silicon monoxide are deposited on paper in a vacuum chamber, forming a film of varying infinitesimal thicknesses which produce different colors by blocking out different light rays. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES COIGNARD—Roughcast collages done on handmade paper—scored, streaked with paint, dotted with figures cut from wallboard, embossed with deep patterns, and so on. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT COURTRIGHT / DOUGLAS ABDELL—Collages in which rectangles of paper are painted with watercolor and arranged in a grid pattern. Sometimes the paper is a magazine clipping in which everything but one large capital letter is bleached out; sometimes it is handmade; and sometimes it is butcher's wrapping pa-

per. / Sculptures that consist of big, black, jagged geometrical metal forms by an artist who does all his own blacksmithing. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

ROBYN DENNY—Seven hard-edge sequential paintings: the simple abstract pattern of one painting "connects" with the simple abstract pattern of the next, even though they may be hung on separate walls or even in separate rooms. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

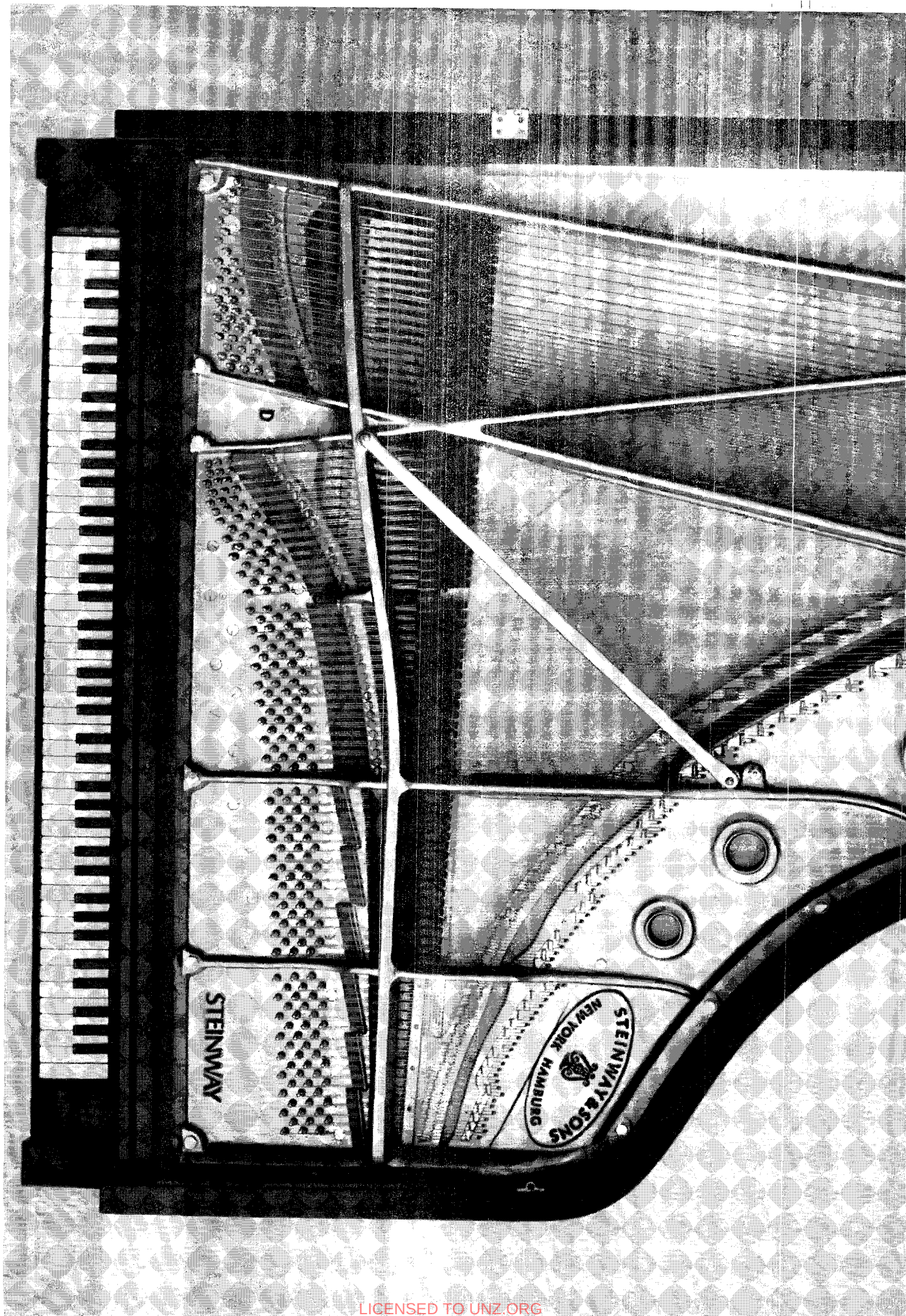
ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528)—Fifteen engravings portraying the Virgin and Child. Through Jan. 19. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

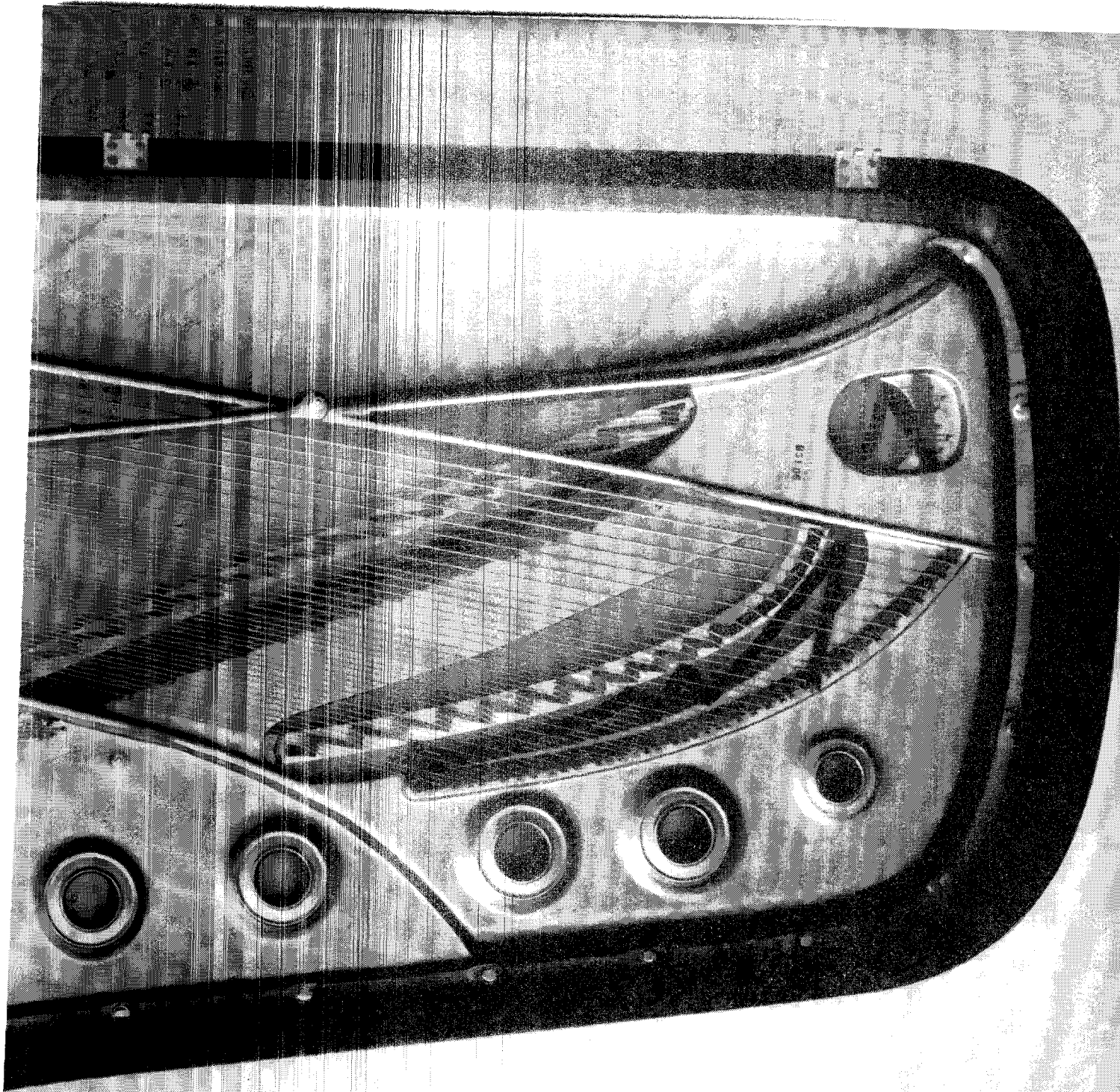
KAY KURT—Unusually large oil paintings of arrangements of candies, in which every gumdrop, nougat, licorice whip, and sugared almond has its day. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

LUCAS SAMARAS—Fabric paintings: fabric cut and sewn in abstract patterns and hung on stretchers. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **PAM ADLER**, 50 W. 57th St.: A small show by five gallery artists, among them Cynthia Carlson and Judith Murray. Through Feb. 2. ... **ALONZO**, 30 W. 57th St.: Small-scale works in several mediums by twenty-seven artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: This mélange of printed matter and art works includes a polyester sculpture of a man wearing a hat, accompanied by printed excerpts from his stream of consciousness (by Michael Meyers); a portable typewriter with a short story printed in white on the roller and again on the ribbon (by Kay Hines); and simple, unaffected drawings by Nicholas Africano. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. ... **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and other works, chiefly by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, and Kubin. Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays.) ... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: The gallery stable has rallied around for this show of small works—Clive Gray, Lee Hall, Saul Steinberg, Richard Francisco, Fanny Brennan, for instance. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. ... **PROTETCH**, 37 W. 57th St.: A double-dip show, consisting of figure drawings, photographs, and constructions, as they fit into today's art works (by Gary Bower, Robert Longo, Pinchas Cohen Gan, for instance); and works on paper by Farrell Brickhouse, Sol LeWitt, Richard Tuttle, Jackie Ferrara, to name a few. Through Wednesday, Jan. 9. ... **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Judith Shahn, Harry Gottlieb, Joseph Sol-







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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Opens at 12:30.)... **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Among the treats in this group show are an early (1914-15) portrait head of a woman in a white hat by Walt Kuhn; "Café de Paris," a lithograph by Stuart Davis done in the twenties; and a black-and-white abstract by Arshile Gorky, circa 1930. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—SoHo

ROSS BLECKNER—Large oil paintings in which still-lives are reduced to their semi-abstract elements and depicted in coarse lines that seem to have been scored in the dark, almost black backgrounds. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

JOHN MANDEL—Pencil studies of men in which facial details are done to perfection and the rest is sketched in lightly; each has a narrative quality, but it is up to the viewer to provide the story. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

JOHN OKULICK/BILL MARTIN—Wooden wall pieces with a built-in perspective that makes them appear to extend a lot farther into the room than they actually do. / Other-worldly landscapes done in oil on circular canvases—volcanic deserts, crystal caves, jungle depths. Through Thursday, Jan. 10. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

COMPOSERS' ART—A collection of musical scores assembled by John Cage, in which various composers break out of the ordinary alphabet of music and resort to something close to illustrative drawing to get their purpose across. The result has both calligraphic and musical charm, and the show is augmented with unusual scorings, from other collections, by such giants as Haydn, Mozart, and Brahms, as well as latter-day samplings from Gershwin, Sousa, Porter, and Jelly Roll Morton. Through Jan. 26. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

AL HIRSCHFELD—Recent drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Also, a dozen watercolors on Japanese Kabuki theatre. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St.)

JOYCE REZENDES—Twelve abstract paintings in a series called "A Hopi Creation Story." Through Jan. 20. (Cathedral Museum of Religious Art, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALICE AUSTEN (1866-1952)—Family outings, Victorian interiors, and New York Harbor by the Staten Island photographer. Through Feb. 24. (Seaport Gallery, 215 Water St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON/EUGÈNE ATGET (1857-1927)—Works from his entire career assembled by the seventy-one-year-old photographer. / A hundred photographs, mostly of Paris parks and gardens. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.)

GISELE FREUND—England in the thirties, Paris, and portraits of artists and writers (Man Ray, Colette, Virginia Woolf). Also ten photographs in a series of Eva Perón. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

JOHN GRUEN—Still-life photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

BRIAN HAGIWARA—Color photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 5. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

ELIOT PORTER—An exhibition of his dye-transfer landscapes has been mounted by the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

RALPH STEINER—Fifty photographs by an artist whose work dates back fifty years or more. Through Jan. 19. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SPIDER WEBB AND CHARLES GATEWOOD—Photographs by Gatewood of Webb at work (tattooing). Also, drawings by Webb. Through Saturday, Jan. 12. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JAPAN 1854-1905—Studio por-



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traits (of tradesmen, geisha, samurai, wrestlers) and scenic views, principally by Felix Beato, Baron R. von Stillfried, Kusakabe Kimbei, and Ogawa Isshin, who recorded life in Japan at a time when that country's social order had previously gone undisturbed for two centuries. Through Feb. 10. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Photographs and photograms that date from the mid-thirties to 1950, by Moholy-Nagy, Kepes, Jacobi, Callahan, and others influenced by Moholy-Nagy's Chicago Bauhaus. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A survey of the nude in photography. Among the fifteen surveys are Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Judy Dater, George Platt Lynes, and Jerry N. Uelsmann. Through Jan. 19. (Closed Tuesdays.)

... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Fifty photographs by artists who worked in Paris between 1925 and 1940: Kertész, Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, others. Also, sculptures of the same period. Through Saturday, Jan. 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. The most substantial part of the display comes from the Hapsburg court of the nineteenth century, and includes a uniform of Emperor Franz Josef, four gowns of Empress Elizabeth, and a phaeton of their son Rudolf. ... An exhibit of nearly eighty large-scale canvases by Clyfford Still, representative of the artist's work since 1942. Through Feb. 3. ... "Greek Art of the Aegean Islands," a show of sculptures, vases, jewelry, and wall paintings dating from the Bronze Age to the fifth century. Through Feb. 10. ... A display of Japanese ceramics from the Tanakamaru Collection, which is known for its tea-ceremony wares. Through Jan. 13. ... Sixty-five seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish drawings from the Lehman Collection, including ten Rembrandts and a Rubens. Through Jan. 27. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Dye transfers by Eliot Porter. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The museum, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, has drawn on the contents of its own collections for a sweeping survey of the art of the twenties. Among the works: paintings by Magritte and Hopper, architectural models and domestic designs by Breuer and Mies van der Rohe, sculptures by Brancusi and Moholy-Nagy, photographs by Rodchenko and Weston. Through Jan. 22. ... Portrayals of women by printmakers who worked at the end of the last century, Toulouse-Lautrec, Villon, and Gauguin are included. Through Jan. 28. ... A show of thirty etchings done by Marc Chagall for the book "Psaumes de David." They underscore the collaborative efforts of

the artist and his printer and publishe Through Jan. 28. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Forty three portraits from the twenties, by Tin Modotti, August Sander, André Kertész, an others. Through Jan. 22. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evening until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of seventeen paintings by Pat Klee from the museum's collections. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8 Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Andy Warhol: Portrait of the '70s'": Two identical enlarged color photographs of David Hockney, Truman Capote, Liza Minnelli, and the like, worked over with acrylic paint to obliterate a feature here accent one there, plus three immense portraits, similarly handled, of Chairman Mao and eight smaller ones of the artist's mother. Through Jan. 27. ... A retrospective of drawings by sculptor David Smith. Through Feb. 10. ... A show of seventy-one paintings and drawings by the Precisionist Prestor Dickinson. Through Feb. 24. ... A retrospective of the works of Jan Matulka. Through Feb. 24. ... Sixteen watercolors by Masami Teraoka, a California artist who uses traditional Japanese art forms to satirize modern life. One series is titled "31 Flavors Invading Japan." Through Sunday, Jan. 6. ... **COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE**: The first in the series will be a concert of music by Kurt Weill on Friday, Jan. 4, at 7 and at 9:30, with Teresa Stratas, Mabel Mercer, and the Gregg Smith Singers. Lotte Lenya will appear at both performances. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A two-part show on the art of engraving money. The first sets forth the various steps that lead to the printing of paper money, and the second surveys stocks, bonds, and money from the first federal bank notes to the present. Counterfeit bills, too. Through Jan. 23. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of prints, drawings, and photographs of New York from the permanent collections. Among the sixty-six artists represented are Benny Andrews, Child Hassam, Isabel Bishop, and Alfred Stieglitz. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. The more than five hundred gold objects include, in addition to ornamental pieces, such utilitarian items as musical instruments, bowls, and flasks. Through March 18. ... A show of art and artifacts of the Huichol Indians of Mexico, including costumes, yarn embroideries, and votive objects. Through Feb. 10. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45; and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of sixty-three Chinese bronzes, jades, ceramics, and textiles (dating from 1500 B.C. to the early nineteen hundreds), on loan from the Metropolitan Museum. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 5; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Man-made and natural objects from twelve Smithsonian institutions form a show whose articles range from coins and stamps to butterflies and beetles. Sunday, Jan. 6, is the last day to see this exhibit in its entirety. ... A small show of furniture (half the twenty pieces are chairs) from the permanent collection. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works, including drawings and maquettes, by Seymour Lipton, whose abstract sculptures of interwoven organic shapes combine nickel silver and Monel steel. Through Jan. 20. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of fifty American weathervanes, one of which is a gilded bronze Indian archer designed by Shem Drowne in 1716. Through Feb. 24. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30; and Thursday evenings until 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." Also, memorabilia pertaining to Audubon, his family, and his work. Through Feb. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A show of more than seventy nineteenth-century etchings and lithographs (by Daumier, Delacroix, Manet, Cassatt, Turner, Whistler, and others) from the library's S. P. Avery collection. Through April 15. (Open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A survey of prints by sixty-six black artists. The earliest is dated 1837; among the contemporary artists are Betye Saar, Jacqui Holmes, and Hale Woodruff. Through Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . Painted clay objects by David MacDonald. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Anne Lockwood (recorded sounds of rivers and slide projections of rivers), Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30; John Dowell (music and slides), Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8:30; an exhibit of nearly fifty books designed by black and Hispanic artists, starting Thursday, Jan. 3.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Emmanuel Ghent & Laurie Spiegel, with others (music), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 11-12, at 8:30; an exhibit of the costumes Pat Oleszko has used in her performances, through Saturday, Jan. 5; twenty videotapes from the Ithaca Video Festival, starting Saturday, Jan. 5.

PROJECT STUDIOS ONE, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City, 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main exhibit just now is the work of six sculptors: Terry Allen, Scott Burton, Michele Oka Doner, Michael Luchs, Dennis Oppenheim, and Jim Roche. Through Jan. 27. . . . Sunday, Jan. 6, from 2 to 6: Videotapes by Taka Jimura and other Japanese artists.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-6000. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 2: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Giuseppe Patané. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 3: "Der

Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 4: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . Saturday matinee, Jan. 5: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 5: "Hansel and Gretel" (in English), with Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Jean Kraft, Andrea Velis, and Allan Monk; Calvin Simmons. . . . Monday evening, Jan. 7: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Sherrill Milnes, and Neil Shicoff; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . Tuesday evening, Jan. 8: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Lili Chookasian, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Wednesday evening, Jan. 9: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 10: "Lohengrin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mignon Dunn, Siegfried Jerusalem, Donald McIntyre, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Allan Monk; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 11: "La Gioconda," with Renata Scotto, Maria Luisa Nave, Jocelyne Taillon, Ermanno Mauro, Louis Quilico, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Saturday matinee, Jan. 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Agnes Baltsa, Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Judith Blegen, Seth McCoy, Ernst Gutstein, and Aage Haugland; Erich Leinsdorf. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 12: "Rigoletto," with Gail Robinson, Sherrill Milnes, and Carlo Bini; Michelangelo Veltri. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Jan. 10, at 7:30. Matinees Saturday, Jan. 5, at 2, and Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1:30.)

MANHATTAN OPERA SINGERS—Lois Albright directing a performance of Lehár's operetta "Paganiini" (in a new English translation by James Lucas), with the Players' Orchestra of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8; Friday, Jan. 4, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:30 (all with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin); and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 10-12, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 15, at 7:30 (an all-Elgar program, with Marilyn Horne, soprano).

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one a program of American music, 1920-40, with Rosalind Rees, soprano; Ben Holt, baritone; the Gregg Smith Singers; and the Long Island Symphonic Women's Chorus. Composer Aaron Copland will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn

Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

NEW YORK STRING ENSEMBLE—Fritz Maraffi conducting, with Jeannette Ferrell, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2.)

ZAMIR CHORALE—Mati Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

SHELDON SHKOLNIK—Piano, in a recital that includes one of his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Jan. 3, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 4, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 4-5, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

ZARA NELSOVA—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

ASTON MAGNA—A Mozart-Haydn program, with Stephen Hammer, oboe; Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; James Richman, fortepiano; and Jaap Schröder, baroque violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

HARVEY PHILLIPS—Tuba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 2:30.)

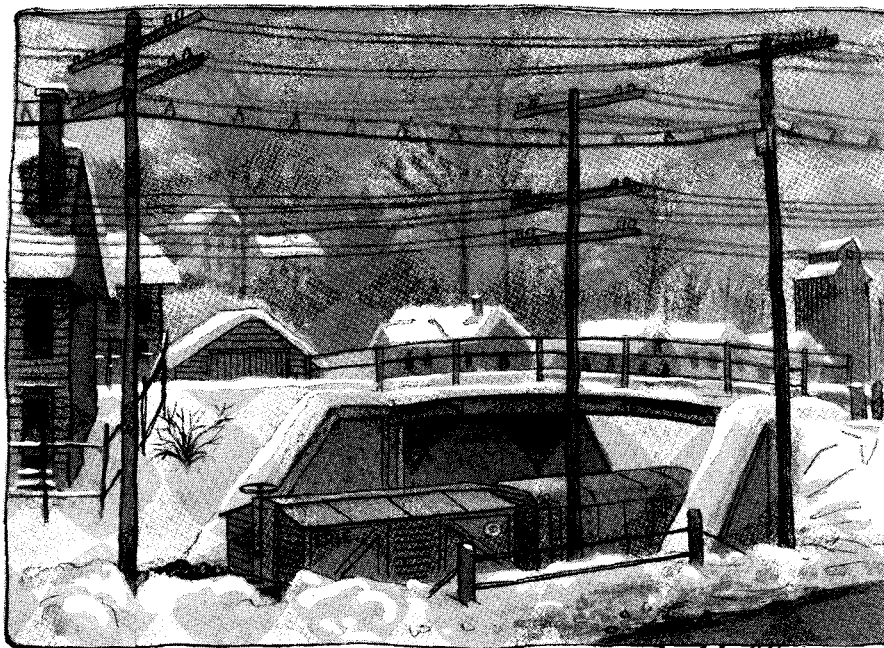
PAUL SPERRY—Tenor, in a program called "Great Composers Love Folksongs Too." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

RITA BOUBOULIDI—The first in a series of seven recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC AT THE Y—An all-Schumann program performed by Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; Sharon Robinson and Hakuro Mori, cello; and David Jolley, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 8-9, at 8.)

SCOTT JACKSON WILEY—Classical guitarist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

CONCORD STRING QUARTET—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cy-



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cle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

ORFORD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday Jan. 10, at 8.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—The third in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Rolf Schulte, violin; John Graham, viola; and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

PAULA ROBISON—Flute, in the first in a series of three joint recitals, this one with Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

LUCY SHELTON—Soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

RUTH LAREDO—Piano. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

YOUNG-UCK KIM AND EMANUEL AX—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE TO ERNEST BLOCH—A program of his music, performed by Thruston Johnson, violin, and David Garvey, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. San Diego, Thursday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ♣ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Jan. 5, at 8:05. . . . ♣ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 7:35. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**: Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . ♣ Nets vs. Houston, Friday, Jan. 4, at 8:05. . . . ♣ Nets vs. Cleveland, Sunday, Jan. 6, at 7:35. . . . ♣ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Jan. 11, at 8:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, Jan. 4. . . . ♣ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Jan. 6. . . . ♣ Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers, Monday, Jan. 7. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 3. . . . ♣ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, Jan. 5. . . . ♣ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Jan. 8. . . . ♣ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Jan. 12. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays, except Wednesday, Jan. 2, and Tuesday, Jan. 8, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. Last day Monday, May 19. The Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 5, and the Interborough Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 12. . . . **BOWIE, Md.**: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14.

TENNIS—Colgate Grand Prix Masters: Bjorn Borg, Jimmy Connors, Vitas Gerulaitis, José Higuera, John McEnroe, Harold Solomon, Roscoe Tanner, and Guillermo Vilas. (Madison Square Garden. Round-robin matches, Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 9-11, at 1:30 and 7; semifinal singles matches, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 1; final doubles matches, Saturday, Jan. 12, at 8; and final singles matches, Sunday, Jan. 13, at 2. For information about tickets, call 755-2810.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Feb. 13. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, Jan. 11, through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

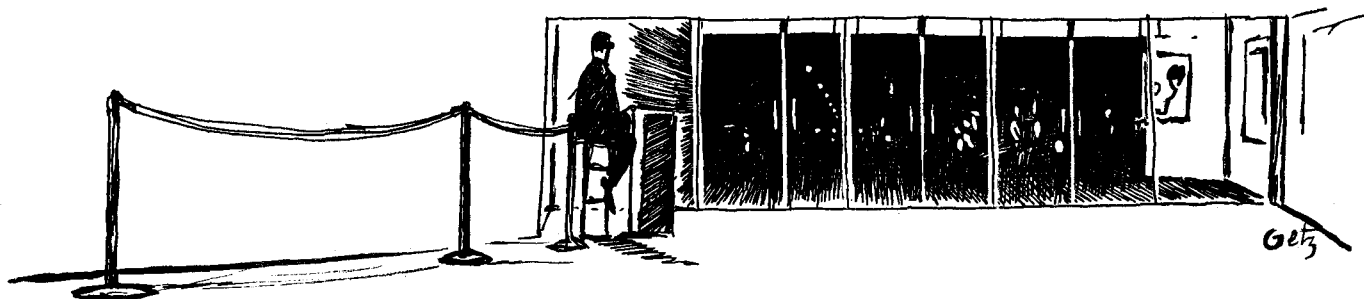
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY READINGS—T. Carmi and Theodore Weiss reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Jan. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 3. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 10, at 10:30 and 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 3.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Jan. 6: "The Innocent."

Jan. 7: Theatre closed.

From Jan. 8: "The Age of the Medici."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Jan. 10: "The Consequence."

From Jan. 11: "Bread and Chocolate" and "Cousin, Cousine."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Jan. 3: "...And Justice for All" and "Last Embrace."

Jan. 4-10: "Life of Brian" and "The End."

From Jan. 11: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Cuba."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"1941."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Going in Style."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Star Trek-The Motion Picture."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"...And Justice for All."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Going in Style."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Roller Boogie."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Don Giovanni."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"Cuba."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"10."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Starting Over."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"Being There."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Norma Rae."

CINEMA 1, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

"All That Jazz."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

Through Jan. 8: "The Search for Solutions."

From Jan. 9: "The Silent Partner."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"The Jerk."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"1941."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Stay As You Are."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"The Electric Horseman."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"Chapter Two."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Jan. 3: "...And Justice for All."

Jan. 4-10: "French Postcards."

From Jan. 11: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"Scavenger Hunt."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Cuba."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"Star Trek-The Motion Picture."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"The Black Hole."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Roller Boogie."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "1941."

Theatre 2: "The Jerk."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through Jan. 3: "King of Hearts."

From Jan. 4: "Harold and Maude."

GREENWICH 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"The Jerk."

GREENWICH 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"The Black Hole."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "10."

Theatre 2: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan."

Theatre 3: "...And Justice for All."

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 3: "Time After Time." From Jan. 4: "Yanks."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"The Rose."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Apocalypse Now."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Robert et Robert."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Manhattan."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"The Europeans."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"All That Jazz."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Star Trek-The Motion Picture."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Through Jan. 8: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."

From Jan. 9: "Angi Vera."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

"Breaking Away."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "...And Justice for All."

Theatre 2: "10."

Theatre 3: "Going in Style."

Theatre 4: "Roller Boogie."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

"Take the Money and Run," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,"

"Sleeper," "Love and Death," "The Front,"

"Interiors," "Annie Hall," "Bananas," and

"Play It Again, Sam."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

"Apocalypse Now."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Through Jan. 3: "...And Justice for All"

and "Hot Stuff."

Jan. 4-10: "When a Stranger Calls" and

"Fast Break."

From Jan. 11: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

"Going in Style." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Scavenger Hunt." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

Theatre 4: "Apocalypse Now." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Roller Boogie." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"The Electric Horseman." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

"Star Trek-The Motion Picture." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"The Black Hole." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"1941." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

"Cuba." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

"The Jerk." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

"Baby Snakes."

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Jan. 2: "The Fearless Vampire Killers"

(1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with

Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and

"Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film,

directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max

Schreck.

Jan. 3: "Maitresse" (1976), in French, direct-

ed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier

and Gérard Depardieu; and "More" (1969),

directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Mimsy

Farmer.

Jan. 4: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, di-

rected by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi An-

dersson and Liv Ullmann; and "The Sev-

enth Seal" (1956), in Swedish, directed by

Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow,

Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils

Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot.

Jan. 5: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), di-

rected by William Friedkin, with Frederick

Combs; and "Sunday Bloody Sunday"

(1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with

Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray

Head.

Jan. 6: "Richard III" (1956), directed by

Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Claire

Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud,

and Cedric Hardwicke; and "Julius Cae-

sar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Man-

kiewicz, with James Mason, John Gielgud,

Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien.

Jan. 7: "Desperate Living" (1977), directed

by John Waters, with Edith Massey; and

"Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

Jan. 8: "Sansho the Bailiff" (†); and "Story

of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939), in

Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

Jan. 9: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swed-

ish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with

Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and

"Carnival of Souls" (1962), directed by

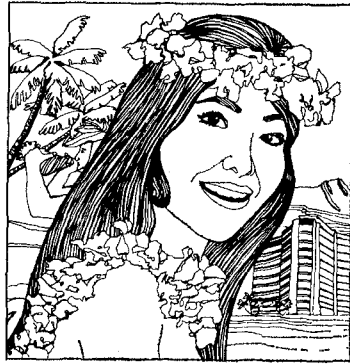
Herk Harvey.

Jan. 10: "Down and Dirty" (†); and "The

Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, di-

rected by Lina Wertmüller.

Jan. 11: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, and Linda Manz; and "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

Jan. 12: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978), in French, directed by Bertrand Blier, with Gérard Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, and Carole Laure; and "Femmes Fatales." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Jan. 2: "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum" (1933), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Al Jolson, Harry Langdon, and Madge Evans; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, and Lena Horne.

Jan. 3: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972) and "The Wrong Move" (1976), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

Jan. 4: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "Picnic on the Grass" (1959), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Paul Meurisse and Catherine Rouvel.

Jan. 5: "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "The White Sheik" (1951), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Brunella Bova, and Giulietta Masina.

Jan. 6: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Man Who Came to Dinner." (†)

Jan. 7: "The Confrontation" (1968), in Hungarian, directed by Miklós Jancsó; and "The Round Up." (†)

Jan. 8: "The Old Dark House" (†); and "Number Seventeen" (1932), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leon M. Lion and Anne Grey.

Jan. 9: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (†) and "Adalen 31." (†)

Jan. 10: "Moby Dick" (†); and "The Scarlet Letter" (1973), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Senta Berger.

Jan. 11: "Autumn Sonata" (1978), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Bergman, Liv Ullmann, Lena Nyman, and Halvar Björk; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

Jan. 12: "Every Man for Himself and God Against All" (1975); "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1978), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "The Wild Child." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 3: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972), in English and Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Peter Gonzales.

Jan. 4-5: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1979), directed by Peter Weir, with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978), directed by Peter Weir, with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hammett.

Jan. 6-7: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), directed by John Badham, with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney; and "Grease" (1978), directed by Randal Kleiser, with John Travolta, Olivia Newton-John, and Stockard Channing.

Jan. 8: "Trio" (1950) and "Quartet" (1949), both based on Somerset Maugham short stories.

Jan. 9-10: "The Godfather" (1972), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Jan. 11-12: "The Story of O" (1975), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin; and "Madam Kitty" (1977), directed by Tinto Brass, with Helmut Berger and Ingrid Thulin.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Apocalypse Now." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 5: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Henry Daniell, and Lionel Barrymore.

Jan. 6-8: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes." (†)

Jan. 9-12: "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold, and Isabel Jeans; and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 2: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977), directed by John Landis, with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "Dynamite Chicken" (1972), directed by Ernie Pintoff, with the Ace Trucking Company and Richard Pryor.

Jan. 3: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "The Man I Killed" (1932; "Broken Lullaby"), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Lionel Barrymore, Nancy Carroll, ZaSu Pitts, and Lucien Littlefield.

Jan. 4-5: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro; and "The Bubble" (1966), directed by Arch Oboler, with Deborah Walley and Johnny Desmond.

Jan. 6: "The Dance of Death" (†); and "As You Like It" (1936), directed by Paul Czinner, with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier.

Jan. 7: "Beauty and the Beast" (†) and "The Eternal Return." (†)

Jan. 8: "Playtime" (†) and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday." (†)

Jan. 9: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (†) and "Death of a Bureaucrat." (†)

Jan. 10: "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier; and "The Gay Divorcée" (1934), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore.

Jan. 11-12: "The Blue Angel" (1929), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Jan. 3: "Conquest" (1937), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Alan Hale, and John Miljan.

Jan. 4-5: "Sullivan's Travels" (1941), directed by Preston Sturges, with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea; and "The Great McGinty" (1940), directed by Preston Sturges, with Brian Donlevy, Muriel Angelus, and Akim Tamiroff.

Jan. 6: "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Now, Voyager." (†)

Jan. 7: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Pandora's Box" (1929), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks, Fritz Kortner, and Francis Lederer.

Jan. 8: "Laughter" (†) and "Honey." (†)

Jan. 9: "The Mask of Dimitrios" (1944), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre; and "The Verdict" (1946), directed by Donald Siegel, with Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre.

Jan. 10: "I Met Him in Paris" (†); and "Arise, My Love" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Walter Abel, and Dennis O'Keefe.

Jan. 11-12: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "All About Eve" (1950), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Bette

Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 3 at 2:30: "Cœur Fidèle" (1923), a French silent film, directed by Jean Epstein, with Leon Mathat, Gina Manes, and Edmond Van Daele; no inter-titles. . . . Jan. 3 at 7: "La Roue" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Abel Gance, with Séverin Mars, Ivy Close, Gabriel de Gravonne, and Pierre Magnier; French inter-titles. . . . Jan. 4 at 2:30: "La Femme de Nulle Part" (1922), a French silent film, directed by Louis Delluc, with Eve Francis; French inter-titles. . . . Jan. 4 at 6: "Underworld" (1927), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft, Clive Brook, and Evelyn Brent; English inter-titles. . . . Jan. 5 at noon: "Duck Soup" (1933), directed by Leo McCarey, with the Marx Brothers and Margaret Dumont. . . . Jan. 5 at 2:30: "The New Enchantment" (1923), a French silent film, directed by Marcel L'Herbier, with Georgette Leblanc and Jaque Catelain; French inter-titles. . . . Jan. 5 at 5: "Cœur Fidèle." . . . Jan. 6 at noon: "Duck Soup." . . . Jan. 6 at 2:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings; no inter-titles. . . . Jan. 6 at 5: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greta Garbo, Clark Gable,

Alan Hale, and John Miljan. . . . Jan. 7 at noon: "La Coquille et le Clergyman" (1928), directed by Germaine Dulac; and "Un Chien Andalou" (1928), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . Jan. 7 at 2:30: "The Joyless Street" (1925), a German silent film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Asta Nielsen, Werner Krauss, and Greta Garbo; English inter-titles. . . . Jan. 7 at 6: "The New Enchantment." . . . Jan. 8 at noon: "La Coquille et le Clergyman" and "Un Chien Andalou." . . . Jan. 8 at 2:30: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." . . . Jan. 8 at 6: "Prisoners of Conscience" (1978) and "Wives of Revolution" (1974), political documentaries from India. . . . Jan. 10 at 2:30: "The Last Laugh." . . . Jan. 10 at 6: "Entr'acte" (1924), a French silent film, directed by René Clair; and "The Crazy Ray" (1923), a French silent film, directed by René Clair, English inter-titles. . . . Jan. 10 at 8: "Greed" (1924), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts, Gibson Gowland, and Jean Hersholt. . . . Jan. 11, four films directed by Martin Ritt (who will be present at the 6 P.M. showing)—at 11:30, "The Spy Who Came in from the Cold" (1965), with Richard Burton; at 1:40, "The Molly Maguires" (1970), with Sean Connery; at 4, "The Front" (1978), with Woody Allen; and at 6, "Norma Rae" (1979), with Sally Field. . . . Jan. 12 at noon: "Sounder" (1974), directed by Martin Ritt, with Cicely Tyson and Paul Winfield. . . . Jan. 12 at 2:30: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian silent film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein; English inter-titles.

. . . Jan. 12 at 5: "The Joyless Street." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Jan. 6: "Demon Lover Diary" (1979), directed by Joel DeMott. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . Starting Jan. 8: Five sections of "Magellan," a work-in-progress by Hollis Frampton—Jan. 8-9, fragments of "Prologue;" Jan. 10-11, "June 19-July 3;" and Jan. 12-13, fragments of "Sept. 6-21." Showings Jan. 8 at noon, 2, 4, and 6; Jan. 9 at noon, 2, and 4; and Jan. 10-13 at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2094)—Jan. 3-6: Five short films (one each directed by Bellon, Varda, Clarke, Becker, and Chenal) shown under the title "The Last Time I Saw Paris." . . . Starting Jan. 10: "The Drugstore" (1978), in Chinese and French, with English voice-over translation, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

INTERMEDIA, 2nd Ave. at 12th St. (475-4101)—A series of mystery films, with a double or triple feature each day through Jan. 13, starting in the late afternoon. Among the films showing this week are "Murder, She Said," "Dick Tracy Meets Gruesome," "Detective Story," and "Dirty Harry." For exact time and film schedules, our best advice is to call the theatre.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ADALEN 31 (1969)—An extraordinarily sensitive re-creation of a strike and riot that altered the course of Swedish political life, seen through the eyes of an adolescent boy whose father dies in the events. Bo Widerberg, whose previous film was "Elvira Madigan," wrote and directed this beautiful yet uninspired piece of work; lush and lyrical as it is, it's fundamentally didactic, with stereotyped social-realist characters. And because Widerberg seems to work best in vignettes and to have architectural problems when he's working on such a large scale, his argument isn't clear; he makes the little points but not the big ones. So when the violence erupts, we don't really understand its political significance—we're left "appreciating" it, in a rather embarrassed way, for its pictorial values. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

THE AGE OF THE MEDICI (1973)—A noble three-part history made by the late Roberto Rossellini, full of thought and burning inquiry. It is in the style that Rossellini perfected toward the end of his life—a style in which crucial moments of the past seem to be occurring in the present. We are in Florence, in a world of low-toned, urgent, abstract discourses, and of small-town energy and rows and droppings in. There is gossip about Brunelleschi and Donatello, a resentful mutter from Ghiberti. We feel ourselves to be bang in the midst of the most invigorating family of citizens who have perhaps ever existed. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Jan. 8. All three parts shown at one sitting.)

ALL THAT JAZZ—With Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer; directed by Bob Fosse. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

... AND JUSTICE FOR ALL—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned, melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/22/79.) (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Jan. 3.)

ANGI VERA—With Veronika Papp, directed by Pál Gábor. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2; starting Jan. 9.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 2-7, 9, and 11.)

APOCALYPSE NOW—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of

evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches." The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Directed by Francis Coppola; narration written by Michael Herr. (9/3/79) (Festival, New Yorker 2, Embassy, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 6-8 and 10-11.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father and Michel Auclair as the brother; music by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

BEING THERE—With Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, Melvyn Douglas, and Jack Warden; directed by Hal Ashby. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

THE BLACK HOLE—With Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Joseph Bottoms, and Yvette Mimieux; directed by Gary Nelson. (Loews Orpheum 2, Greenwich 2, and National.)

THE BLACK STALLION—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey

Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE (1974)—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art; starting Jan. 11.)

BREAKING AWAY—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Embassy 72nd St.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

CHAPTER TWO—A lot of familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2.)

THE CONSEQUENCE—With Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald, directed by Wolfgang Petersen. In German. (Art; through Jan. 10.)

COUSIN, COUSINE (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Art; starting Jan. 11.)

CUBA—A lot of scenery and good chances are wasted in this unfortunate adventure story, in which Sean Connery looks fit (and properly worried) as a soldier of fortune trying to stand against history in the last days of the bad old Batista regime. The picture is notable for director Richard Lester's quick, energetic glimpses of the priests, gunmen, strippers, Fidelistas, corrupt generals, and wide-wing white Cadillacs, but it founders on its flabby politics (the Castro guerrillas resemble outward Bound campers) and dim love story—something about a sugar-and-tobacco heiress

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Brooke Adams) who foolishly prefers to stay in Havana instead of fleeing with Mr. Connery—and slips away into farce. Lost in the shambles are Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. (12/31/79) (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, U.A. East, and R.K.O. Cinema 1.)

THE DANCE OF DEATH (1968)—This is a film of a British National Theatre production of August Strindberg's play, written in 1901. Laurence Olivier and Geraldine McEwan play the antagonists in a long, bitter marriage. Plot complications and stage mechanics make the second half seem a waste of time, but the first half is worth seeing to watch Olivier at work in a proper part, and maybe for a couple of vampire allusions. (7/30/79) (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

DEATH OF A BUREAUCRAT (1966)—An extraordinarily funny comedy, made in Cuba, about the slow torture we all suffer at the hands of government agencies. The director is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, evidently a shrewd and witty man, who is not in the least afraid of Chaplinesque slapstick. In Spanish. (5/28/79) (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

DON GIOVANNI—Joseph Losey's full-length version of Mozart's opera. Not musically the best version of the opera you've ever heard, nor among the finest movies you've seen. But most people, after all, don't go to much live opera, and this "Don Giovanni" is better than most recent films. Which is not saying so very much. In Italian. (11/19/79) (Plaza.)

DOWN AND DIRTY—A bright hurly-burly of a movie about a vast family of shiftless no-goods living in poverty on the outskirts of Rome. Nino Manfredi is splendid as a drunken patriarch. The director is Ettore Scola. In Italian. (6/25/79) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 10.)

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. If the story sounds familiar, it's because it's an almost perfectly preserved specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" in Frye boots and Las Vegas lights. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

THE END (1978)—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Reynolds. (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 4-10.)

THE ETERNAL RETURN (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Píeral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 7.)

THE EUROPEANS—A collaboration between director James Ivory and writer Ruth Praver Jhabvala on a version of the Henry James novel, with Lee Remick and Lisa Eichhorn. Mrs. Jhabvala's script is adroit, New England in the autumn is a riot of Crayola, and both Remick and Eichhorn acquit themselves admirably, but the direction's a bit logy, and some of the performances are amazingly weak. (10/15/79) (Paris.)

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 2-5, 8-9, and 11-12.)

FAST BREAK—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Olympia; Jan. 4-10.)

FEMMES FATALES (1976; the original French title is "Calmos")—The first half hour of this sexual extravaganza by the highly original French writer-director Bertrand Blier is a peerless dirty-boy romp. The heroes (Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort) are two forty-year-old Parisian boulevardiers who

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look like wax grooms on a stale wedding cake. Marielle is a gynecologist who can't bear to peer at women's genitals anymore, and Rochefort is a baby-faced pimp who is exhausted by women's sexual demands. They run away to the countryside, to a village where they eat and drink and wear old clothes and begin to stink. Calm, that's what they want. Up to this point, the film is an inspired exploitation-porno fantasy, with Claude Renoir's Panavision images and Georges Delerue's music providing a feeling of grandeur and folly. But then the story takes a science-fiction turn. It shifts from the lunacy and regressions of these two men to the sexual revulsion felt by men en masse, and Blier and his co-scriptwriter (Philippe Dumarcay) lose the flavor and the characters. Yet no one but Blier has matched such raunchiness with such beauty; you have to have a true respect for raunchiness to do that. With Brigitte Fossey, who's like sensual porcelain, as the doctor's blond cat of a wife. In French. (10/16/78) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 12.)

FRENCH POSTCARDS—A poorly observed and foolish comedy about some nice enough American students (Blanche Baker, Miles Chapin, and David Marshall Grant) studying for a year in France. (11/5/79) (72nd Street East; Jan. 4-10.)

THE FRONT (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front: the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 3, 6-7, and 9-11.)

GOING IN STYLE—George Burns, Art Carney, and Lee Strasberg are three old geezers in Brooklyn who decide to hold up a bank instead of dying of boredom and infirmity, and Burns and Carney then move along to Las Vegas to score a killing at the craps tables. Only the ending of this mild, sentimental little comedy is surprising, but the writing and direction (both by Martin Brest) keep things moving at the proper quiet pace, and the elegant old troupers provide us and ourselves with a good deal of pleasure along the way. With Charles Hallahan and Anthony D. Call. (12/31/79) (Murray Hill, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion.)

HARLAN COUNTY, U.S.A. (1977)—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is

about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 9.)

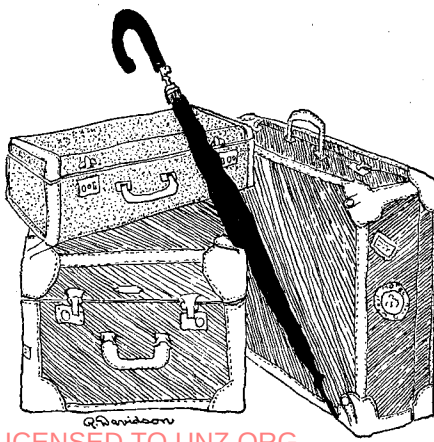
HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—Bud Cort is Harold, a rich, suicidal introvert with a soft, unformed face—he's nineteen but looks younger. Ruth Gordon is poor but spunky Maude, the wizened seventy-nine-year-old woman who's like a cheerleader for Life. She lives in a railway car, would like to change into a sunflower, frets over how to save an ailing tree, prankishly steals vehicles and drives crazily; she advises Harold to "reach out." In this satirical-whimsical romantic comedy, directed by Hal Ashby from a script by Colin Higgins, Harold reaches out by falling in love with Maude, and he marries her on the eve of her eightieth birthday. Many young moviegoers have returned to this eccentric film repeatedly (in 1974, one twenty-two-year-old claimed to have seen it a hundred and thirty-eight times); maybe this is partly because of its mixture of the maudlin and the highly sophisticated. The message is not very different from that of "Hello, Dolly!" or "Mame," but Harold's flaccid asexuality (he's like a sickly infant, a limp, earthbound Peter Pan) and Maude's advanced stage of pyness, give that message a special freaky quality. And the film has been made with considerable wit and skill. The early scenes, in which Harold stages various gaudy suicide attempts without getting much of a rise out of his acidulous mother (Vivian Pickles), have a stylized humor, and Ashby has directed eccentrically. The actors are often seen at a great distance, and the dialogue often reaches us from a distance, too; the sound level varies so much that we keep losing the voices, and Harold's lines often fade away. With Cyril Cusack, Ellen Geer, and Charles Tyner. Music by Cat Stevens. (Waverly; starting Jan. 4.)

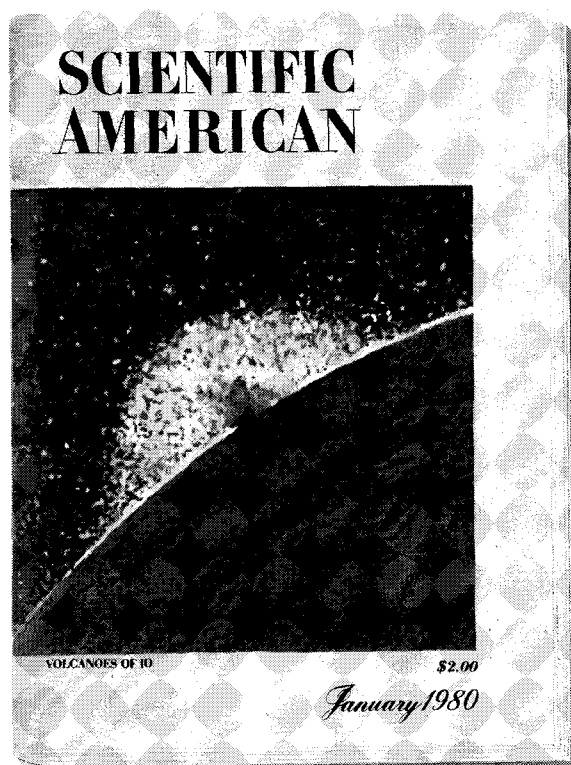
HONEY (1930)—Paramount in its frivolous, popular-musical-comedy glory, when it was raiding Broadway and the Algonquin. The original material was by Alice Duer Miller and A. E. Thomas; Herman J. Mankiewicz did the adaptation; and the star is Nancy Carroll, as the aristocratic young Southern girl who rents her family mansion to rich New Yorkers and takes the job of cook, while her brother (Skeets Gallagher) plays butler. A great hit, it was followed by dozens of movies that aped its characters and situations; television sitcoms finally exhausted them, just recently. The cast includes Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, ZaSu Pitts, Harry Green, and Jobyna Howland; Wesley Ruggles directed. The musical numbers include "Sing You Sinners." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8.)

HOT STUFF—With Dom DeLuise, Suzanne Pleshette, Jerry Reed, and Ossie Davis; directed by DeLuise. (Olympia; through Jan. 3.)

I MET HIM IN PARIS (1937)—Claudette Colbert escapes her department-store job and her priggish fiancé (Lee Bowman). She picks up Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young in Paris, travels to Switzerland with them, and falls in love with the wrong one. Simpleminded, predictable romantic comedy, with Colbert panicking on skis and getting tossed into snowbanks. (The Alpine scenes were shot in Sun Valley.) Wesley Ruggles directed; Claude Binyon wrote the screenplay. With Mona Barrie. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 10.)

THE INNOCENT—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy, and Visconti's work is masterly in its expressive turn-of-the-century décor, and in its control. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-checked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of juice and turns into a ponderous melodrama. Giannini is far from ideally cast (in a role that suggests a male Anna Karenina), but he seems acceptable until he remembers to act; toward the end, he's all over the place, acting. Antonelli gives the picture some amusing sexual suspense. Visconti had finished shooting this film when he died in 1976, but he did not complete the editing, and perhaps the maudering second half is partly the fault





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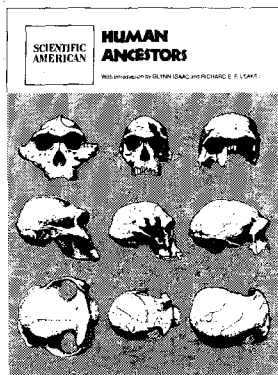
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of others. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Jan. 6.)

INTERIORS (1978)—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who here wrote and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With performances by Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, and Mary Beth Hurt. (8/7/78) (New Yorker 1; Jan. 2-7, 9, and 12.)

THE JERK—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich 1, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca made this overly poetic, overly winsome romantic fantasy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. The picture tells us that lunatics are the sane people and soldiers the true madmen. With Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold. In French and English. (Waverly; through Jan. 3.)

KISS ME KATE (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Grayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctious comedy from just about everybody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with such songs as "Where Is the Life That Late I Led," "Why Can't You Behave?," "Too Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin and, with his great height, he looks terrific in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, is one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. There are grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to go off with a Texan (Willard Parker) and quit acting, that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual tick-tock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Directed by George Sidney; with Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was cleaned up and overtamed. (Regency; Jan. 9-12.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—This emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, based on a novel by Avery Corman, was written and directed by Robert Benton, who was a co-author of "Bonnie and Clyde" and, more recently, the author and director of "The Late Show." It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case, but its deeper search is into the mores of rising young families on the middle East Side of New York, whose anxious lives have never been examined with such a scrupulous and certifying attention to background and detail. Four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—almost convince you that this is a masterpiece instead of a first-class tearjerker, but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. The photography, which is also of a high order, is by Nestor Almendros. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

LAST EMBRACE—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted

by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

LAUGHTER (1930)—Just before his death, Herman J. Mankiewicz, who produced this film, said that of all the movies he'd worked on, it was his favorite. A lovely, sophisticated comedy, an ode to impracticality, it failed commercially, but its attitudes and spirit influenced the screwball hits of the thirties. (Even the famous Bogart exchange with Claude Rains about coming to Casablanca for the waters is paraphrased from "Laughter.") Fredric March is the sculptor hero who returns to New York after some expatriate years in Paris; he finds that the Follies beauty (Nancy Carroll) whom he loved has married for money and lost her gift of laughter. The pacing of the director, Harry D'Arrast, is a little leisurely, and he dawdles just when he should move faster, but he has visual style, especially when he works in interiors or in deliberately artificial sets. (Nature throws him off balance.) The Art Deco sets here are elegant, and the enchanting Nancy Carroll wears perhaps the best clothes ever seen on the screen (with the possible exception of Garbo's in "A Woman of Affairs"). And there's a simple scene with March at the piano and Carroll and another girl (Diane Ellis) jazz dancing that is one of the loveliest, happiest moments in the movies of the period. The writing was mostly by Donald Ogden Stewart, though D'Arrast and Douglas Doty had a share in it, and Mankiewicz probably set the tone; the script bogs down a little in conventional melodrama. With Frank Morgan as the beauty's millionaire husband, and Glenn Anders in the boggy subplot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8.)

LIFE OF BRIAN—And now for something completely Biblical, from the troupe who did "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975). Brian—played by the unhinged Graham Chapman—is an uncharismatic person who was born in Bethlehem and is unaccountably mistaken for the Messiah. The comic acting—by Chapman and by John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin as centurions, members of the Judean People's Front, rambling prophets, listeners who cannot quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, etc.—is superb, as always. But the movie will feel a bit overstuffed if you like the Python TV shows for their libertine discontinuities and perverse sense of scale. Written by the whole troupe, in Python style—intellectual but not above a blind-man sight gag. Directed by Terry Jones. (8/27/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Jan. 4-10.)

LOVE AND DEATH (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 2, 5-8, and 10-12.)

MANHATTAN—This black-and-white film, directed

by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of its pared-down and exuberant script, by Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (4/30/79) (Little Carnegie.)

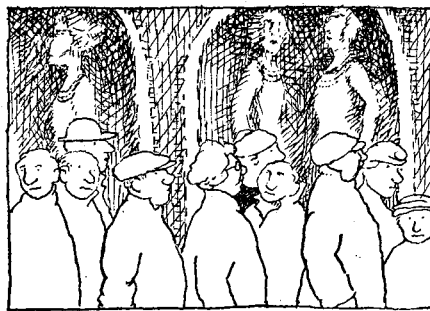
THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER (1942)—The unctuous, sentimental Alexander Woolcott was loved by millions of radio listeners; Woolcott the outrageous master of euphonious insults was loved and hated by a small circle. Two members of this circle, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, made him the hero and the target of a Broadway hit—a cheerful satire on celebrity—in which a family of adoring fans refuses to recognize the truth about him even when he flays them with acrimony and contempt. This film version has the devastatingly adroit Monty Woolley (a former professor of drama at Yale) in the lead, with Bette Davis as his secretary, Reginald Gardiner impersonating Noël Coward, Jimmy Durante impersonating Harpo Marx, and Ann Sheridan, Billie Burke, Richard Travis, George Barbier, and Grant Mitchell. William Keighley directed; the script, by the Epstein brothers, changed only a few lines. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 6.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

MEMORIES OF UNDERDEVELOPMENT (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. (Thalia; Jan. 8.)

MOBY DICK (1956)—It's an impressive attempt to be faithful to Melville, and the battles with the elements (and the whale) were so difficult to stage that the footage was shot over a two-year period, while the cost of the production rose to almost five million dollars. Yet for all his dedication to this ambitious project, the director, John Huston, must not have been able to keep up his energy level; at times, his work seems surprisingly perfunctory. The film begins imaginatively, with Richard Basehart as Ishmael going down to the shore, and has all kinds of stirring things in it—Orson Welles' reading of Father Mapple's wonderful sermon about Jonah; finely textured cinematography by Oswald Morris, which has the look of steel engravings and calls up suggestions of Coleridge; exciting sequences; some great rhetoric; and a general display of Huston's pyrotechnics. But Gregory Peck—the least demonic of leading men—is a disastrous Ahab; bearded, he looks like a stock-company Lincoln. And the movie doesn't add up to anything approaching the novel; it lacks the unity, the rhythm, the poetry, the mind at work. There are still more than enough reasons to see it. Ray Bradbury and Huston wrote the screenplay. With Leo Genn as Starbuck, Friedrich Ledebur as Queequeg, Royal Dano as Elijah, and Bernard Miles, James Robertson Justice, Harry Andrews, and Mervyn Johns Shot off the coasts of Wales and the Canary Islands, and on location in Ireland, as



well as in a London studio. (This was the third version; both earlier ones—1926 and 1930—starred John Barrymore.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 10.)

1941—Steven Spielberg's big, childish, earsplitting farce about panic and patriotism on the Southern California coast in the days just after Pearl Harbor has a few good sight gags in it (including the sight of a Japanese submarine shooting down a Ferris wheel), but most of the picture's energy is devoted to careering vehicles and crashing planes and kick-in-the-groin humor. The movie is aimed at young audiences, who deserve better fun. With Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Robert Stack, Toshiro Mifune, Slim Pickens, and many others. (12/24/79) (Bay Cinema, Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

NORMA RAE—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a punky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

NOV, VOYAGER (1942)—A campy tearjerker variation on the Cinderella story: a psychiatrist (Claude Rains) enables the sexually repressed, neurotically dowdy Bostonian Charlotte Vale (Bette Davis) to become an attractive, confident woman. The scenarist, Casey Robinson, adapted the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty, the genius of kitsch who also wrote "Stella Dallas;" both novels are about the glories of female self-sacrifice. A couple of the most quoted bits in film history come from this movie: Paul Henreid lighting two cigarettes and tenderly handing one to Davis, and her parting line to him: "Don't ask for the moon—we have the stars." The best scene may actually be Charlotte's brisk dismissal of her priggish suitor, played by John Loder—"Let's not linger over it." The score, by Max Steiner, aims right for the jugular; the director, Irving Rapper, is just barely competent, and the action plods along, yet this picture is all of a piece, and if it were better it might not work at all. This way, it's a schlock classic. (The novel "Final Payments" might become its eighties equivalent.) With Gladys Cooper, Bonita Granville, Lee Patrick, Ilka Chase, Charles Drake, and Franklin Pangborn. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 6.)

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scared brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Bremner Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon" but the part is actually played by a woman.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted;" adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherrieff. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 8.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nat, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 2-5, 8-10, and 12.)

PLAYTIME (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule. (Thalia; Jan. 8.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1970)—Billy Wilder's detective picture is meant to be a put-on of the Sherlock Holmes mythology, concentrating on a case that Holmes (Robert Stephens) fouls up. But for this idea to have bounce and suspense we need to see the clues and draw our own inferences, so that we can spot where Holmes is going wrong and enjoy

his booboos. And for it to be somewhat romantic, as it's meant to be, we need to see much more of how he's distracted by the charming treachery of the lady played by Genevieve Page. Instead, one must content oneself with the occasional clever lines, the handsome Victorian décor, and Christopher Challis's lovely, if somewhat dark, tinted-looking cinematography. It's a graceful picture, but it dawdles, and Stephens doesn't seem to have the star presence that Holmes requires. With Colin Blakely, Christopher Lee, Clive Revill, Stanley Holloway, and Catherine Lacey. Written by Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond. (Regency; Jan. 6-8.)

ROBERT ET ROBERT—Claude Lelouch directed this self-defeating comedy, which follows two Parisian misfits who meet as fellow-customers at a paltry matrimonial bureau. Jacques Villeret (as a fat, apologetic would-be policeman) and Charles Denner (as an anxiously fussy cabdriver) are funny and convincing as the *triste* pair, and there is further good work by Jean-Claude Brialy, who is the not-quite cynical Mlle. Lonelyhearts. But all is for naught, because M. Lelouch is more interested in pathos than in humor. In French. (12/10/79) (57th St. Playhouse.)

ROLLER BOOGIE—With Linda Blair, directed by Mark L. Lester. (Trans-Lux East, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

THE ROSE—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Ziegfeld.)

THE ROUND UP (1965)—The Hungarian film director Miklós Jancsó made this beautiful study of men under pressure. It is about Kosuth's followers—twenty years after Kosuth's 1848 uprising against the Austrian rulers—penned into a corral in the middle of the great Hungarian plain together with apolitical peasants who are in equal danger from a canny, highborn lackey of the Hapsburgs. In black-and-white and in Hungarian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 7.)

SANSHO THE BAILIFF (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 8.)

SCAVENGER HUNT—With Richard Benjamin, James Coco, Ruth Gordon, Cloris Leachman, and Tony Randall; directed by Michael Schultz. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 1.)

THE SEARCH FOR SOLUTIONS—A three-hour documentary, narrated by Stacy Keach, directed by Michael Jackson. (Cinema II; through Jan. 8.)

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema.)

THE SILENT PARTNER—With Susannah York, Christopher Plummer, and Elliott Gould; directed by Daryl Duke. (Cinema II; starting Jan. 9.)

SLEEPER (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it has a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 2, 4, 6-8, and 10-12.)

STARTING OVER—A study in casting against the

grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Baronet.)

STAR TREK—THE MOTION PICTURE—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. The plot—the invasion of earth space by an intruder cloud of surpassing intelligence—is familiar, and so is the jargon, but the special effects (by Douglas Trumbull and John Dykstra) are often of great beauty. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise, and produced by Gene Roddenberry, who started the whole business way back in the sixties. (12/17/79) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, Paramount, and Loews State 1.)

STAY AS YOU ARE—A contemporary *avventura* about a middle-aged landscape architect (Marcello Mastroianni) caught up in an affair with a young student (Nastassia Kinski), who may or may not be his own daughter. The celebrated fifty-five-year-old Mastroianni face is almost as beautiful to contemplate here as the piazzas of Florence, but Mastroianni the actor is sadly wasted in this rapid romance. Directed by Alberto Lattuada. In Italian. (12/24/79) (Beekman.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (New Yorker 1; Jan. 3-5, 8-10, and 12.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Manhattan 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

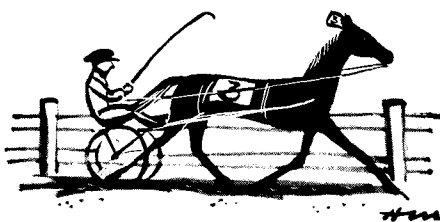
TIME AFTER TIME—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer, who wrote "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution." (10/29/79) (Quad Cinema; through Jan. 3.)

THE TREE OF WOODEN CLOGS—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 2; through Jan. 8.)

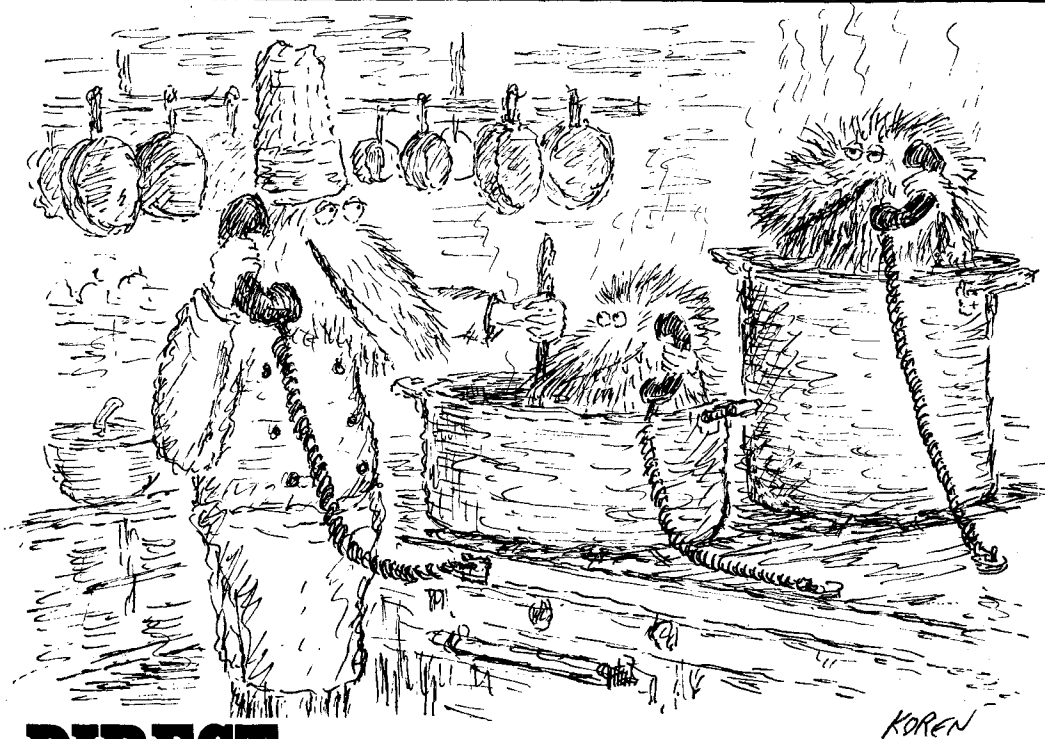
WHEN A STRANGER CALLS—With Carol Kane, Charles Durning, and Colleen Dewhurst; directed by Fred Walton. (Olympia; Jan. 4-10.)

THE WILD CHILD (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 12.)

YANKS—An invasion of England by American troops in the early days of the Second World War. Director John Schlesinger masses his G.I.s in great numbers, and essays three love stories between visitors and hosts, but it's all soft and false—tepid, in fact. Vanessa Redgrave and the talented Lisa Eichhorn are involved. (10/1/79) (Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 4.)



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Grenoble	76	Nice	93	Strasbourg	88
Le Havre	35	Paris	1	Toulouse	61





THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE'VE just received a letter from a young man we know who lives in California:

An ashram has occurred next to the family ranch in California. Mansions and old resorts have a way of finding religion these days, and our neighbor, the old White Sulphur Springs resort (it was the first spa in California to install a stock ticker), is an example. My parents called on their new neighbors. My father invariably wears a hat stuck with a collection of the feathers he comes across in rural life, a neckerchief under the collar of a flannel shirt, and ankle-high moccasins he's been getting by mail order from some Indians in New Mexico since 1932. He calls carrying the cane, staff, or club he habitually goes about with "wearing a stick." Mother dresses on such occasions as she would for a minor garden party. At the resort, they found, in my father's words, "young Americans walking around in sheets." He pointed his stick at one of them, a young woman, and asked her name.

"Vidya Kumari," she answered.

"No, no. I mean your real name," my father said.

"That is my real name," the young woman replied.

"No, no. I mean a *name*, like Alice or Mary Lou," my father insisted.

The young woman compromised by telling him that her name used to be Nancy, and she led my parents to a

Winnebago that contained the spiritual leader of the establishment.

"The man was just about naked and all twisted up," my father reported. "He looked like a little brown pretzel. They asked me not to smoke in the headman's trailer, and we were further instructed to leave our shoes outside. I told them where to send away for these very comfortable deer-skin moccasins I was wearing."

After their audience with the swami, my parents were attended by Vidya Kumari as they strolled through what had been, a hundred years ago, the grounds.

"This was quite a place in the days when Queen Victoria sat on the British throne," my father told their guide. "In those days, women wore dresses and petticoats." He glanced pointedly at the "sheet" she wore.

"I love your aura," the young woman said to my mother.

"It's Joy," my mother replied.

"I know," said Vidya Kumari.

"Jean Patou," my mother elucidated.

Preview

RANDOM observations inspired by a recent visit to Lake Placid, where preparations are feverishly under way for the Olympic Winter Games next month:

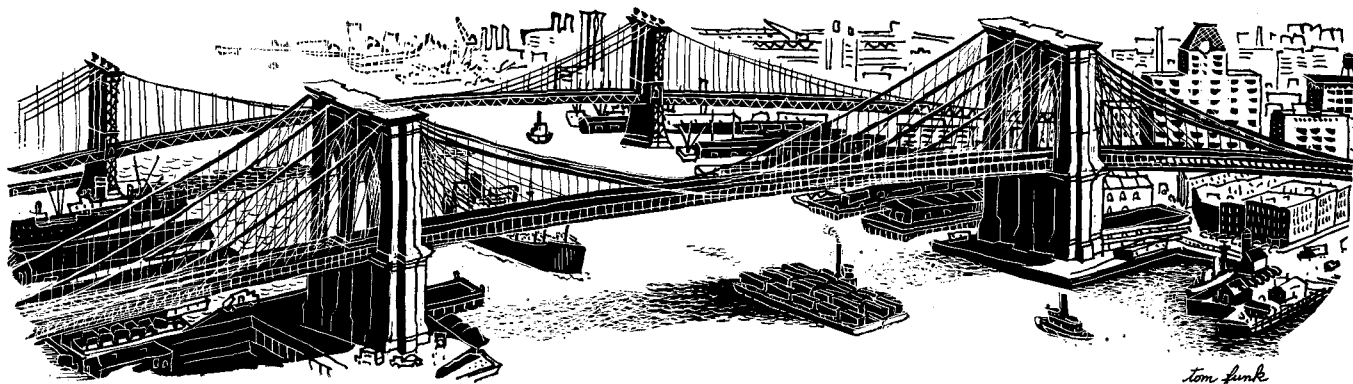
Adirondacks aswarm with officials from the United States Olympic Committee, hereinafter designated USOC,

and the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee, hereinafter LPOOC, plus assorted athletes, coaches, trainers, ogles. Temperature: 46° Fahrenheit. Snow very scattered, most of the little there is on the ground consisting of what warm-weather sportsmen and sportswomen would call slush. Lake Placid's Mirror Lake stubbornly unfrozen, decidedly unmirrorlike. Young woman speed-skating trainer from Tucson says, perhaps to cheer everybody up, that out *there* it has snowed only three times in last eight years.

Village of Lake Placid, in township of North Elba, has year-round pop. of twenty-seven hundred, expects daily count of fifty thousand when thirteenth Winter Olympics starts thirteen-day run February 13th. All hands too busy for superstition. Petr L. Spurney, general manager of LPOOC, tells visitors, "Our slogan is 'Welcome, world, we're ready,' and we will be." He speaks of "duck philosophy," defining it as "smooth and unruffled on the surface and paddling like hell underneath," and declares, "This is going to be an Olympics with a soul."

Robert J. Kane, president of USOC, declares, "I don't think we've ever been better prepared. We must be at full efficiency to represent this great country the way it should be represented." During Games, Lake Placid bars will extend hours, be open from 8 A.M. to 4 A.M. daily.

Tenley Albright, winner of 1956 gold medal in figure skating, says, after





"What have you done to yourself, Hank? You somehow look forty years younger."

watching LPOOC promotional film showing her in graceful action back then, "I didn't like the look of my rear leg." Now Dr. Tenley Albright, general surgeon in Boston, also secretary of USOC, she says she still skates, but mostly for fun, with her kids. Adds, "The only trouble is that the best time to skate is usually when I'm in the operating room."

Sheila Young, who won three medals in speed skating at last Winter Games—Innsbruck, 1976—and is now Sheila Young Ochowicz and public-relations representative for LPOOC, says main problem in Austria was that beds were too hard, with the result that athletes slept on top of their blankets, with further result that they had no blankets to cover themselves with. At controversial new Olympic Village, seven miles west of Lake Placid, built to be post-Games prison, notice mountainous stacks of Simmons Beautyrests, but they are still in cartons, so can't assess resiliency.

Mayor of Olympic Village, insurance man named Harry B. Fregoe, says LPOOC has no qualms about housing competitors in a future prison. Says, "After all, ever since the 1972 Games in Munich the International Olympic Committee has required that the ath-

letes be fenced in. Before we began building this facility, two years ago, I went to look at a prison in Memphis. I thought it was nice. I won't get into a discussion of whether such a place *should* look nice." Olympic Village courtyard, surrounded by double fence, a sea of mud, but Mayor Fregoe anticipates carpet of snow by Games time, decoratively enhanced by snow sculptures of male and female athletes in various sports.

"Will there be any blacks?" asks sassy bystander.

Mayor frowns.

United States Winter Olympic teams all lily white to date, but famous hurdler Willie Davenport, member of four Summer Olympic teams, is prominently on Lake Placid scene, trying out for bobsled berth. Colonel F. Don Miller, executive director of USOC, sensitive to charges of commercialization of Games (e.g., Levi-Strauss socks ads: "To fill the shoes of the U.S. Olympic team you have to be good"), states flatly and firmly, "There will be no sleds going down with 'Budweiser' on them." Colonel Miller proud that although LPOOC has received sixty-nine million dollars from federal government toward hundred-and-forty-million total tab for Games,

USOC hasn't had a penny from that source. "We're the only nation on earth that provides its athletes with no government help," he says. "America doesn't send our teams to the Olympic Games. Americans do."

Bobsled run is same one—though much reconditioned—built for 1932 Lake Placid Olympics, which drew three hundred and seven athletes from seventeen countries. This time, fourteen hundred are expected from thirty-six. On February 13, 1978, Iran was sent an invitation to participate, but it hasn't replied yet. Eight hundred New York State Policemen have been assigned to the Games. "This is the biggest event that the New York State Police has ever been involved in," a police lieutenant says. The first bank robbery in the history of the neighboring village of Saranac Lake occurred early this month while the F.B.I. was conferring on Olympic security there with local law enforcers. The perpetrator was speedily apprehended.

Art Devlin, Lake Placid native, Olympic ski jumper, proprietor of Art Devlin's Olympic Motor Inn, on Main Street in Lake Placid, is unfazed by environmentalists' grumbling about two ski-jump towers that probe the sky at the upper end of John Brown Road. (The abolitionist is, along with Victor Herbert, Kate Smith, and Art Devlin, one of Lake Placid's home-town heroes.) The ninety-metre-jump tower, two hundred fifty-seven feet six inches high, is the tallest structure between Albany and Montreal, and although Devlin hasn't jumped competitively since 1960, he says that as soon as the snow starts to fall he plans to take a few hops off it. (The seventy-metre-jump tower, a mere hundred fifty-three feet six inches high, does not whet his interest.)

The Lake Placid High School is to be taken over as a center for the world's press—which will outnumber the athletes by about two to one—and will be unavailable to students for five weeks. Those sixteen and over will be permitted to work for LPOOC. The younger ones will have special classes elsewhere, all Olympics-oriented; e.g., their mathematical studies will have to do with things like speed skaters' lap times. One irate schoolteacher asserts in a letter to the Lake Placid *News* that "the residents of this town have been turned into a group of puppets."

Dianne Holum, gold-medal speed skater at Sapporo, Japan, in 1972, now coach, says, "The skaters are working hard. The team is ready."

Paul George, lawyer, figure-skating

manager, says, "If you were betting, you'd have to bet on our figure skaters' winning three medals, and maybe four. But, as I was saying to my six-year-old son the other day, ice is slippery."

The Reverend J. Bernard Fell, of United Methodist Church, president of LPOOC, says, "I see sports as the ultimate salvation of this community."

Audition

MIKE POMPEO invited thirty couples who will soon be married to the banquet room of the Ramada Inn in Rochelle Park, New Jersey, the other evening to audition three musical groups that specialize in playing at weddings and are booked for those occasions through a company run by Mike Pompeo. Mr. Pompeo was greeting the arriving couples at the entrance to the banquet room when we met him and his wife, Betty, who was seated with two other young women at a table in front of the doorway. Inside the room, a group began to play a song called "On and On" as the couples settled in.

"This is the first one of these we're running ourselves," said Mr. Pompeo, who is in his late twenties and has a round haircut, a trim brown beard, and glasses. He wore a splendid tuxedo, with large, shiny lapels, and a blue ruffled shirt, which, together with an eager manner of speaking, gave him the air of the maître d'hôtel of a new suburban steak house. "We've played at bridal fashion shows in places like this," he continued, "but tonight, rather than show them gowns or tuxes or jewelry, we're showing them the *bands*. We've got a three-piece, a four-piece, and a five-piece band here. You know, every time I played one of those bridal shows I heard 'Hey, Mike, we're looking for a band. When can we see you?' So I got this idea. I subscribed to a listing service that lists all the engaged couples in Essex County; I wrote down the names of all the couples who announced their engagements in the local papers; I got the names of people who had seen us at the bridal shows; and I ar-

ranged to have them all come here tonight. We chose the Ramada Inn because it's the perfect location for our kind of thing—right on the parkway crossroads of Bergen and Essex Counties."

Several young men who were wearing tuxedos and carrying electric guitars passed by the doorway, and Mike Pompeo excused himself to consult with them. We noticed that Betty Pompeo and her two companions at the table were preparing stacks of flyers and contractual forms. "I think we'll sign up a few couples tonight," she said. "But how many depends on how well Mike sells them." She introduced us to her two friends, who turned out to be the wife and the sister of the bass player of the four-piece group. "You know, Mike plays lead guitar in this four-piece group himself," Betty Pompeo informed us. "He likes to wear all the hats."

The banquet room of the Ramada Inn contained about twenty rows of high-backed chairs, with an aisle in the middle, and a row of tables on one side of the room and another in the rear. The tables on the side held a large coffee urn and cups, a photographic display of various Ramada Inn

wedding receptions, and a bar, which seemed to be doing brisk business; and on the tables in the back was a model display of the Ramada Inn's special wedding dinner, which included bottles of champagne nestling in empty ice buckets and plates of hardened petit fours under fancy shrink-wrap. The room's color scheme was wheat-and-brown, and the lighting was provided by overhead fluorescent panels, spotlights that gave off a pinkish glow, and three huge brass chandeliers with teardrop bulbs sprouting in every direction.

In the front of the room, a trio of musicians, led by a young blond man in a three-piece tuxedo outlined with shimmering bugle beads, played abbreviated versions of popular songs like "After the Lovin'," "Che la Luna," and "Boogie Oogie Oogie." Looking around the room, we noticed that some couples were seated way off by themselves; some couples were only just within earshot of other couples; some couples were bunched up with single friends or with another couple; and a few couples sat with an older woman, apparently the future bride's mother. Most of the couples were dressed casually, in jeans and sweaters or short



"He can't talk now. He's in the grip of art."

outer jackets. All the future brides wore their engagement rings prominently. Some of the couples held hands while they listened to the music. Some of the women bounced to the music while their future husbands sat back with their arms folded on their chests. Some couples leaned back impassively through the trio's entire repertoire, and some listened to the mothers as the band played.

When the first group finished, having wound up with a lively "Satin Doll," Mike Pompeo stepped up to a microphone at the center of the performance area. "Hey, that's a lot of music for three men, huh?" he said. "Rob's group can also work as a four-piece outfit, if we add one more man—probably a guitar player. Now, you know, when you hire one of our groups, we do all the announcing, the miking, and the fronting, so that you can really enjoy your day as much as your guests. So, as I said before, we'd like you to sit back, relax, and enjoy it. The four-piece group will be right out. You've been a very kind audience."

The fluorescent lights were switched off, and the room's wheat-and-brown took on a mellow glow as Mike Pompeo's group slipped into its version of "More," which featured an echoey electronic synthesizer. We caught up with the first group of musicians out in the hall, where they were pacing nervously with drinks in their hands. We asked the young blond fellow in the three-piece tuxedo, who introduced himself as Rob Dickson, whether his group had a name.

"We should get one thing straight," said Dickson. "We haven't really been a group very long. The three of us are musicians, and we know each other, but we've only played together a few hours all told. We've all done the fashion shows—well, one or two, actually—and we've played in a few rock groups around Jersey." He opened his jacket, revealing that his vest was completely beaded. "I've just started getting into this line of weekend gigs," he said. "The thing is, you've got to know a lot of songs, but once you get the basic repertoire down, then the musicians are interchangeable. We don't consider ourselves to be a wedding band, if you know what I mean. We come out of a rock background. But I'll tell you, these wedding gigs are the hardest to play. You have no idea what your audience'll be like until the moment they show up. And to make everyone happy you have to

know everything. You can't turn down requests at a wedding. One time, some old guy comes up to me and asks for 'Alabama Jubilee.' I never heard of the damn song. But I said I did, and we just jammed. No one complained."

We stepped back inside the banquet room with the members of the trio as Mike Pompeo's band broke for an announcement. "Right about now, we'd like to show you that we also do ethnic music," said Mike Pompeo. "So here's a little something by the Polish Prince." The band launched into Bobby Vinton's "My Melody of Love," then played "Femmina" and "Hava Nagila." It also played a "medley for older people," which included "Bye Bye Blackbird" and "When the Saints Go Marching In," and a medley of "the prettiest songs of 1979." At the conclusion of the set, Mike Pompeo announced that the five-piece group, including two horn players, would be on next. "And remember," he said, "if you book tonight you get five hours of music for the price of four, because we'll provide one musician who'll play through the cocktail hour."

Many of the couples had decided to leave by the time the five-piece group, led by a man named Lou Verricho, took the stage and began an impassioned version of "Femmina." We followed the guests out into the hall, where a number of them were lined up at the table making arrangements with Betty Pompeo. We watched as a couple and an accompanying mother signed up Mike Pompeo's band for an April wedding date. We saw from the names on the contract that we were meeting Henry Bailey and June Wil-

son, and we were introduced to June's mother, Doris Wilson, who told us that her daughter had invited her along to offer a second opinion. "We think this is a great idea," said June Wilson. "We'd already agreed to have the wedding here at the Ramada Inn, so it really worked out fine. We didn't have to sneak into other people's weddings and we didn't have to drag around to all the other places to hear a band. Now we know what it'll sound like in our own place."

Looking Back

ON the very brink of 1980, with a great deal of Looking Forward going on around us, we decided to pay a call on our Great-Uncle Augustus, who is eighty-five and tends to Look Back. Great-Uncle Augustus is distinguished in appearance—a handsome old sport with splendid posture—and he had just returned from a daily session of shooting pool in the village near his home, in Connecticut; he was wearing a heavy white sweater, Second World War khaki trousers, and black basketball sneakers. He greeted us and sat us down in an armchair in the living room; outside the window there were bare trees and, beyond, the Connecticut River stretching away to Long Island Sound.

We started out on politics, referring to Carter and Kennedy.

"I once rode in an elevator with William Howard Taft," said Great-Uncle Augustus. "That left no room for anybody else. My father said that Taft was the 'worst-licked, least sore, and best-liked man who ever ran for President.' My father was not given to aphorisms; that's the only one I remember. General Pershing had Presidential aspirations. A friend of mine was on his staff in France, and he said that every time Pershing reviewed a regiment he lost three thousand four hundred and twenty-six votes."

We mentioned the gas crisis.

"I was a small boy when the automobile arrived on the scene," said G.-U. A. "I remember sitting on a stone wall at the corner of our property in Croton-on-Hudson and watching a road race. All the roads were dirt in those days, of course. It was a White Steamer versus a Stanley Steamer, and as they got halfway up the steep hill in front of me they both collapsed. The Briarcliff Race was a major event, and I used to watch that with great excitement. Besides the driver, each car had a mechanic, who





*"Liverwurst is down an eighth, egg-salad is up two and a half,
and peanut-butter-and-jelly remains unchanged."*

clung to the back, leaning out as far as possible on the turns, so that the car would not flip over. Also, he had to change tires constantly. One of the mechanics for Isotta-Fraschini was the chauffeur for a neighbor of ours the rest of the time; John Marquis was the chauffeur's name, and he cherished a set of silver nutpicks in a purple satin case which he had won for a pole vault. I remember seeing a Crane-Simplex entry in the Briarcliff Race land upside down in the Saw Mill River. It was recovered and dried off, and went on to win. Trains were the way to go in those days. The New York Central was a thing of beauty and desire that ran with perfect regularity. My grandfather, who had been a steamboat captain on the Hudson and then became, I'm sorry to say, a banker, used to leave the Lincoln Bank in the afternoon, go down to the Fulton Fish Market, purchase a fish, and bring it home to Croton on the train. The fish was always on time, and in good condition for dinner. My father, courting my mother,

was also able to count on the New York Central: he could leave his job in Albany—he was running a streetcar—at five, catch a train down to Croton, visit my mother during the evening, get a late train back to Albany, and be on his streetcar promptly at 8 A.M."

He gazed out the window. "My mother had a passion for masonry. She designed and built a number of stone houses on her father's land, using top-flight Italian masons who had come over to build the New Croton Dam. Once the dam was finished, they didn't have much to do. At lunchtime, she would carry a Victrola to the construction site and play Puccini and Verdi records, and the masons would sing."

Would there be global conflict in the nineteen-eighties, we asked.

"I was in a reconnaissance balloon in Texas when our troops went into Mexico to capture Pancho Villa, and in the cavalry and artillery in the First World War, and in the Army Air Forces in the Second World War.

I've wasted nine-tenths of my life in wars. After the First World War, I moved to New York City and lived in a brownstone at 45 West Forty-ninth Street. It later became part of Rockefeller Center. The Rockefellers, incidentally, forced the Briarcliff Race to change its course, because they didn't want those noisy cars going through Pocantico Hills. There were about eight young men living on the first floor of the brownstone, and upstairs lived Mrs. McGuire, an English lady, with two daughters. One of them was very homely, and the other was Dolores, the most beautiful showgirl who ever lived. She was in the center of the line at the 'Ziegfeld Follies.' Mrs. McGuire would invite us all upstairs to tea on Tuesdays. All eight of us were in love with Dolores." Great-Uncle Augustus seemed lost in thought. "But she married a Texan," he said presently, "and went to live in Paris. She had a house on the Île Saint-Louis, with a magnificent view of Notre Dame."

THE "SCRUPLES" NIELSENS

THE Nielsens for "Scruples," the book, are here. They're in. People in the halls have seen them. Braddy Deem has seen them. Braddy Deem was disappointed. Braddy was expecting a lot. Over all, there was a disappointment. And trouble. Some trouble. Braddy, who wears country-style clothing, has given up office space. The trouble has come to mean that to him, and to his state of financial well-being. One or two misjudgments—nothing more than that. But trouble.

The trouble is on page 100 ("Scruples," Judith Krantz; Crown, 1978). On the bottom of page 100 segueing into 101. The trouble is that Braddy and his West Coast office, the whole team, let in a little *softness*, right there. Slotted in a little softness. Up to there, everything was hard, tough. The introductory material, with the reference to vast sums of money, with the reference to ancient Boston families—it was all there. Billy, the heroine with a name askew—she was there. A famous television personality, the daughter of a

hardware-store owner now rich—she was there. The dresses, the pretty, expensive dresses—all there. Sex in the darkroom. Where the models came. Just to find him. Spider Elliott, *the American Golden Boy who could have any woman he wanted in the world—except one*. That sex was there, and the sex with Billy and the pilot—the part with the pilot had done well. Going to France—that was there. And coming back from France—that was there. All the excitement of France, which is always so exciting. Everything was right there, completely convincing.

The trouble starts on page 100 and segueing into page 101. This is why a lot of people are putting their little houses up on the market, where they aren't going to sell all that fast—100 segueing into 101:

"What was your major in college?" Billy ventured.

"Prelaw at Barnard, with a heavy emphasis on business law, and I squeezed in some office management courses at CCNY during the summers," Mrs. Force answered, sipping her ice tea.



"By God, I'm so pleased with the way you handled that lousy, thankless job I gave you, Frawley, that I'm going to give you another one."

"Then I had a year at Columbia Law School before the money ran out. I'd been studying accounting during the summers, fortunately, so I was able to become a CPA without wasting too much time. As a matter of fact, it was during that last year that I went to Katie Gibbs, as a backup position." She started on her chicken salad with gusto.

It's a shame that Nielsen picked page 100 for its fall sweeps. It's completely a shame. Dumb luck. They could have picked a page when Billy was in France with titled men. They could have picked the part where the television personality picked out so many clothes that it's very obscene in a way but also exhilarating. They could have picked the page where Billy was putting her hand on the pilot. They could have picked the part where the famous old names of the famous old Boston families were put together in a way that gave a vivid impression of the famous wealth in that city. But they didn't. Nielsen went to page 100, and "Scruples" got clobbered.

"Scruples" got clobbered by "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (Irving Stone; Doubleday, 1961), which proved unstoppable in this page slot. "The Agony and the Ecstasy" featured two of its top characters, Contessina and Michelangelo, on page 100. It was just incredibly strong. Strong characters, good color—unstoppable:

The servants at the lift took off young suckling pigs roasted on a spit, with rosemary in their mouths. *Il Cardiere*, an improviser upon the lyre, entertained by singing the news and gossip of the week accompanied by satiric comments in rhymed and cadenced verse.

After dessert the guests promenaded in the wide foyer. Contessina slipped her arm through his.

"Do you know what it means to be a friend?" she asked.

"Granacci has tried to teach me."

"Everyone is a friend to the Medici," she said quietly, "... and no one."

That's just the *top* of page 100. It gets stronger. It just completely vanquishes "Scruples" in the page slot—bringing in the generous, simple, human, feeling Bertoldo, an ordinary man, great for audience identification, *a man of limited ability who teaches Michelangelo to carve stone*, which is a great concept, because how can you get an audience to think that they could be Michelangelo? Impossible to buy that. But everyone can empathize with Bertoldo. Everyone can say, Hey, *I could have been the guy who taught Michelangelo to carve stone*. Which is a great concept and very subtle. Subtle as the sky ("a ceru-



"I agree he's a homicidal maniac, but I'm saluting the office, not the man."

lean blue"), subtle as the stones of Florence ("fire-gold as they absorbed the sun"), and beautifully, beautifully executed:

Bertoldo turned to his protégé with a shy expression in his pale blue eyes.

"Admittedly, I am not a great marble carver. But with you perhaps I can become a great teacher."

"Here's a beautiful piece of meat," Michelangelo cried impetuously.

Bertoldo smiled at this use of the quarryman's vernacular.

"AGONY" is a top property. Always was. But "Scruples" also got beaten by "Atlas Shrugged" (Ayn Rand; Random House, 1957), which has been thought of as a cult property. As it turns out, "Atlas" has a winner in its female lead, Dagny Taggart, daughter of a colossal American family ("Dagny Taggart was nine years old when she decided that she would run the Taggart Transcontinental Railroad some day"), and an awesome monster in Francisco d'Anconia. ("Now, at thirty-six, he was famous as the richest man and the most spectacularly worthless playboy on earth. He was the last descendant of one of the noblest families of Argentina. He owned cattle ranches, coffee plantations and most of the copper mines of

Chile. He owned half of South America and sundry mines scattered through the United States as small change.") Neither Dagny nor Francisco went to Katie Gibbs as "backup," apparently.

But the point is the build. It builds and builds, *right toward page 100*. It gives every credential:

Francisco went to a great American school, which his father had chosen for him long ago. It was the most distinguished institution of learning left in the world, the Patrick Henry University of Cleveland.

There is incredible tension:

...she felt her cotton skirt beating in the wind against her knees, felt the sun on her eyelids, and the upward thrust of such an immense relief that she ground her feet into the grass under her sandals, because she thought she would rise, weightless, through the wind.

And then, in a rush, the tension is released on page 100:

Francisco stopped, looked at her and slapped her face.

What she felt was contained in a single instant, while the ground rocked under her feet, in a single blast of emotion within her. She knew that she would have killed any other person who struck her; she felt the violent fury which would have given her the strength for it—and as violent a pleasure that Francisco had done it. She felt pleasure from

the dull, hot pain in her cheek and from the taste of blood in the corner of her mouth. She felt pleasure in what she suddenly grasped about him, about herself and about his motive.

A fantastic page 100. "Atlas" made "Scruples" look like "Bambi."

You know what else had a fantastic page 100? No one gave it a chance. It was on reruns. Deep syndication. Couldn't get arrested. "We frankly didn't consider it a factor," the "Scruples" people say. They didn't consider *this* a factor:

Their walls resounded with noisy laughter and the tinkle of glasses, music and chatter, the swish of silken skirts and the tap of high-heeled shoes. Great gilt coaches rattled down the streets, stood lined up outside theatres and taverns, went rambling through the woods of St. James's Park and along Pall Mall. Duels were fought in Marrowbone Fields and at Knightsbridge over a lady's dropped fan or a careless word spoken in jest. Across the card-tables thousands of pounds changed hands nightly, and lords and ladies sat on the floor, watching with breathless apprehension a pair of rolling dice.

That's "Forever Amber" (Kathleen Winsor; Macmillan, 1944). That's "Forever Amber," page 100. It cleaned up. *Cleaned up.*

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

THIS STRANGE COUNTRY

ON the train from New York I sat next to a young man with a blue shirt and long black hair. I looked past him and out the window at factories and high chain-link fences, and then I looked at him again. He had pale, reddish-brown skin; he shook strands of hair from his face and smiled a little at me. His name was Jake Santuri, he said, and he was going to Kingston, Rhode Island. He asked me where I was going. "Providence," I said. "And what's your name?" I said, "Daniel Francœur." He said, "You're not from around here. I can tell by the way you talk. Why are you going to Providence?" "I'm going to visit friends," I said, then "relatives." The pupils and irises of his eyes were equally black. He said, "You ever been to Providence before?" "Yes," I said.

He told me that his father was Italian, his mother was American Indian. He said, "How's that for a combination?"

I smiled.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

I said, "London."

"In England?"

"Yes," I said. "I just got here."

His voice rose. "Hey, you just got here?"

"I come every two or three years on a visit."

"I'd like to go to London," he said.

"I really would. Life must be different there. What kind of a life do you lead there?"

"What kind of a life do you lead here?" I asked.

Well, he didn't want to settle down, not yet—there was so much he wanted to do—but maybe when he did settle down he'd be a plumber or a welder or something like that, because he liked working with metal. He was almost eighteen; he had to start thinking about things like what he wanted to do. He'd got into some trouble, he'd spent two years in a reform school, but at eighteen you went to prison if you got into trouble. He had a friend, Rocco, in prison, and he'd visited him, and that was hell.

He and Rocco and some friends, they used to do jobs for people who wanted to collect insurance on their cars, so these people would pay them, say, a hundred dollars to steal their cars and blow them up. He showed me how to make a time fuse with a cigarette and a book of matches. One time he took a car out into the country to blow it up, and Rocco was following

him in another car with the gasoline, but he lost Rocco on the way, so he drove the car into a field, and he ripped up the seats with a broken bottle and stuffed the car with dry grass and set fire to it, then ran like crazy through the woods, but stopped to turn back to look and saw the car filled with flames, and, just then, *bahroom*, the whole thing exploded, and he kept running, running like crazy until he got out of the woods. He had to walk thirty miles into town.

I said, "Aren't you afraid of the cops?"

"Naw," he said. "They're so stupid. Rocco, he's my closest friend still, a tough guy, with thick thighs, a real good runner. Once, he put boards with spikes in them all around a field near his house, and he lit a fire in the middle of the field just to attract the police, and they came in there with their cars, and you could hear the tires bursting. The cops got out of their cars and tried to catch him, and he got them running around after him, and when one of them tried to head him off, he ran right past him, and his mother was there, shouting, 'Run, Rocco, run. Don't let them catch you.'"

I said, "But Rocco got caught."

Jake didn't say anything; he scratched his nose.

I said, "You like taking risks."

"Yeah," he said, "I like taking risks. I ride my motorcycle, boy, in a risky way. I've had some pretty close misses. I once drove off a cliff." He looked away from me and out the window.

The train was passing a dump of crumpled, rusted cars piled on one another. He looked back at the dump when the train passed it.

He said to me, "I ran away from home once and lived in a wrecked Oldsmobile in a dump for three weeks. I'd take girls there. They'd say, 'Is this where you live?' I don't know why I

do, but I like dumps with old cars. I like old railway yards, too. I like lumberyards, and I like brick and cinder-block yards."

I looked out the window with him. We passed an old brick factory, derelict, its small windows broken, and among the weeds in the factory yard were rusted machine parts and by the railway tracks a heap of rusted metal, gears, shafts, flywheels. Jake said, "Hey, look at that." He turned to me. "Did you see that? I really like metal."

I smiled at him, then again looked past him, out the window to a view of low gray-green land with dumped stoves and refrigerators, and, beyond, the gray ocean, where, upended in the waves, was the hulk of a battered tanker, and I thought, This strange country—

Jake was studying me. I didn't look at him until he said to me, "My mother would like you. She likes people who are different. You like fish? How about coming to eat with us? She'll make you a great fish dish."

I asked, "Do you speak any Indian language?"

He laughed. "Me? Naw."

"Tell me in what ways you're Indian."

"Well," he said, "all you have to be is an eighth Indian to be officially an Indian, and I'm half—" Then he laughed so that lines curved in his cheeks, and he said, "I don't know."

Out the window was a single square clapboard house and a row of trees in a field at the edge of the ocean; the white sun was high and the house and the trees and the field and ocean appeared plain gray.

I said to Jake, "I want to tell you I'm not a foreigner."

"What d'you mean?"

"I was born and grew up in Providence. I left when I was your age."

He glanced to either side of me, and after a moment he said, "That's all right, I'd still like you to meet my mother. Come to our house. She'll like you just the same."

"Thanks," I said.

"That's all right," he said.

When he got off at Kingston, I sat by the window and watched him descend from the train. He jumped over a low barrier to the station parking lot and lifted his old Army duffelbag to squeeze between two cars. His long black hair swung.

AS the train came into the station at Providence, I saw my brother Edmond on the platform, looking away. He had a bald spot at the top



of his head. I got off and called, "Ed," and he turned around. Lines were in his face, and his belly bulged under his green work clothes. He opened his arms and came toward me. "Jeez," he said. "Jeez." He put his arms around me. He had an acrid smell of printer's ink. "My brother," he said, "my brother from a long way away." He released me and I lost my balance. He reached for my large suitcase standing beside me on the old wooden platform; his fingertips and nails were black from the ink. We went out to the parking lot. Providence in the heat smelled of raw dust and tar.

In the car I asked, using what I thought was an easy idiom, "How are the folks doing?," and then I thought, No, and I said, "I mean, how are Mère and Père?"

"They're better," he said. "You'll see they're better since three years ago."

We drove up out of the city, past the white dome of the State House rising from a green hill, and, turning left, drove gradually higher, into Mount Pleasant. I looked out the window with a sense of seeing things that were familiar but that I felt I had never seen before: the large maple trees along the sidewalks; the furniture store with a gleaming aluminum front and clapboard sides, cardboard cartons piled outside; an old picket fence separating the driveways of two tenements covered with rambling roses in thick red and white bloom; a brick public schoolhouse fenced into its asphalted schoolyard, sheets of plywood nailed over its windows and doors; the trunk of a maple tree. It seemed to me that everything I saw stood out from itself in the sun's glare and I was seeing not the houses, cars, trees, and people but their reflections.

I spoke, too, not to Edmond but to someone just to the side of him. I said, "Mère is all right, then?"

"Yes, she's recovered. Except her eyesight got bad with the last spell. She can't write, can't dial the telephone, can't see the hands of the clock, but she wants to see, and even says she thinks her eyesight is getting better."

"Will she be able to see me?"

"Oh, sure," he said. "But I'll tell



"Before you go out on the snowy slopes, it might be wise to try out your whole ski outfit in your own living room. You'll feel clumsy at first, just as you did the first time you put on ice skates, but soon you'll feel confident and relaxed being on skis, and ready to sail down those slopes."

you, it hasn't been long, her recovery. You know, last fall, around October, we thought she was going to die. She wandered around the house moaning. And then she took to hitting the walls. She was scared she was losing her mind. Père couldn't do anything. He'd just watch her. I'd sit with her and listen to her, just listen to her say—well, you know, the same old story, over and over, the same thing she's been saying, I guess, for twenty years. I wouldn't say anything. I'd just sit there and listen to her until she'd get tired, and then, finally, she'd go to bed. But the next day it would be the same when I got back from work. Sometimes she'd get up at night, wander about the house moaning."

Tears filled my eyes. "You were very patient."

He said, "Sometimes I could hardly

bear it, but I stuck with her. Then I have to do all the domestic work they can't do. I stuck with her for herself, but, too, for Père—"

I asked, "What about Père?"

"Well, there he is, almost eighty, and he stands as straight as he always did. But when I'd come into the house from the shop and find him watching Mère walking up and down the kitchen—"

He stopped at the curb under a great green maple tree by a new chain-link fence. Beyond the fence and narrow weed-grown yard was the white bungalow. I sat in the car and looked at the two dark windows of the kitchen. In each, between the curtains, a pale face appeared, blurred by the aluminum screens.

I said, "There they are."

I sat for a moment longer, then got

out. I opened the gate and rushed up the stoop to the back door, but it was locked. Edmond came behind me with his key. Up the entry steps, at the open kitchen door, side by side, were my mother and father—small, old. I grabbed my mother and held her, but I felt I might hurt her if I held her tightly. I drew back, and she appeared to search the air to find me, saying, "Oh." I turned to my father. He was looking out the window. I put my hands on his shoulders, and he, looking not at my face but at the floor, patted my arms. I pulled him closer to me and kissed him high on his cheek, and I sobbed. My mother, her head raised as if the tilt allowed more light into her eyes, said, "Why are you crying?"

"I'm not," I said.

Edmond was behind me with my suitcase. "Where do you want this?" he asked.

I was wiping tears away with my knuckles. "Put it by the stove," I said, and I opened it, all the while weeping, so Edmond gave me a tissue from his pocket to wipe my eyes and blow my nose, which I had to do from time to time, as my mother, my father, and Edmond stared at me. I took out the woollen lap rug for my mother, gave it to her; the long woollen bathrobe for my father, gave it to him; the woollen jumper for Edmond.

The sun was beaming through the pantry window into the kitchen; there was a block of yellow light on the wall above the table, set for supper with mismatched plates, glasses, a loaf of bread, and a carton of milk. It was five-thirty.

My mother said, staring not at me but around me, "We hoped you'd get here for suppertime. We didn't fuss. We're having a sauce blanche."

EDMOND served us the sauce blanche with a ladle from a pan into plates we held up to him; the flour paste and shreds of chicken spread over the plates. He sat across from my father. My mother sat across from me, and I watched her carefully: she leaned close to her dish and ate with a big spoon, and often when she raised the spoon to her mouth there was nothing in it. Her face was distorted with age—her nose a little crooked, her cheekbones prominent and one higher than the other, her eyes sunk into the sockets, her forehead large.

She put the spoon down, pushed her chair out from the table, and got up. My father, a fork raised halfway to his mouth, simply watched her. Edmond

THE NEIGHBORHOOD ENVIRONMENTAL CENTER

In front of the aquarium of frowning garter snakes, plump crabs,
And snouted fish of the North Shore, Pauline is gossiping with Regina
About the new woodcutter.

"Nice people," she yells out the back door
To cross-country skiers gliding by in pastoral target practice.
"Useless, but very nice."

She turns into the room where sacks that held birdseed open on the floor,
Rise, and fall on a glistening beach of corn kernels and grains.
Her son explains the plumbing of the woodburning stove to visitors.

Posed a polite distance away, we study the shiny shells of the turtles,
Their soft drunken smiles, the way they seem to dream of the creek
Only a few walls away, half frozen now, while

The woodcutter runs ripply trunks down the length of the log splitter
As if he were bowling, and shorebirds watch the sun
Set in a batch of tulip trees over the Belt Parkway.

There, past the long odd hill in the scabby marsh—a sewer pipe
Overgrown with snow-covered brush, the tracks of pheasant and raccoon
A gray pencil sketch neat as register tape—

Fresh and salt water blend and unblend in native square dance, so close
To the mud wave thrown up by a neighbor who used old cars for landfill,
A road to nowhere now

For the winter flounder, the whiting, the bay anchovy, all our Martian-far
relations . . .

Say, the Army corps engineer here on mud-wave investigations,
Who choreographs the evening tide sweeping up now and running,

Running after the pointed finger of the moon's ray.
Soon it will point at us.

—VICKIE KARP

said loudly, "What do you want? I'll get it for you." My father said quietly, "Let her be." She, making a quick gesture with her hand, said, "I can do for myself." We didn't continue to eat until she came back from the pantry with a pepper shaker, sat, and peppered her sauce blanche, but she didn't eat any more.

I noticed that my father's thin hand shook as he brought the fork to his mouth, and the food slid down his chin. His eyes, when he wasn't staring at my mother, filmed.

She said, "I was remembering the time Louisa Bouchard came here—big, fat Louisa Bouchard, with hair on

her chin. And after she left—who was it, one of the boys?—smelled the seat of her chair and said, 'Ouf, mais il pue.'"

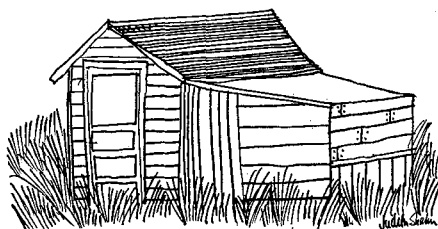
I tried to laugh. Her large forehead shone as she laughed. I said, "We never speak French anymore."

Her face went dark. She said, "I promised your father's father, Pèpère Francœur, that I wouldn't let you lose the language. He asked me, 'Ne les laissez pas perdre la langue,' and I tried, but we stopped talking French."

I said, "What are some old French expressions you remember?"

"Oh," she said, "let's think." I kept watching my father, who, paying close attention to her, didn't eat. He was frowning. "I can remember my mother saying when she was angry, 'Sac-rabe de vice! C'la parle au diable.' That was 'diable,' but she said 'diable.' You see, I can be serious, too, when I want to be."

I said, "Père, your mother couldn't speak English, but could your father?"





"Do you know 'Hickory Dickory Dock'?"

My father looked surprised that I should be talking to him. He said, quietly, "A little." I waited. He put his fork down on his plate. He blinked. He said, carefully, "Well, I can tell you this little story as an example of my father's proficiency in the language. Your mother and I were living over on Lester Street, in a tenement, and our landlord was a thirty-second-degree Mason, so he and his wife were,

you might say, well off. My father came to pay his respects one day. Your mother and I were in the yard with the landlord's wife. To be courteous, I thought I would go through the exercise of introducing her to my father, my father to her, and he said to her, shaking her hand, 'You're very welcome.'"

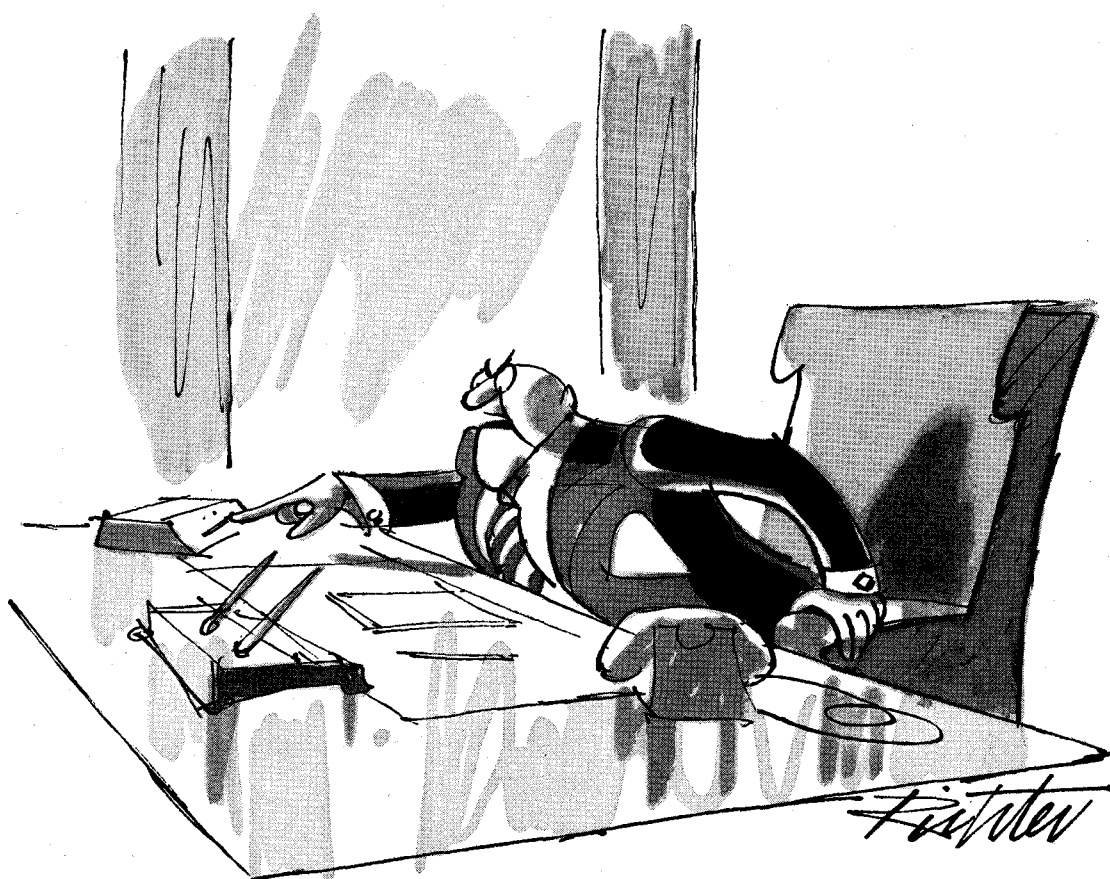
I laughed out. My mother raised her head to stare at me, as if wonder-

ing why I should be laughing at what my father said. She leaned closer, perhaps to see better.

I said, "Père, did Mémère Francœur know any language from her Indian mother?"

He said nothing for a moment. "Not that I know of," he said. "No."

I helped Edmond clear the table, and at the sink in the pantry he washed the dishes and I dried. Through the



"Memo to all departments: 'No!'"

window above the sink I saw the maple trees along the street in the sunlight, the cars passing.

Edmond said, "How do you find the folks?"

"Well," I said.

He said, "She's all right now. It's Père I worry about. His will is wrecked now. He's failing."

I looked through the pantry doorway to where, at the kitchen table, my father was sitting. He had his glasses on, and he was examining the newspaper spread out before him. My mother passed before the table. She was in a dressing gown and slippers. She walked slowly. My father watched her as she passed. Her back was humped. My father drew his hands to the edge of the table and looked down at them. My mother stopped before my father.

"What are you thinking, Jim?" she asked.

"Nothing," he said.

I came out of the pantry into the kitchen.

She said to me, "I've been married to him for fifty-six years and he's never told me what he's thinking." She said to no one, "We have so much to think about, so much to remember from our lives together, our lives with our sons."

He said, with a light laugh, "I don't remember anything."

She turned away. She walked as if her knees were locked and she had to keep her balance with outstretched hands. She went into the bathroom and closed the door.

My father was against the light from the window, which appeared to beam about his dark head.

I said, "Père, let's take a walk."

He searched for where the voice came from. He said, "You must be tired."

"Yes, I am. I'm on another time."

"And in another place, too."

I smiled. "I couldn't sleep yet."

He said, "We could take a walk up to my sister Oenone."

"I'd like that. I'd like a walk through the parish."

He said, "The parish? The parish doesn't exist anymore."

We walked slowly through the long warm sunlight past the clapboard houses, lawns and shrubs planted along what were called, I remembered, the piazzas of the houses. The houses appeared to me houses within houses, appeared to me familiar houses within unfamiliar ones. And the large, still trees, too, seemed to me familiar trees within unfamiliar trees. And the side-

walks, cement or asphalt, were, I thought, raised above the sidewalks I recalled of bare earth with weeds growing along the curb and rusted tin cans in the weeds.

MY Aunt Oenone wore about the crown of her head a neat braid of blue-white artificial hair held down by many pins; her own white, thin hair was wild.

She took from her mother's bedroom, where the large high bed was kept made, a little black valise, put it on the round oak table by the coal stove in the kitchen, and opened the latch to a heap of photographs. She put on a green visor, lit the ceiling light, made us sit with our glasses of root beer at the table with her, and passed the photographs to my father, who passed them to me. He passed them to me without looking at them.

I held up to my aunt a brown photograph of a bald

man with a long, unevenly white beard. I said, "That's Mémère Francœur's father?"

She placed a palm over the eye with the cataract and leaned forward to look with one large eye. "Yes, le Grand Coq."

"There's no photograph of his wife?" I asked.

"Which one?"

"I didn't know he had more than one. The Indian—"

"No, she died, and he married again."

"Do you know anything about her?"

Matante Oenone said, "My mother told me le Grand Coq worked for a while in a lumberyard in Newmarket, Michigan, and one day he met a young Indian girl, and the Indian girl said, 'You've got a button missing from your shirt,' and le Grand Coq said, 'I know,' and she said, 'I'll sew it on for you,' and he took off his shirt. She sewed a button on and gave the shirt back to him, and he said, 'You'd make a good wife,' and she said, 'If you say so,' and they were married two weeks later."

"What language did they speak?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I don't know," she said. "From Canada he went down to

Michigan, went down as far as California, to cut timber. But he was mostly in Canada."

"And what tribe was she from?"

"She was a Piednoir. Her name was Clyche."

My father, tapping the table with his fingers, said, "She was just a half-caste."

"She was a full-blooded Blackfoot Indian," Oenone said. "Her full name was Clyche Kirou. I have a copy of my mother's baptismal certificate that has her mother's name on it; I'll show you." She again went into her mother's room, and I saw her open the top drawer of a large, black bureau with a lace runner on which were small painted statues of saints. She came out with a gray-yellow piece of thin paper, showed it to my father, who read it and passed it to me. It was written in pencil:

Extrait du registre des baptêmes de la paroisse de St. Barthélemi pour l'année 1873.

Le vingt et un janvier, mil huit cent soixante et treize, nous, curé soussigné, avons baptisé Modiste, née ce jour du légitime mariage d'Adolphe Lajoie, cultivateur, et de Clyche de cette paroisse. Parrain-Alfred Mayer; Marraine-Marie Louise Flageole, qui n'ont su signer.

Mg Archambault ptre

I said, "It just says her name was Clyche."

"Then maybe her mother's name was Kirou," Matante said. "Because my mother remembered her mother's mother—a big, dark woman with black braids. Every time my mother's mother had a baby, her mother came, laid the baby on a board, and wrapped it to the board with a long band of cloth, so Clyche could carry the baby on her back. And her mother, Clyche's mother, made moccasins. She beaded them, and to soften them she peed in them and left them under the wood stove for a night."

"How did they all get from Michigan to St. Barthélemi, where the children were born?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"It's a bit jumbled," I said.

"Well, that's what your Mémère told me. She said her mother smoked a corncob pipe and smeared her body in the winter with bear grease to keep warm. In the winter, that was the time le Grand Coq traded with the Indians. They'd come into the house—they wouldn't knock but just opened the door and came in—and they'd go and sit on a long bench behind the wood stove and wait, and when le Grand Coq went to them they'd all mumble together. Your Mémère

would go to bed, and in the morning there'd be a big bundle of pelts behind the stove."

I asked, "Do you know if Mémère spoke any of her mother's language?"

"No. I don't know. If she knew any, she never told us."

"Did she have Indian traits?"

"Traits?"

"Did she do anything that you thought was—well, Indian?"

"I remember her sitting cross-legged on the floor to braid her hair. Her hair was thick and black."

"I never saw our mother do that," my father said.

"I did. And she made cough medicine from sumac berries. You remember that, don't you?" she asked my father.

"Yes," he said.

"And she had a prayer—I don't know if that was Indian—but she had a prayer, and if someone were bleeding or were burned bad, she'd go into another room and recite the prayer, and the bleeding stopped, the burn went. You remember that, too," she said to her brother. "She taught you the prayer."

"Yes," he said.

Matante Oenone said to me, "She taught it to him, the first-born son, and to no one else."

My father silently picked up the photographs one by one and looked at them closely.

"She couldn't speak English and she didn't know how to write," Oenone said, "so when she'd send us out to do some shopping she'd draw on a piece of paper what she wanted—she



"When are you going to close the book on 1979?"



drew pictures of onions, pork chops, a bottle of ketchup, potatoes with the eyes, a chicken—and the grocer, Mr. Tetroux, could always make out what they were. She sent me out to the butcher to buy a *fesse de cochon*, but the butcher couldn't speak French, and I wondered how I could ask for a *fesse de cochon*, and when I got there I said, 'Please, I want a pig's ass.'"

My father was holding up a black-and-white photograph of his mother sitting, her arms crossed, in a rocking chair, and he said quietly, "I remember a man delivered a big wooden laundry machine to the house, but he couldn't carry it up the stairs to the top floor, and my mother said to him, '*Va t'en, va t'en*,' grabbed the front legs of the laundry machine, and carried it all the way up the stairs herself. She was a strong woman."

"She said her mother was so strong she could stop a runaway carriage just by grabbing the back wheel," Oenone said.

"Yes," my father said.

Oenone went on, "Her mother was—"

My father said, "Her mother died when she was only seven. She couldn't remember her that well. She died and Ma's father married Ma's godmother, Louise Flageole, who brought Ma up."

Matante Oenone began to put the photographs into the little case. She said, "I saw her—I saw our mother—last night. I woke up and saw her

standing, not in my room but behind the wall, in woods—"

My father got up. "*Assez de c'la*," he said. "*Assez de c'la*."

My aunt stopped.

ON the way back to the family house I said to my father, "I met a young man on the train up from New York who said he was half Indian, and he told me that if you're an eighth Indian you can be considered an Indian."

"Who by?" my father asked.

"I don't know—by the American government, I suppose, and as an Indian you can make many claims—"

"Can you?" he asked, smiling.

"Well, if Clyche was a half-caste, your mother was a quarter, and you're an eighth."

He said nothing.

I didn't clearly see but sensed space all about me, light and dark, and the space, light and dark, kept shifting abruptly about, and for moments I didn't know where I was. It was as if I—in some other place, at some other time—had thought up everything about me, and everything might quickly change, and where and when I was would be very strange. I imagined I felt the sidewalk move a little under my feet.

"And," I said, "if Clyche was a full-blooded Indian, I'm an eighth; I'm a real Indian." I laughed.

Again my father said nothing. The sun was setting. The high light was shattered by the top leaves of the maple trees, and the trunks were in low shad-

ow. We walked side by side. I wanted to touch my father.

He opened the door to the dim kitchen. My mother was in the rocking chair, and he went to her to lean over and kiss her, but she said, before he could kiss her, "You go out, I stay in this house." He stood back.

She rocked her body without rocking the chair. She said, "I'm where you want me to be, in the house. I've had to submit to this house like I've had to submit to your will. I've had to submit to your will like I'll have to submit to lying forever in my grave."

I stood by the door.

She said, "I always did what you wanted. You never cared what I wanted. You wouldn't let me have the operation, though the doctor said I should, said I'd die if I had another baby. You wouldn't let me. I had more babies. I had seven sons. You kept me in this house with the children, you still keep me in it, you've had your will." She looked past my father. She said, "Who's standing by the door?"

I said, "I am."

She said, rocking her stiff upper body, "Your father has always had his will. He didn't want me to have the operation. I didn't have it. I did what he wanted. I always did what he wanted. He wanted us to sleep in the same bed, though he knew I couldn't have any children or I would die. And we were good Catholics, we didn't want to sin, we couldn't use anything to make sure I wouldn't have a baby. We slept in the same bed, but if he touched



me I said, 'Do you want me to die?' He couldn't sleep, he couldn't work. I thought, 'I'm keeping him from sleeping; I'm keeping him from working.' I said, 'We'll sleep in separate beds.' He said, 'No.' It was hard. It was hard for him, and it was hard for me. I thought, 'He can't continue like this; I don't care if I die.' I gave in. He had his will."

I said, "Momma, it's only because of my father's will that I'm here."

My father turned round to me, then he looked away, out the window, where the dusk was deepening to dark.

My mother got up. She shuffled to the middle of the floor, where she stopped. She said to me, her voice small, "I submitted to your father's will to have you. I risked my life to have you."

I went to her. I put my arms around her. She didn't move.

When I let go of her, she said softly, "Promise me that I'll be buried upside down, because I'll try to claw my way out, and if I'm upside down I'll only dig myself in deeper. I'm too hateful to come back. I wasn't ever a good wife to your father, I was never the mother he expected me to be, I was never strong."

Slowly, she walked into the living room.

My father continued to look out the window, where the large maple tree was black. I went to him. I put a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry," I said.

He shook his head.

"Maybe my coming back started up something in her," I said.

"I don't know," he said.

We heard her, in the living room, walking about.

"Is there anything we can do?" I asked.

"She'll be all right if she sleeps."

"Maybe I can do something. Maybe she'd like to talk to me. Shall I go in and try to calm her? I've done it in the past."

"No, no," he said. "She's my responsibility." He went into the living room.

IN my old small, hot bedroom, I lay naked on the bed. On the other side of the wall at my head was my parents' bedroom; our beds abutted the same wall. The window was open, and the light from a window of the house next door shone across the hedge separating the yards and into my room, and from time to time a shadow crossed my wall. It seemed to me I was in the house projected by the light and the shadows, not in my family house, and I didn't know the house I was in. I heard odd voices, low voices. Throughout the house of dim light and shadows doors opened and closed, and people passed from room to room. I saw, in a distant room, the bed of a couple, but empty, the sheets and blankets thrown to the floor. I heard doors opening and closing, and footsteps. I thought I heard a shout.

When in the night I woke, I lay

wondering what I was doing in my parents' home. I wondered then why my home was now in a country that was not my country, where I was close in friendship and love to people unrelated to me—people whose relationships to one another and to me I did not understand but whose relationships, in friendship and love, I tried day after day to understand.

I got up at dawn, and, naked, with a numb morning erection, I left my room to go quickly to the bathroom. Rushing through the kitchen, I saw my father, and I stopped short, not knowing what to do; he, in his rocking chair, looked away.

Back in the bedroom I found in the closet an old bathrobe and I put it on. I went to the bathroom, came out, and, drawing the robe about myself, I approached my father.

I asked, "Did she sleep?"

"No," he said.

"Where is she?"

"In her room. Saturday's often a bad day for her—Saturday and Sunday."

"Why don't we take her out of the house for the day? We can take her to the country. Wouldn't that help?"

"She won't go."

"She won't go to the lake?"

"She won't leave the house. She hasn't been out of the house in months. Edmond offers to take her out, and so does your brother Albert offer to take her out to his house in the country for as long as she'd like. She won't go. She hasn't been to church for six months, I think. She won't leave."

"Why?"

"I don't know. She keeps saying she wants to leave the house, wants to get out, but she won't."

I sat in the chair across from him. My bare feet sweated, and the palms of my hands.

I asked, "And how long has it been since you've really got away from the house?"

"As long as your mother."

I said, "Why don't you come to the lake today with me? We'll visit Albert."

"Who'll stay with your mother?"

"Edmond will."

"He won't like that on his day off. He complains a lot that he has to take care of us."

"I'll ask him."

He pressed his lips together.

"Come on, Père," I said. "Just a couple of hours in the country."

He lowered his head. "She'll say I'm keeping her alone in the house."

"If she doesn't want to leave her—"



*"The following had auto trouble on the L.I. Expressway today:
A. T. Allgood, Bayshore, flat tire; Norris Anderwurz, Mineola,
broken fan belt; M. V. Burns, Hempstead, battery trouble . . ."*

self, does she expect you not to leave? She can't be that—" I didn't know what to say.

I saw him breathe in and out.

"Come on," I said.

His breath wheezed.

"Please," I said.

WHEN I telephoned Jake Santuri, a woman with a high voice said he was out fishing. I said who I was. She said, "Oh, I'm Jake's mother." I said, "I'll have to go back soon." She said, "He'll be sorry. He liked you."

I put the telephone down and my mother asked, "Who were you talking to?"

"An Indian," I said. "An Indian woman."

MY father sat up straight beside me as I drove Edmond's car; he looked through the windshield, never to the side, and I thought he was not seeing anything.

I said, "Dad, it'll do you both good to be separated for a while. She'll be all right."

He said, "I used to think she'd be all right. I'd go so far as to think she was well, and then, unexpectedly, she'd have a relapse. That happened over and over. I've given up believing she could recover with a little will power. I know that it is vanity on my part to believe

she could, if she so wished, get herself out of her state when she is in a bad state. And yet she seems, when she is in that state, to be determined to stay in it, as if all her will power went into keeping herself in it, and she refuses to get out."

He stared straight ahead.

He said, "She never wanted children."

With a shift in my voice I asked, "Where did you learn English, Père?"

He said, "I was thought by the nuns at the école paroissiale."

He always said "thought" for "taught."

I said, "People say I have an accent. I think that's because I really don't know how to pronounce words, and I pronounce them as they're pronounced by people about me."

"I don't know," he said.

"And I have difficulty with prepositions," I said.

"What are they?"

"Small words like in, on, from, to."

"Yes," he said.

I drove in silence.

The rutted dirt country road, overgrown with grass because it was rarely used, took us along the edge of the lake and through the woods of pine trees, oaks, birches. Large ferns brushed the sides of the car.

My brother Albert was sitting on the screened porch. He waved at us.

A retired Marine major, he lived alone in the house in the country.

We all sat on the porch. Albert gave my father a cup of tea. He took it, placed it on an old painted wicker table, and stared at it.

Albert said, "I think Mère gets disturbed by our coming home. She gets disturbed by her sons' going and by their coming back."

My father said, "No, it's not her sons—"

After a while we took a slow walk down the drive. Small pine trees and birches grew in the lawn; there was more moss than grass. Wet oak leaves were piled against the stone walls of the house. Down by the garage was a wild patch of irises and orange lilies in bloom, and across the drive from the garage were large laurel bushes that hid the old dock, rotted and listing. We walked up the drive around to the back of the house and into the woods.

I said, "I haven't been in these woods for years."

I went ahead of my father and brother to look. I passed the rotting frame of a canoe tangled with poison ivy. I passed a pile of old doors. I passed a rusted oil drum.

Sunlight beamed down through the trees and, as I walked, flashed across my eyes. It all at once seemed to me there were people in that light—naked, brown-red people hidden among the trees. They were familiar to me, familiar enough for me to sense that they were close. Yet they were strangers, too, because I could not see them and knew nothing about them. I had some remote claim to be among them. I imagined I could, by stepping through a shadow, find myself among them, but they would be like nothing I had imagined. They watched me, but they kept to themselves, and among themselves they formed a tribe in which their relationships were in no way comprehensible to me. I stood under a pine tree, blueberry bushes around me; I wasn't quite sure which way I should go. The woods were still, as the inhabitants were still. I pushed my way silently through the shaggy blueberry bushes.

I stopped, turned, and saw, in the light, my father, standing alone. He was very straight. He was looking away from me. His lips were moving. I saw, standing in the woods behind him, his mother, large and dark, and, deeper in, a larger, darker woman, and then another and another, each larger and darker, mothers and daughters, daughters and mothers, going back and back, to a great dark mother, to whom my father could pray in a language I did not know.

—DAVID PLANTE

A REPORTER AT LARGE

1980: DIVERSION

THE way outside developments can whang into a Presidential campaign and spin it around—upending assumptions, calculations, strategies—was certainly demonstrated by the events in Iran. How lasting the effects will be, and even exactly what they are, remain questions, but it is clear that the end of the crisis will not be the end of the argument over it. Some controversy is guaranteed by the nature of this Presidential campaign—in particular, the set of candidates—and the historical context in which the events occurred. Iran touched a number of raw nerves, produced by cumulative frustrations and by assumptions that such a thing could not have happened if the United States had not been seen to be militarily weak and irresolute and if our foreign policy had not been suffering from a near-fatal case of idealism.

At the same time, the crisis threw into relief several of the questions that were moving to the foreground in any event as the political year 1980 approached. Undoubtedly, this campaign will have its equivalents of former F.B.I. Director Clarence Kelley's window valances, but other kinds of issues that were in the background in 1976 were becoming inescapable: what the lessons of Vietnam really are, what it is within our power to do, what the function of military strength is, how to come to grips with energy realities. There was now dramatic evidence that nations with nowhere near our military strength will make weapons of commodities that they hold and we need; that there are situations that render our missiles meaningless and cannot be fixed by a dozen men in trenchcoats; that our dependence on foreign supplies of oil is literally dangerous.

Even as President Carter's political fortunes rose, largely—not entirely, the White House would argue—as a result of his handling of the situation in Teheran, it seemed

clear that other issues that had been pushed out of the political discussion, such as the economy and the President's over-all record, would return. And it seemed likely that even if the hostages were got out alive Carter would be subject to cross fire on Iran once the crisis was over. From one side, there would be more questions about why the Shah was allowed into the United States in the first place, and, going further back in history, about why we had supported the Shah for so long and become so closely identified with him, and even about the purposes and consequences of our role in the overthrow of Mohammed Mosaddegh, the last elected leader of Iran, and the reinstallation of the Shah on the throne. From the other side would come questions about why we had not supported the Shah more firmly, and why we did not take tougher actions after the hostages were seized. And once the problem of the hostages was resolved there could be a whole new row, over what further actions the United States should take against Iran. At the White House, the general belief was that if the President succeeded in getting the hostages out alive it would ill behoove some critics—for

which read Edward Kennedy—to quibble over the details of how the whole mess had come about. "That would be seen as sour grapes," Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, said in a conversation I had with him in mid-December. As for the criticism that would come from the Republicans, White House people said, that would be applicable only in the general election—and this was not the problem at the moment.

When I talked to Jody Powell, he was eager to point out that the President's rise in the polls was not simply a result of his handling of the Iranian crisis. "Clearly, up to now, from a political standpoint, the way the President has conducted himself has had a favorable impact, and at the same time its impact on how it affects us vis-à-vis Kennedy has been overstated," he said. "The press lays it all to Iran. You don't have to be too bright to look back and see that that won't cut." He then reached for a report of an ABC News poll of Democratic state chairmen which indicated that the greatest rise in support for Carter, as opposed to Kennedy, among that group—from that of a slight minority to a substantial majority—occurred before the hos-

tagues were seized. I have also heard the theory at the White House that the Iranian crisis will have a lasting effect, because while voters do not necessarily expect a President to be "Presidential" all the time, they want him to be so some of the time, and until Iran Carter had been in danger of failing to appear so any of the time. Some senior advisers to the President were concerned that White House aides might be drawing too much comfort from the President's sudden good political fortune. One adviser told me, "People are getting too cocky here. Too many people are going around with smiles on their face. A lot of us are saying Iran is going to be over; it could turn to dust; Kennedy is go-





"Last night I dreamed the Metropolitan Opera was putting on 'Madame Butterfly,' and I was singing all the parts, and I was hoping you'd be there, but you said you had a meeting."

ing to get his act together—soon." Some advisers had mixed feelings about the late-December polls that showed Carter well ahead of Kennedy. They took comfort from indications that Kennedy's own problems contributed to the disparity; they worried about the burdens put on Carter now that he was no longer the underdog. But they also found the shifting fortunes advantageous as they went about the business of trying to peel off support of local politicians from Kennedy, organizing delegate slates, and raising money. One could also sense in the White House more than a little tension—an awareness that a single misstep or misstatement could bring the roof down on everybody's head. Powell and Hodding Carter, the State Department spokesman, confer daily about what the press—and the world—will be told. Each statement by the press officers is a potential foreign-policy pronouncement; each reaction to each statement by whoever appears to be speaking for whatever group in Iran must be carefully measured. Powell told me, "The potential impact of misstatements is much more serious than is normally the case. The nuance game

gets more serious and deadly with the passage of time. The press and the public are all past the one-two-three-fours of it. Take this thing about Iran's having an international tribunal. Having taken previous positions about show trials, the question is, Does this or does this not fall into that category? We may not know and the press does or does not know, but come the end of the day, when the networks and the newspapers have their deadlines, there is likely to be an attempt to force an answer."

There was also some question as to how long, in any event, the President would be able to capitalize on the political fortune the Iranian crisis had brought him. At what point would he seem not measured in his response but weak? At what point would he appear to be exploiting the event? At what point would people want to hear more about other issues that are bothering them? As the crisis dragged on, the widely accepted moratorium on criticism of his actions was likely to expire. Carter is not the first President to be tempted to play Commander-in-Chief politics, but the exercise can become a bit obvious. On weekends during the

crisis, the President and Mrs. Carter, according to a White House aide, have been making at least sixty calls each to potential supporters in the early-caucus and early-primary states. Many calls have also been made during the week, when there was time. From these calls and from other methods of testing public opinion, the White House concluded as the year ended that the public's patience was running out.

Washington is a fickle place, and as the fortunes of the Democratic rivals shifted, however temporarily, politicians and other investors in power adjusted. Some politicians were less eager than before to have Kennedy make appearances with them. More people turned up at the White House annual Christmas ball for Congress than had in recent years. This gave members of Congress an opportunity to shake the President's hand and then tell their constituents that they had been to the White House to see the President, and that he was holding up

well in the crisis. One White House aide says, "They like to pass responsibility to the President in a crisis. They've been amazingly supportive, because the American people are supportive. But they'll be quick to cut when it's over." Frank Moore, the President's assistant for congressional liaison, who has come under a fair amount of criticism from Congress, said to me in mid-December, "You go up to the Hill now, it's like you're a rock star. People are coming up to you—they all have a message for you to give the President. They say they were talking to a Rotary Club and praised the President and people cheered. Of course, next week they may dodge you. They've read the polls, and they say, 'Of course, we've supported you all along.'" During the period just after it became clear that Kennedy would challenge the President, and the common assumption was that it was all over for Carter, three wives of White House aides compared notes and found that in each case their invitations had dropped substantially. Sure enough, Carter's rise in the polls arrested the decline in their social lives.

Kennedy's comments in a television

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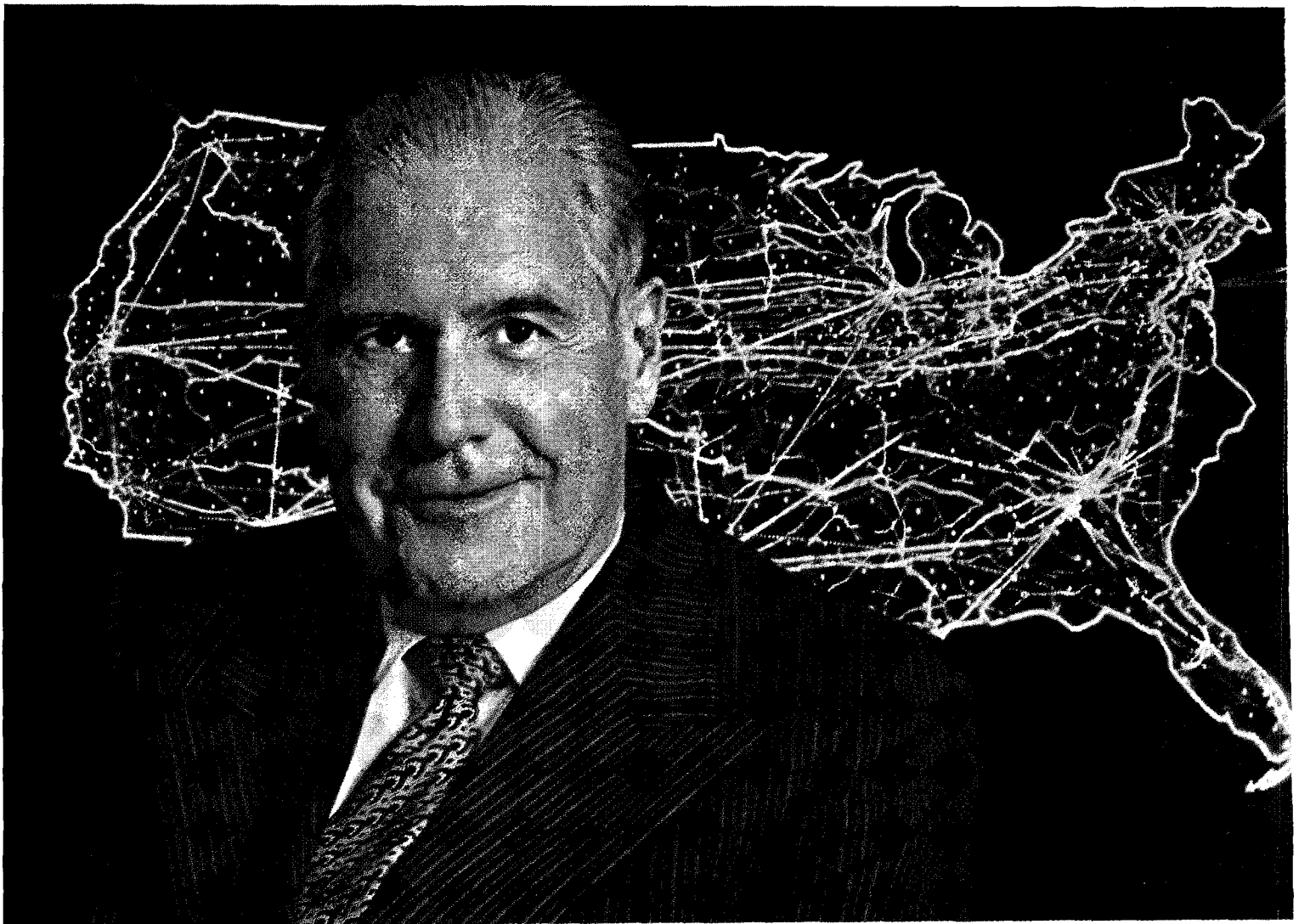
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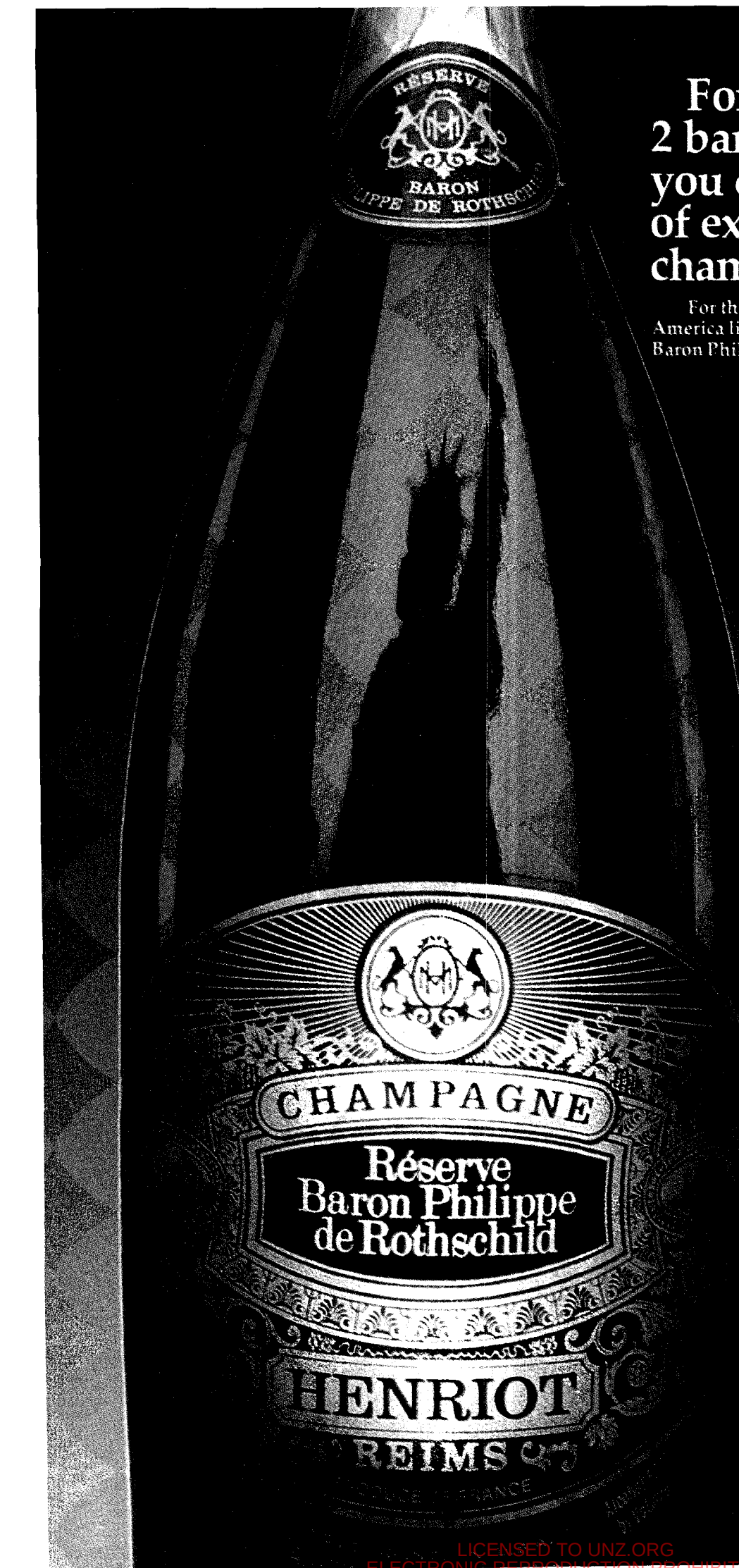
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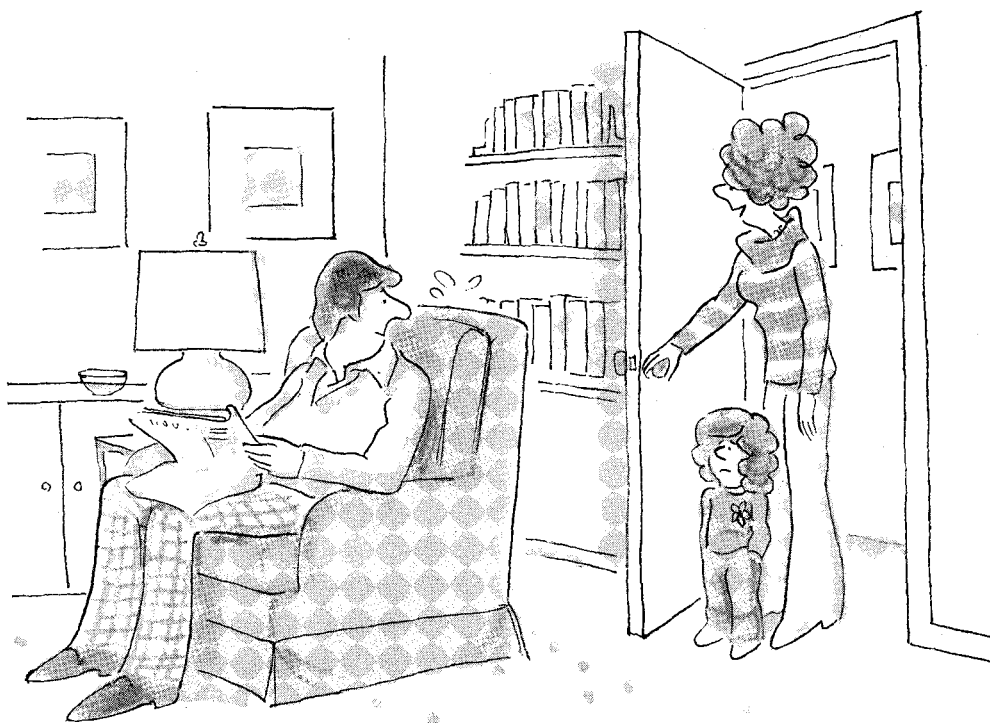
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interview in early December criticizing the Shah and saying that he should not be given permanent residence in the United States, and the reaction to them, were examples both of the kinds of unanticipated things that can happen in campaigns and of the way they can be magnified out of proportion. The White House, of course, made the most of Kennedy's statement, and on the day after he made it there seemed to be few Administration officials or Republican candidates who were not before television cameras deploring what Kennedy had said. Lost in all the noise was the context in which he said it: after a series of answers in which he restated his support of the President's handling of the crisis, he made the remarks in answer to a question about whether the Shah should be permitted to remain in the United States. Ronald Reagan had just said that he should be. Also, the Shah had just been moved to Lackland Air Force Base, in Texas, and the President had declined comment on whether he would be allowed to stay in this country. Kennedy apparently thought that his answers would be taken as a whole, which was a misjudgment. But whatever the wisdom, timing, or impact of his remarks, the amount of fuss they stirred was a phenomenon in itself. Such things have happened before: in 1967, when George Romney explained a shift of position on the Vietnam War by saying that he had been "brainwashed" by United States generals and diplomats during a trip there; in 1972, when Edmund Muskie, exhausted and upset over attacks on his wife, wept before the press in New Hampshire; and in 1976, when Gerald Ford said, "There is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe." The press lands on such statements and gives them almost as much importance, sometimes as much, as everything else the candidate has been saying. Sometimes the incident is interpreted as an example of a fundamental characteristic of the candidate (and sometimes this is accurate), but it is fairly difficult to get through a campaign without making some slip, and much of the press watches for, and even welcomes, such an event. It's big news, and grounds for extensive analysis. A few words can alter the outcome of a Presidential campaign.

Kennedy's people, of course, put the best interpretation they could on the event, saying that when the subsequent debate over the whole issue took place Kennedy would be seen as having been ahead of the others on the question of the Shah. But they were



Bernard Shventbaum.

"Would you have a moment, dear, to share Ivy's dissatisfaction?"

frustrated by the extended crisis and eager for the subject to change. The Kennedy campaign was premised on the idea that Carter was not a leader; then, of all things, just as the campaign began, he was being hailed as one. Peter Edelman, who is in charge of issues at Kennedy's Washington campaign headquarters, said to me in mid-December, "With all the problems in getting this campaign off the ground, it's very clear that the major factor in the polls is Iran. We all know that these things are extremely evanescent. There are very serious questions that are going to be asked when this is over. It's quite possible it will turn out not to have had an effect. It's also possible that Carter will galvanize himself, but I find it very hard to believe that the man who has been so ineffective during almost three-fourths of his term of office is going to find his definition, his style, and leave his mark on the American people."

IN December, the anxiety at the Kennedy headquarters was apparent—not just over what Iran was doing to the campaign but also over what Kennedy himself was doing to it. There was a morale problem: people who had joined up thinking they were about to ride the crest of a wave were adrift. They found themselves not being greeted triumphantly but having to ex-

plain, defend. Kennedy himself seemed to have been thrown off stride. Even some of his partisans noticed that he was not performing up to his capacity on the campaign trail. And each failure to live up to his prior billing was given great significance. A man who had become accustomed during his entire career to receiving praise for his political acumen and ability suddenly, according to press reports, could do nothing right. A man who used to be able to bring crowds to their feet suddenly, it was said, could hardly deliver a speech. Each slip of the tongue was reported, which made him more self-conscious, which led to further slips of the tongue, which increased the reporting of such incidents. Whereupon, at the urging of his staff, he began to read his speeches, which led to wooden delivery and loss of contact with his audiences. Even a candidate who starts out confident can be shaken by such things. And virtually each day Kennedy was faced with what was probably the most painful criticism of all: that he was not as good as his brothers. All his life, it seemed, he had been measured against them, and now, in the largest and most visible test, he was held to be falling short. This could not help his confidence. One thing Kennedy cares about a great deal is his legacy. One theory about the problems he had at the beginning of the campaign is that he is, simply, tense about

running for the Presidency, discomfited by the pressure to live up to the memories of his brothers.

When I stop by the Kennedy headquarters, a former Cadillac showroom at Twenty-second and N Streets, campaign workers—numbering about seventy-five—are going about their business. The large plate-glass windows that used to display automobiles are covered over with blue paper on which is lettered in white “Kennedy ’80!” The lettering seems deliberately amateurish, to give the look of spontaneity. To enter the headquarters, one goes around to a side door and through a room where cars used to be driven in, and in the reception area, on a door leading to a stairway, is a sign saying “Insurance & Settlement. Caution—Step Up.” The campaign organization fills two floors. Partitions are still being constructed, and campaign workers are still introducing themselves to each other. Outside, a truck from Metropolitan Office Furniture is delivering furniture. On the second floor, workers in the scheduling office are yelling at each other, but then schedulers are always yelling at each other. Also on the second floor are two rooms where people have begun to work on delegate selection: one room contains six people who collect information from various regions of the country on a daily basis and feed it to the people in the other room, who help make the strategic decisions. Another office holds the people handling the advance work for Kennedy’s appearances. In one room, I find Dick Clark, the former senator from Iowa and former ambassador-at-large for refugee affairs, sitting in front of a large map of Iowa. Downstairs, in a section of what was once one large showroom, are people handling finances (including the complexities of complying with the federal campaign-finance laws), two pressrooms, rooms where volunteers work, and offices for the issues staff. The floors are linoleum, and the walls are cream-colored except for patches of green that seem to have escaped the last paint job. Carl Wagner, the director of field operations, has put together a calendar of the day-by-day actions necessary to meet the delegate-selection laws of the various states from January until the Party Convention, in August; it is twenty pages long. There are actions that must be taken in almost two-thirds of the states in January and February. For example, the Pennsylvania primary is not until late April, but delegate slates have to be filed in January. So while the outside world focusses on Iowa and

SONG

The light lies layered in the leaves.
Trees, and trees, more trees.
A cloud boy brings the evening paper:
The Evening Sun. It sets.
Not sharply or at once
a stately progress down the sky
(it’s gilt and pink and faintly green)
above, beyond, behind the evening leaves
of trees. Traffic sounds and
bells resound in silver clangs
the hour, a tune, my friend
Pierrot. The violet hour:
the grass is violent green.
A weeping beech is gray,
a copper beech is copper red.
Tennis nets hang
unused in unused stillness.
A car starts up and
whispers into what will soon be night.
A tennis ball is served.
A horsefly vanishes.
A smoking cigarette.
A day (so many and so few)
dies down a hardened sky
and leaves are lap-held notebook leaves
discriminated barely
in light no longer layered.

—JAMES SCHUYLER

New Hampshire, Wagner and others must focus on those states plus Maine, Minnesota, Massachusetts, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, California, Connecticut, South Carolina, South Dakota, North Carolina, Wisconsin, Kansas, Vermont, Nebraska, Ohio, Maryland, Rhode Island, and Illinois. The top campaign officials must settle the problems that arise constantly as people demand decisions on who is going to be in charge in a certain state and as people take offense at these decisions. As I tour the headquarters, campaign officials, insistently and somewhat uneasily, say things like “It’s all coming together now.”

Stephen Smith, Kennedy’s brother-in-law and campaign chairman, sits in a large office on the second floor. Smith

has a taut, wiry body and speaks in a low voice. He talks in a sort of stream, and often looks down or away, so it is sometimes hard to hear him; upon request, he will repeat in a louder voice what he has just said, and then return to his low monotone. “It’s about ready to start working here,” he says when I stop in to see him. “We need to flesh things out, but now at least we’re all under one roof.” He says there was criticism at the outset of John Kennedy’s campaign, in 1960, and of Robert Kennedy’s, in 1968, and he talks of the enormously increased difficulty of starting up a campaign now, under the new rules. He also says, “The Iranian thing has had a great impact, obviously.” As he talks, a television set in his office shows Carter speaking to a group in the East Room of the White House. Smith points to the set and refers to “the terrific ability of the Presidency to affect a campaign.” He says, “Frankly, Lyndon Johnson was supposed to be pretty heavy-handed, but I’ve never seen anything like what’s going on now, with the way they’re using federal funds to affect the campaign. Senator Kennedy’s candidacy has caused several cities and states to get funds. I think all those people are very appreciative. Things that wouldn’t have been done are being done in a very prompt and generous fashion.”



Smith says this with a thin smile. "In the end, the basic question about the Iranian crisis is whether it was necessary for the Shah to be here. Obviously, there will be a rather careful examination of all that. I don't know why he's here. Do you? At the same time, the economy is not good, people are concerned about inflation and unemployment. The attitude of the business world toward Edward Kennedy is the same that they had toward John Kennedy in '60 and Robert Kennedy in '68." Smith talks about hiring more people—especially blacks and Chicanos—and says that every time a name is mentioned in print the Carter people try to hire that person. He says that things are coming along well in Iowa and New Hampshire. "We're out in the field in a pretty good way in a short period of time," he says. "I don't think there's another figure in the country who could have put it together in a month. The problems are the product of what I've just described. Who else goes out from a dead stop with fifty or sixty reporters along? It's gotten a focus nobody else has gotten. John Kennedy couldn't make a farm speech in Wisconsin in 1960. It was painful. We've got a candidate who had to deal with too much too quickly."

ONE theory held among Republicans is that Kennedy's remarks about the Shah were a boon to Ronald Reagan. According to this reasoning, Reagan was vulnerable for having suggested that the Shah should be permitted to remain in the United States, and in the furor over Kennedy's remarks people simply forgot about what Reagan had said. There is also the theory that, at least in the short term, the Iranian crisis helped Reagan by pushing him offstage, which is essentially where John Sears, his campaign manager, prefers him to be. The extent to which Reagan has been able to stay ahead while staying behind the scenes has frustrated the other Repub-

lican candidates' camps. "The clock is running, and he's able to hold on to his lead," the manager of another candidate said to me recently. Members of the other camps had looked forward to Reagan's coming under scrutiny in the first weeks after he formally announced his candidacy, in mid-November. And Reagan had begun to fumble: he had trouble explaining his new idea for a "North American accord" between the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and seemed uninformed about aid to New York City. But then along came Iran, and Kennedy.

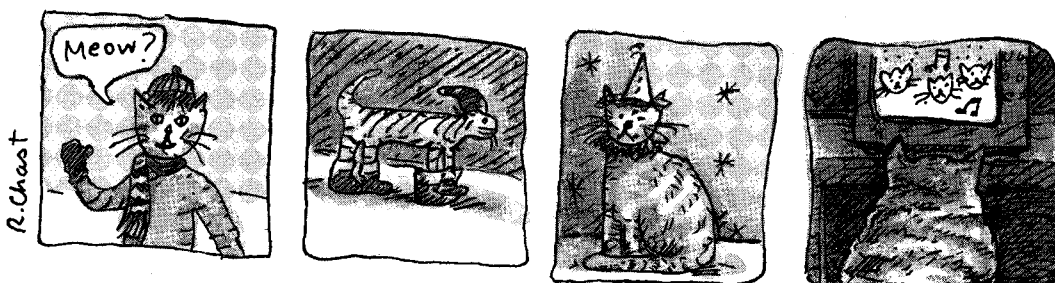
David Keene, who is the political director of George Bush's campaign, feels that Iran has worked to benefit Bush most, in a couple of ways. For one thing, he says, as the most recent

of a series of international crises, it will cause the voters to focus on the candidates' credentials in the fields of foreign affairs and defense—Bush was the director of the Central Intelligence Agency and the head of the United States' first liaison office in China, and, Keene argues, the C.I.A. has returned to good repute. Keene also argues that the combination of Iran, Bush's defeat of Howard Baker in a Maine straw vote in early November, and Connally's poor showing and Bush's good showing (compared with expectations, which is what counts) in a Florida straw vote in mid-November—Connally came in a far second to Reagan and not very far ahead of Bush—worked to Bush's benefit. "The last visible political events in 1979 were



"Hi! I'm Ronald VI, King of Volario, Viceroy of Truano, Monarch of Perzony, Lord of the Nine Isles, Star of Domania, Supreme Leader of the Bartow, and the Light of Poxony. But you can call me Ron."

TOO CUTE FOR COMFORT



Bush victories," Keene said to me over lunch in December. "And Iran has not hurt that, and momentum in politics is based on the last thing you did. Of course, it could all collapse in January. But there has been no heavy political coverage since those victories, because Iran has dominated the public mind. If there were a straw poll tomorrow, no one would pay much attention to it. And since it's harder to get people to pay attention it's harder for people like Baker and Connally to play catch-up."

Keene, who is thirty-four, is baby-faced and pleasant. He was the national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom, he has worked for Spiro Agnew and James Buckley, and he was a regional coordinator of Reagan's 1976 campaign. I asked him what sort of post-Iran debate he foresaw.

"Even if Carter gets the hostages out alive, there will still be an attack on him," he replied. "There will be a great temptation for Republicans to do that. Exactly what happens will depend on a reading of the public. The public may be tired of it. But there will probably be a lot of talk from the candidates once it's over about how did we get into it, how can we avoid Iran. And, necessarily, whoever gives the speech will have to put part of the blame on Carter. The Republican argument is probably going to be couched in the larger question, Why is the United States powerless in an increasingly chaotic world? I don't necessarily agree that that's the right question, but I think it's the one that will be asked. The basic question is going to be, Did American foreign policy in one way or another lead to it? That can come from the left or the right. Did support for the Shah lead to it or did failure to support the Shah lead to it? I think Carter is going to get it from both sides."

I asked Keene if he thought that the argument that the Shah could have been maintained in power by the United States was a persuasive one.

"I don't think the argument that

he could have been maintained in power is salable in that way," he replied. "But as the world becomes more chaotic I think people are more willing to choose among unattractive alternatives. Some of the naïveté is gone. The old ways of making choices are gone: the old bipolar world, where the Russians were the bad guys and we were the good guys; or the human-rights standard, where this guy put too many people in jail, so he's bad; or is the ruler a left-winger or a right-winger? The human-rights standard is not valid anymore. It was used to pick on our allies rather than their allies, because we could bring pressure on ours. In the case of Iran, we said the Shah was a bad man who tortured people and had a secret police, all of which was true, but, on the other hand, the Shah was overthrown in part because he was too liberal and his modernization assailed the old religious bastions. The irony was you'd see the Iranian coeds demonstrating here in favor of the Ayatollah and against the Shah because he was oppressive, but if they went home they'd be told to put on a veil. There's that, on the one hand—that what appears to be true turns out not to be true. It becomes clear that we withdraw our support from the Shah because he is a bad man and nobody wins. The Iranians didn't win, the coeds didn't win, and we certainly didn't win. And the whole world is destabilized." (An argument is also made that by encouraging the Shah to hang on as long as he did we made it more difficult for moderates to take his place, but that is another subject.)

"The point is, it's all muddled," Keene continued. "It's not ideological. The world we are entering is more dangerous than the old world, partly because there are lunatics out there. The Soviets were bad people but were rational. They have a world view and a goal that may be antithetical to our interests, but it's like chess players moving their pawns in a very dangerous chess game. There are only so many

moves. But an ayatollah will upset the chessboard."

I asked Keene how politicians could argue convincingly that all this could be brought under control.

"I'm not sure I know," he replied. "In fact, I'm certain I don't. But if you're dealing with a public that has reached certain conclusions about

what a dangerous world it is, they're more likely to face unattractive trade-offs. We've swung in recent years from the overblown realpolitik of the Kissinger period to the naïve human rights of the Carter period, and it seems that neither is appropriate in this particular kind of world."

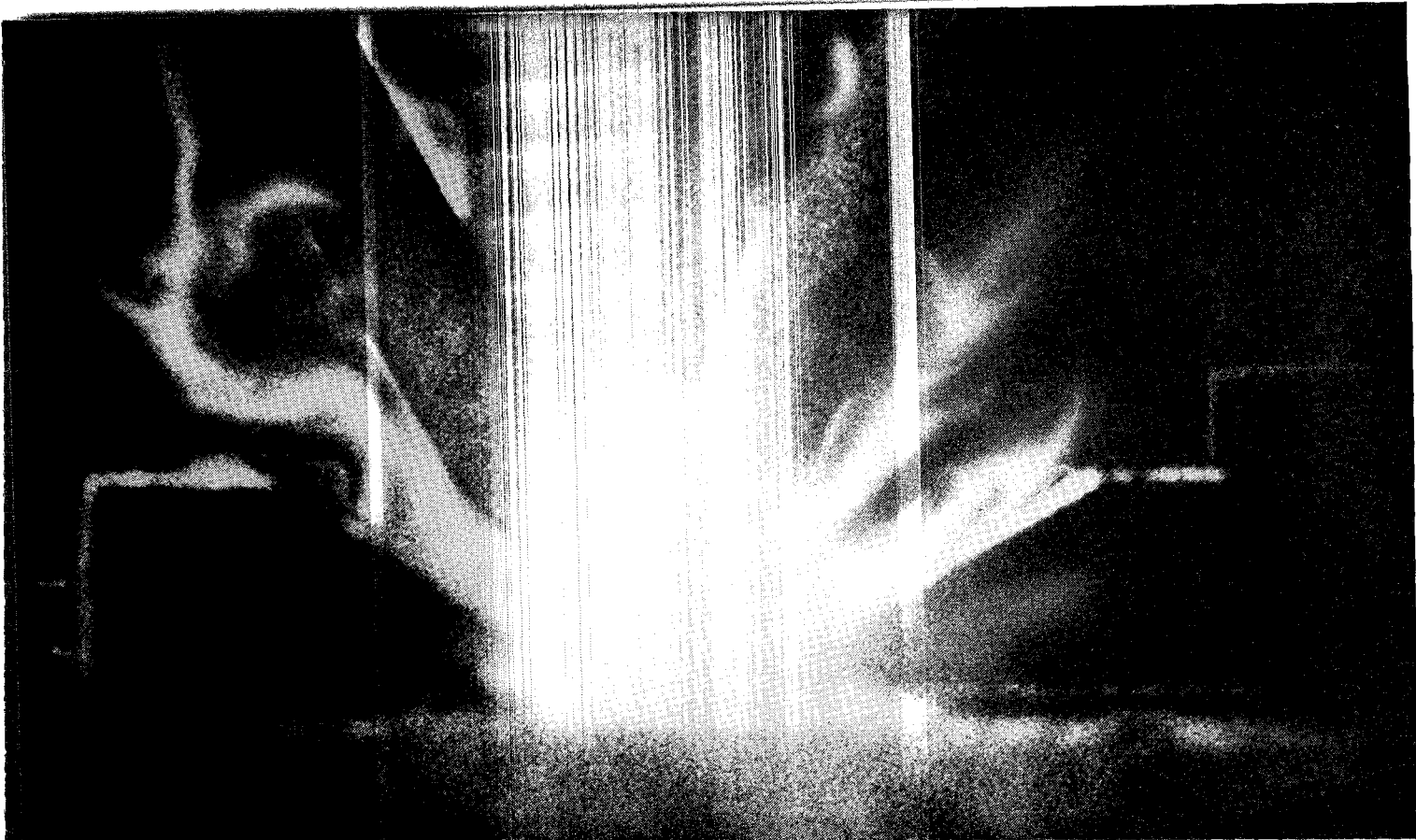
But, I asked him, wouldn't the candidates simplify these questions?

"I don't think they can successfully do so," he replied. "I don't think the public sees the world as a place where the simple things work anymore. If you look at the poll data on Iran, you see no consensus on what ought to be done. That's why Carter has been able to get the unity he has. If there had been a substantial percentage wanting to send in the Marines, he couldn't have held it."

I asked him if he thought it was a salable proposition that Iran happened because we are weak.

He replied, "No, I don't think they'd be able to sell to the public that this all happened because we're weak—it's precisely the madman who can tie up a giant. Or that a SWAT team would be able to prevent it. Or that if we doubled the defense budget no one would take hostages. I don't think people are willing to buy that."

IN mid-December, John Connally arrived in Washington and had breakfast with a group of reporters. Connally has a number of things to be frustrated about at the moment: his campaign is generally said to be going nowhere, which does not help his campaign get anywhere; the Iran crisis has forced him to keep quiet about the sort of thing he normally would have something to say about. He has raised a great deal of money—eight million dollars, more than any other Republican candidate—but his problem is how to turn that cash into popular support. Connally is a proud man and, it seems, a congenitally confident man. When things don't go right for him, it just doesn't seem right. At the break-



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fast, Connally is, as usual, well dressed, coiffed, and manicured.

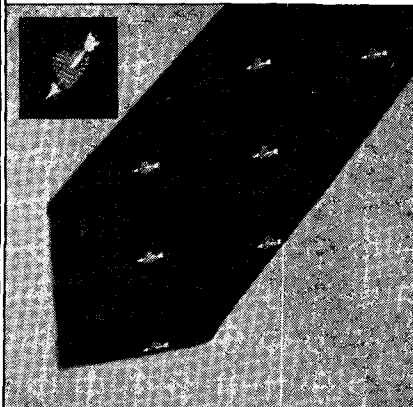
He is asked if he is still certain that Kennedy will be the Democratic nominee.

He smiles and replies, "I must say my confidence has been shaken a little bit. I'm impressed by the President's rise in the polls. But I don't think I'm deceived by it, any more than y'all are. It's a reflection of support for the President as a result of patriotism in the country." He says that once the crisis over the hostages ends, there will be "the spectre of inflation, high interest rates, and all the rest," and a drop in the President's standing in the polls. But while Carter is dealing with the hostage problem, "I'm certainly going to support him," Connally says. "I'm not going to criticize or second-guess or suggest alternative modes of action." He says that he has been critical of Senator Kennedy's remarks about the Shah.

He is asked what he thinks our approach to foreign policy should be once Iran is resolved.

He replies, "I think we are going to have to take a different look at it. I don't know what my views would be. I haven't had enough time to look at it." This is odd. Connally is usually a man of definite opinions. "I don't know what my views would be. I haven't had enough time to think about it, time to confer with people about it. But let me put it this way. Our foreign policy has been based on military strength. I don't think that's going to be sufficient. We're going to have to have a foreign policy that's broader than that. We're going to have to rebuild our military strength. We're going to have to rebuild our economic strength, reestablish the soundness of the dollar. It has to be based on political and psychological factors that emphasize our system of government and our way of life in contrast with the Soviet Union and the Communist way of life. We're going to have to quit having fear of saying things because the Communists might not like it. Take the boat people. We don't ask why they're boat people. We don't talk about the atrocities. We don't say the Communists did it. We just ask other people to help. We're going to have to make up our minds that we're going to believe in the system and defend the system, and we can't let the Communists outmaneuver us in the developing nations of the world." He says that if he were in the Senate today he would not vote for the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) agreement. He defends

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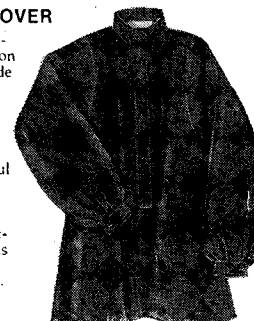
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a speech he gave in October on the Middle East; the speech set off a furor, essentially because he appeared to make a connection between our interest in defending Israel and our interest in obtaining oil. Now Connally says, "I never suggested we ought to equate oil to Israel," and he says that he did not call for a Palestinian state. It is always a problem when a candidate has to do a lot of explaining and defending of something he has said.

Then Connally says that he is going to renounce the use of federal matching funds for his campaign. Acceptance of such funds places a limit on the amount that can be spent in each state—and such is Connally's political condition that he must spend a lot, early—and also on the over-all amount that can be spent. Connally says that he is opposed to the federal campaign-finance laws—as someone who can raise a lot of money, he can afford to be—and as he denounces them agitatedly he gets confused about what they are. He talks about the fact that he has been unable to purchase time from the networks for television appearances, except for two five-minute spots from CBS. He is clearly exercised. "How are you going to compete in this area?" he asks. "How are you going to compete against Ronald Reagan? He's been running for ten years and spent about twenty-five million dollars." He adds, "I anticipate that I'm going to beat him in some primaries before Illinois. In order to be credible, I'm going to have to beat him." The Connally strategy is now pinned on defeating Reagan somewhere in the South.

A reporter asks Connally about reports that he is upset about having been unable to cut into Reagan's lead in 1979.

"I'm not disappointed, but it's clear he's far, far ahead," he says. "I thought if we could spend about a million dollars on TV in October and November we could cut into his lead. We haven't been able to do that, so I'm frustrated. But we have gained some—in Iowa, New Hampshire, and so on. But I am disappointed—and will be until I'm running Number One in every state in the union." He says that Reagan "has created an image in the minds of people that he thinks how they do." He goes on, "They think he does. They don't know what he really thinks, except on the Panama Canal."

He returns to the question of Carter and the polls. "The polls have changed, but it's basically an aberration."

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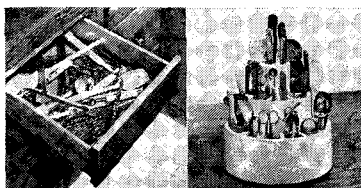
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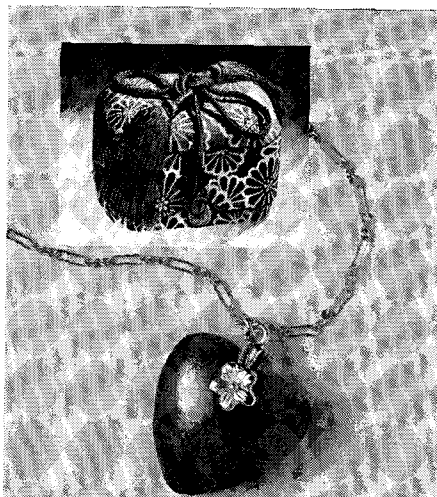


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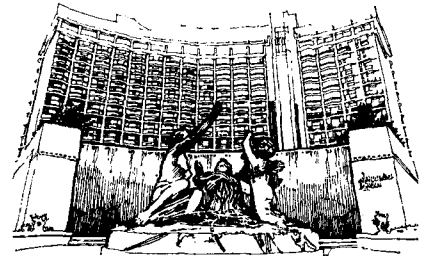
tion," he says. "It's a surge of patriotism of the American people toward a President in a time of crisis. That's all it is. I think it's obvious the American people were dissatisfied with the President. I think once the Iran crisis is over he'll be right back to where he was. Maybe I'll be critical of him, but I don't think maliciously so or in a partisan fashion."

FOR the most part, Congress has proceeded routinely during the Iran crisis; there has been little else it could do. However, Iran has affected Congress's agenda. By the time the hostages were taken, no one was expecting Senate action on the SALT II treaty to be completed by the end of 1979, but Iran created an atmosphere in which Senate leaders did not even dare bring the treaty up. It was not that there was any logical connection between SALT and Iran, but the mood created by the crisis made it seem unpropitious to bring up an agreement whose prospects were in doubt in any event. This was the second time the treaty had been pushed back on the calendar by an external event—the first being the discovery of Soviet troops, or whatever, in Cuba in August—and there is, of course, no guarantee that some other unpleasantness will not occur in 1980. The treaty's supporters had hoped to get consideration out of the way before the election year. Not that SALT would ever be quarantined from politics, but at least the political ingredient might be diluted. One Senate aide says, "There is practically no one in the Senate who would be hurt by voting against SALT. There are several who might feel they would be hurt by voting for it. The closer the vote to election time, the greater the fear." There was also a concern among SALT supporters that the Administration itself would be more distracted in an election year.

Both SALT supporters and opponents are uncertain about the treaty's prospects once it is brought up; some supporters tend to give the most optimistic "counts" to the press. Both sides have been organizing for the battle for some time, and some supporters took heart when Robert Byrd, the Senate Majority Leader, assumed a major role in setting strategy. With his approval, a committee of Senate staff members has been organized to devise strategies and arguments. The Administration's effort to win votes for the treaty by coming forward with an increase in the defense budget which three months ear-

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lier it said was not necessary had questionable results. Those whom the increases were designed to mollify turned out to be not so mollified: as people in such positions often do, they raised their price. There remained questions about what, exactly, all the new equipment and so on that the Administration was now proposing was for. (Very little of it had to do with the strategic balance.) Among the items included in the increase was additional money for a Rapid Deployment Force, but the Administration did not make clear what sorts of contingencies this force might be used for. In briefing reporters on the new defense budget, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's national-security adviser, said that it marked the end of the "Vietnam complex." It was unclear what policy was to follow. The delays changed the psychological atmosphere surrounding the treaty: If SALT was unimportant enough to be put off for so long, and other issues took precedence, perhaps it was not so important. And to some supporters the treaty had become so costly in terms of increases in weaponry that it seemed less and less worth the fight. (The problem for them with giving up on the treaty on those grounds was that the treaty's defeat would probably lead to still greater increases in spending for defense.)

And while Congress got fairly far along on the President's energy program by the year's end, no one seriously argued that the program would equip the United States to deal with the potential losses of supplies that now seemed more possible than before.

Congress had planned to adjourn from December 21st to January 21st, but then arranged to be technically, if not actually, in session, to avoid the appearance of unseemliness by being absent so long at such a time. This maneuver was also designed to head off any attempt by the President to be "Presidential" by calling them back into session.

AS the year ended, the President participated in the traditional Christmas activities and other formal functions at the White House. The mansion, with its Christmas decorations, was particularly beautiful; it looked like the kind of place that might have been worth all the effort that Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter had made to get there. There was no way of knowing what the next Christmas there would be like for them. The President, for all his surface cheer, seemed a trapped man, his fate, like

1980 Schedule

Wednesday, January 9 at 10 a.m.

19th-Century French Bronze-Mounted Furniture and Decorations, Bronzes, Tiffany Lamps, Silver, Paintings and Fine Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Jan. 5, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Jan. 6, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Jan. 7, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Jan. 8, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, January 23 at 10 a.m.

17th- and 18th-Century English and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Georgian Silver, Old Master and 19th-Century European Paintings, Tapestries and Fine Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Jan. 19, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Jan. 20, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Jan. 21, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Jan. 22, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, February 6 at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Feb. 2, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Feb. 3, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Feb. 4, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Feb. 5, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, February 20 at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Feb. 16, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Feb. 17, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Feb. 18, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Feb. 19, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, March 5 at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Mar. 1, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Mar. 2, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Mar. 3, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Mar. 4, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, March 19 at 10 a.m.

19th-Century French Bronze-Mounted Furniture and Decorations, Bronzes, Tiffany Lamps, Silver, Paintings and Fine Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Mar. 15, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Mar. 16, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Mar. 17, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Mar. 18, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, April 2 at 10 a.m.

Estate Jewelry.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Mar. 29, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Dealers only); Sun. Mar. 30, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Mar. 31, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Apr. 1, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, April 2 at 7 p.m.

Old Master 19th- and 20th-Century European and American Paintings.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Mar. 29, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Mar. 30, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Mar. 31, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Apr. 1, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, April 16 at 10 a.m.

Americana: 18th- and 19th-Century American Furniture and Decorations, Clocks, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Apr. 12, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Apr. 13, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Apr. 14, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Apr. 15, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, April 30 at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. Apr. 26, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. Apr. 27, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. Apr. 28, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. Apr. 29, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, May 14 at 10 a.m.

17th- and 18th-Century English and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Georgian Silver, Old Master and 19th-Century European Paintings, Tapestries and Fine Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. May 10, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. May 11, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. May 12, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. May 13, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, May 28 at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. May 24, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. May 25, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. May 26, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. May 27, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, June 11 at 10 a.m.

19th-Century French Bronze-Mounted Furniture and Decorations, Bronzes, Tiffany Lamps, Silver, Paintings and Fine Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. June 7, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. June 8, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. June 9, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. June 10, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

Wednesday, June 25, at 10 a.m.

18th- and 19th-Century American and Continental Furniture and Decorations, Silver, Paintings and Rugs.

EXHIBITION: Sat. June 21, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. June 22, noon-5 p.m.; Mon. June 23, 9 a.m.-7:30 p.m.; Tues. June 24, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.

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that of the Americans held in Teheran, hostage to the unpredictable, conflicting, confusing voices from Iran. Each time an official in Teheran said something vaguely encouraging, the official lost his job or was overruled by a statement from Ayatollah Khomeini, in Qum. It was perhaps the strangest form of diplomatic negotiation any government had ever tried to carry on, and the frustration of our own officials was obvious. At the annual Christmas party for the press, on a Thursday evening, as the President and Mrs. Carter stood in a long receiving line, the President occasionally voiced optimism that the hostages would be released soon. Arrangements had just been completed that day for the Shah to leave the United States for Panama, but the news did not break until the next weekend. On Sunday, the Iranian Foreign Minister said that the Shah's departure made possible the release of some of the hostages by Christmas and that he hoped none of them would be tried, and on Monday Khomeini appeared to contradict him. That evening, the President held a state dinner for Margaret Thatcher, the British Prime Minister, and, despite the strain and disappointment—his emotion showed as the Prime Minister, in her toast, referred to the hostages—went through with a festive evening that ended with the singing of Christmas carols in the East Room.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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Antowaine Richardson, University of Washington linebacker, is a multitasking person on and off the football field. He's a musician, artist and actor. Above, Antowaine played a clavicle in his Conibear Shellhouse room, where some of his artwork adorned the walls.—Photo caption in the *Seattle Times*.

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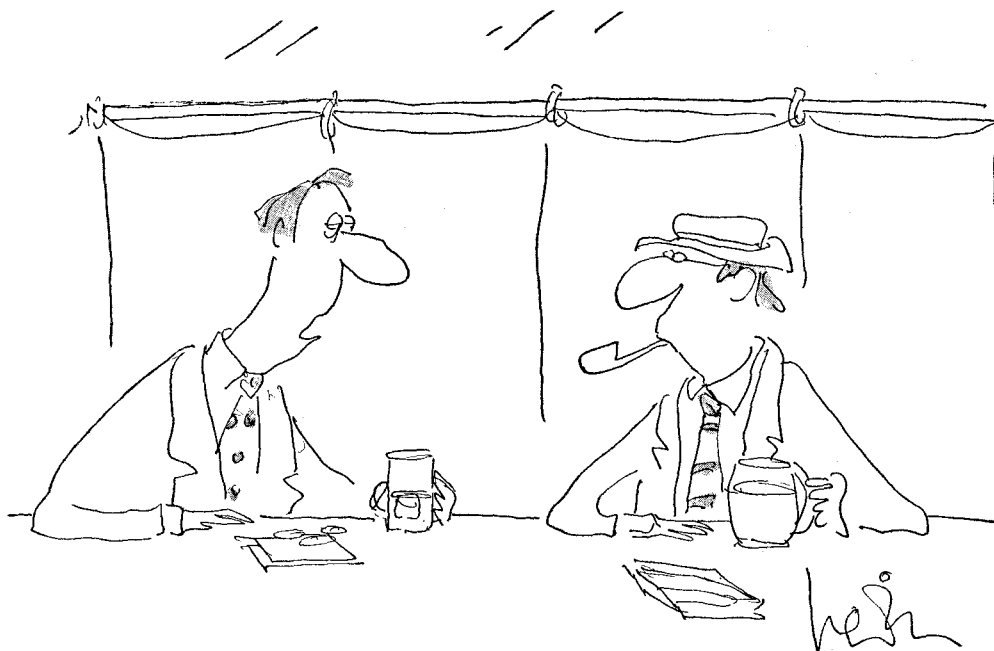
SO much talent and energy, to say nothing of money, has gone to waste in producing the new show "Comin' Uptown," at the Winter Garden, that the chief emotion it has aroused in me is indignation. Who in the world supposed that a black musical based on Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" was a first-rate idea? Such quickie brainstormers are a dime a dozen, especially late at night at Sardi's or Joe Allen's, but only a Mel Brooks has the nerve and verve to turn them mockingly inside out and wind up with a "Springtime for Hitler." As originally written, "A Christmas Carol" is a bathetic work, well worth practicing Brooksian mayhem on, but the inventors of "Comin' Uptown" have failed to take advantage of this opportunity; they have simply presented us with a commonplace retelling of the familiar ghost story, embellished with commonplace songs. The titles of the songs bear witness to their witlessness; among them are "Somebody's Gotta Be the Heavy," "Get Your Act Together," "What Better Time for Love," and—for Scrooge to soften our hearts with at the first-act curtain—"Have I Finally Found My Heart?" Our hearts remain unsoftened, and Scrooge's heart remains unlocated, despite the frantic percussive searchings of Gregory Hines, who plays Scrooge.

Which prompts me to say that Mr. Hines is the only substantial reason for bothering to see "Comin' Uptown." He is a marvellous performer, with an inhumanly agile body and a joie de vivre that appears to be more than mere professional maquillage. Among the supporting cast are Larry Marshall, Robert Jackson, Sandra McClain, and Kevin Babb, who plays Tiny Tim, the lad I am learning to hate. The book of "Comin' Uptown" is by Philip Rose and Peter Udell, the lyrics are by Mr. Udell, and the music is by Garry Sherman. The scenery was designed by Robin Wagner, the costumes are by Ann Emonts, the lighting is by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., the choreography is by Michael Peters, and the show was directed by Mr. Rose. I wonder, by the way, if I am alone in detecting a certain inverted snobbery in the custom of besprinkling black shows with apostrophes? I think of "Ain't Misbehavin'," "One Mo' Time," and now "Comin' Uptown," and they cause me to dread the day when some black company of-

fers me a version of "Much Ado About Nothin'."

EVERYTHING exists in the present in history, and I ought to mention as a footnote to history that the world première of a new work by Samuel Beckett was given at La Mama in late December. With appropriately Beckett-like irony, its brief run ended just as the new year began. (The first line of the work is "Birth. Birth was the death of him.") The title, "A Piece of Monologue," contains a pun, "piece" being not only a portion of something but also the French word for "play." The monologue was written for Beckett's friend the actor David Warrilow, who recited it, very slowly indeed, with many a parturient silence, over a period of fifty minutes. The text would cover, in print, a scant three or four pages, and an actor of higher velocity than Mr. Warrilow might well have given it in fifteen or twenty minutes. Not that I consider the Warrilow method with Beckett an unwise one; especially in Beckett's present phase, every word he sets down must appear to have been minted on the spot and so to be eyed with uncertainty, like a gold coin cooling. Are we to laugh or cry? The question is one that this most gnomic of writers refuses to grant us the least tip of the tail of an answer to. The Irish are thought to be merry because they commit so readily the

mortal sin of despair—there is surely the laughter of hopelessness in Hell and no laughter at all in Heaven—but in Beckett's case I think he is merry because he is merry, and his plays are often misdirected and misunderstood because people are too quick to seek out the valedictory gloom in them instead of the hints, however elusive, of joy. In its evocation of enclosed space, "A Piece of Monologue" reminds me of Beckett's movie "Film," which, to Buster Keaton's consternation, starred Buster Keaton. Here there is a blank wall, an oil lamp to be lighted, a glimpse of sun sinking beyond a blind, and "now the night." There is also "no such thing as none." One statement is as brave as the other. The character who utters—and often repeats—these musings is white-haired and dressed in an unfastidiously wrinkled white shift and white socks; the stage is in semidarkness, and we glimpse with difficulty what appears to be the end of a bed. Like so many Beckett spokesmen, the old man is tenacious in his farewells; he will have nothing to do with Yeats' "a quick goodnight and laughing turn away." Moreover, he is doubly at a distance from us: a figure on a stage describing a figure on a stage. I have passed much of my life among men who grew maudlin with age, and I marvel, as evidently Beckett does, at what an appetite for living remains undiminished in them even as their bones turn to limestone and their minds to jelly. It is a subject no artist can fail to be drawn to and depict, in no matter how disguised a form. —BRENDAN GILL



"Well, I'll be damned if I'll defend to the death your right to say something that's statistically incorrect."

MUSICAL EVENTS

Choral

TWO great classical settings of the Mass were heard at Lincoln Center toward the end of the year: Mozart's incomplete Mass in C Minor was given in Avery Fisher Hall during November by Musica Sacra under Richard Westenburg, and again, in December, by the Philharmonic under James Levine; Haydn's *Missa in Angustiis* (better known as the "Nelson" Mass) was sung in Alice Tully Hall in December by the Dessoff Choirs, conducted by Michael Hammond.

Much of the traditional story concerning the origins of Mozart's C-Minor Mass is open to reasonable doubt. The Mass is said to have been written for Mozart's wife, Constanze; to have been the result of a vow Mozart made to his father; to have been performed in Salzburg in October, 1783; and to have remained incomplete. Yet the letter on which the first two of these assumptions are based—a letter written by Mozart to his father in January, 1783—is far from clear in its implications. Obviously replying to a strong rebuke for dilatori-

ness, Mozart writes (in Emily Anderson's translation):

It is quite true about my moral obligation and indeed I let the word flow from my pen on purpose. I made the promise from my heart of hearts and hope to be able to keep it. When I made it my wife was not yet married; yet as I was absolutely determined to marry her after her recovery it was easy for me to make it—but as you yourself are aware, time and other circumstances made our journey impossible. The score of half a Mass which is still lying here waiting to be finished is the best proof that I really made the promise.

The essence of the promise appears to be not the Mass but the journey that "time and other circumstances" made impossible. Perhaps Mozart had vowed to visit Salzburg with Constanze in order to effect a reconciliation with his father before the marriage; he certainly went through with the wedding, on August 4, 1782, without his father's consent. (It arrived the following day.) But what of the Mass? If it was incomplete when Mozart wrote this letter, and remains incomplete today, is it likely to have been

the Mass that was sung in October, 1783, at the end of the visit that he and Constanze finally made to Salzburg? And was it necessarily connected with their marriage? The promise referred to in the letter appears both to antedate and to postdate the wedding. Mozart might simply have promised in general terms to bring a new work to Salzburg for performance there. Certainly Constanze, in her dealings with the publisher André after Mozart's death, makes no mention of having any personal connection with the Mass. She tells the publisher, "For the Mass that was afterward used for 'Davidde Penitente' you should make inquiries in Salzburg, where it was composed, or at any rate performed. Mozart certainly did *not* make use of the concluding section of this Mass in his Requiem." This note compounds the confusion. Although Constanze is clearly referring to the C-Minor Mass (the music of which does reappear in the Italian oratorio "Davidde Penitente"), there is no reference to its unfinished state—there is, in fact, the reference to a concluding section. That Constanze was involved in a performance of the C-Minor Mass—if it was ever performed—may be tentatively deduced from internal evidence: in the two sections "Christe eleison" and "Laudamus te," the vocal range and style are the same as in the Solfeggios (K. 393), which Mozart inscribed "*per la mia cara consorte*." For the rest, much must remain uncertain.

The Mass has been judged an unsatisfactory work by many critics, to whom it appears to contain an unresolved mixture of quasi-operatic arias and quasi-baroque choruses. Eric Blom, in his biography of Mozart, said that "it is by no means the only work of this type that exhibits fluctuations of style bordering on inattention, and worldliness dangerously resembling irreverence in music for the church as we conceive it today." He rightly discarded the latter criticism as irrelevant, but the former objection has found many supporters. The Philharmonic program note, by Benjamin Folkman, said of the Mass that "its lofty tone is not quite perfectly sustained," and spoke of "a degree of stylistic incongruity." However, the more we know about the styles of liturgical music prevalent in Salzburg, and especially in Vienna, before and during Mozart's time, the more his Masses fit convincingly into a developing tradition. The mixture of contrapuntal procedure in the choruses and florid display in the arias is encountered continuously in liturgical mu-

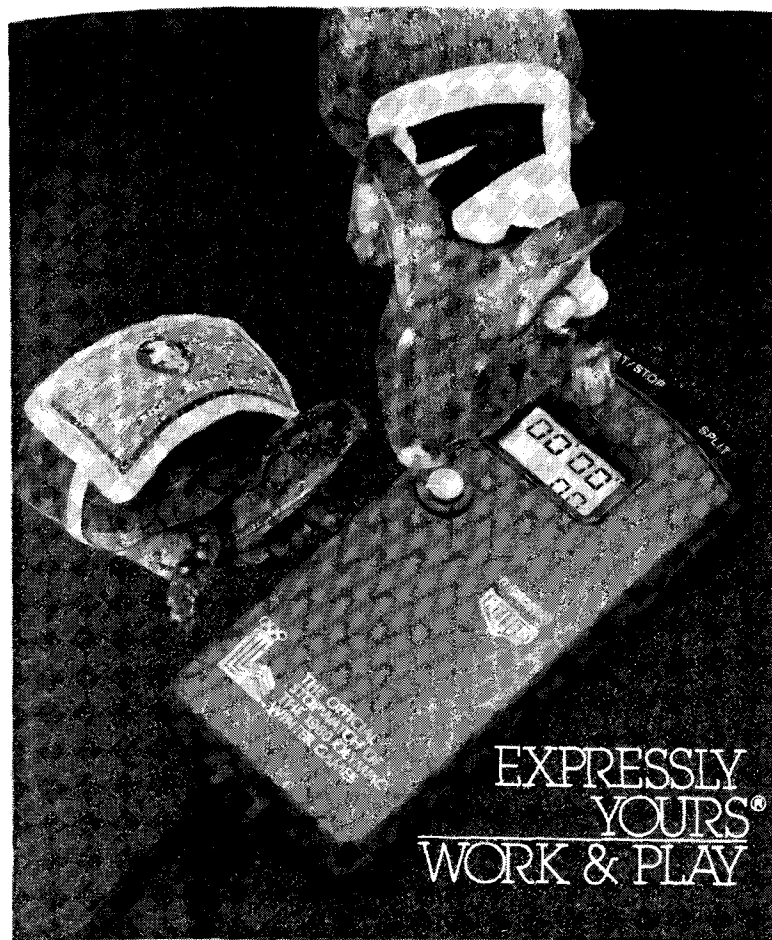


"Is your job getting bigger, Wallace, or are you getting smaller?"

sis from the early eighteenth century onward: the Masses of Antonio Caldara, which Mozart certainly would have known, provide one model, and the later, South Italian Masses of Johann Adolph Hasse provide another. Mozart's fugal writing is not consciously baroque in style. Who could mistake the "Cum sancto spiritu" section of the C-Minor Mass for a product of Bach or Handel? Its subject is foursquare, its countersubject strangely jerky, and its development brilliantly un-baroque, with a use of diminished chords and rising sequences which Blom calls "inexplicably exciting." The Masses of Michael Haydn (whose C-Minor Requiem provided Mozart with a direct model for several passages in his D-Minor Requiem) exhibit the same mixture of idioms. Only to ears that have heard no liturgical music between Bach's Mass in B Minor and Beethoven's Missa Solemnis does Mozart's C-Minor Mass sound diffuse in style.

The sombre opening Kyrie, with its winding chromatic theme and dotted-rhythm accompaniment, is one of the glories of Mozart's music. Richard Westenburg, conducting Musica Sacra, clearly knew and responded to every note of the score, but therein lay the drawback of his performance. Dissonances were emphasized, small moments in the inner parts were lovingly pointed out; but at each of these points the music seemed to stand still as Mr. Westenburg gesticulated forcefully into the distance. There was no sense of continuous rhythmic development, no sense of architecture. The giant symmetrical structure (with two stern Kyries framing a ravishing, relaxed Christe for soprano soloist) needs a feeling of inevitability—yet all that was inevitable here was that the music would get slower, languorously indulging every passing beauty in the central section. A strange performance indeed, since both the choir and the orchestra had a fine technique and more than adequate precision. The faster numbers went far better, for here Mr. Westenburg's curious reluctance to stand back from the music was less noticeable. But how Judith Blegen, the first soprano soloist, coped with her elaborate and demanding "Et incarnatus" I found it hard to imagine: again, Mr. Westenburg paid a great deal of attention to single off-beat notes and phrases in the accompaniment, and none to keeping the music moving (there are surely two beats in the bar, not six); when the final cadenza arrived, involving solo flute, oboe, and

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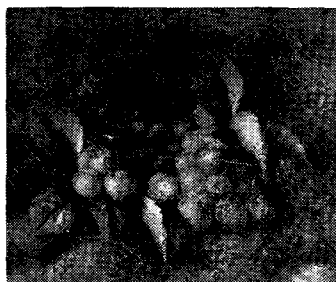
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bassoon as well as the soprano, Mr. Westenburg simply sat down and let them get on with it (raising a hand when the music almost came to a standstill). The performance was loudly cheered in the hall, but I found it disconcerting to listen to a choral work from which all trace of rhythmic solidity and natural progress had been eliminated.

James Levine's performance with the Philharmonic was anything but stationary. It moved exuberantly, powerfully: driven with hard, pounding rhythms in the fast sections (and also in the "Qui tollis," where violently double-dotted notes created an effect of spacious grandeur); relaxing into a carefree, brightly lit lyricism in the slower movements. Even the opening Kyrie sounded lovingly wistful rather than darkly pessimistic. Throughout the performance (which he conducted from memory), Mr. Levine caressed the vocal and instrumental lines, breathing life into tiny instrumental figurations—the jumping violin phrase in "Laudamus te"—yet keeping the whole in a masterly, magnificent balance. This was scarcely a stylish performance: the sound from the eighty-strong New York Choral Artists (a newly assembled group of professional singers, which the Philharmonic will use for choral concerts such as this spring's "Messiah;" one hopes it will not replace big amateur choruses in "Elijah," "Belshazzar's Feast," and similar works) was bold, thick, and dramatic. But the account was, on its own terms, successful. The two soprano soloists were nicely contrasted. Maria Ewing, who took the second part, was demonstrative and extrovert, with a wide, expressive mezzo voice, which only occasionally slipped out of control. Kathleen Battle, who sang the more demanding first soprano part, was gentle and refined, with lines of exquisite purity and poise in the "Et incarnatus"—in which the Philharmonic played with quiet, sensitive beauty of tone. (One small irritation: the soloists stood not at the start of their numbers but only a bar or two before they were to sing. This merely encourages audiences' inattention to the orchestral contributions. It isn't just the voice that matters.)

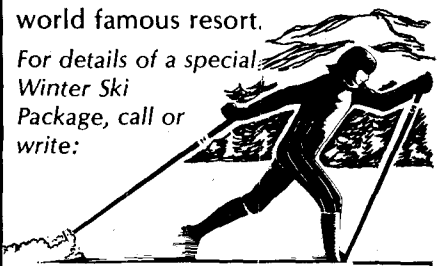
Haydn's "Nelson" Mass is a far more original structure than Mozart's C-Minor Mass. Haydn, in his early Masses, also worked within a strong received tradition of liturgical-music composition, but he was always more interested than Mozart in creating coherent musical forms from the varied texts of the Mass Ordinary. Some short

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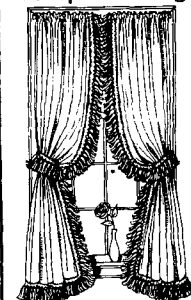
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early Masses create symmetrical structures from the texts: Kyrie balancing Agnus; Gloria (reduced in length by the expedient of having portions of the text sung simultaneously in different voices) balancing Sanctus; and the Credo a small symmetrical structure in itself. By the time of the "Nelson" Mass, these structures have become more elaborate, but the intention is the same: to draw the texts together into a unified sequence, rather than split them into separate sections, as the Viennese and the Italians did. Thus, the Gloria, seven separate numbers in the Mozart, consists of just three in Haydn's Mass, the second recapitulating parts of the first. Interesting analyses by Martin Chusid have perhaps gone too far in attributing characteristics of fully developed sonata form to Haydn's late Masses, but it is true that the organization of the sections and the use of key sequences are closely related to sonata-form tensions. The Credo of the "Nelson" Mass, for example, opens with a movement in the tonic, followed by a slow section in the dominant; then, where we would expect the return of the tonic for the triumphant "Et resurrexit," Haydn sidesteps it and begins in the relative minor—B minor. The tonic is only briefly established before a D-minor passage leads to F major and through a whole string of modulations. Just as the music sounds settled in A major, the choir breaks off with an uncompleted "Et..." and the soprano soloist (not previously heard in this section), finishing the phrase, wafts the music into an unexpected E minor, and back through a sequence to D major, for the final affirmative choral section in the tonic. The sense of direction in this whole Credo is as remarkable, with its surprises and deflections, as it is in one of Haydn's mature quartet movements.

The Credo came off well in Michael Hammond's bold and forthright performance with the Dessooff Choirs, helped by Diana Hoagland's well-articulated triplets and good sense of line in the soprano's lovely interpolation. Elsewhere, the effects were less than subtle. The music bounced along at a lively pace, but the choir could have been crisper and more precise in the long sections that Haydn set in block chords. Mr. Hammond drew large brushstrokes with his baton—something tighter might have realized the darker side of this immensely powerful work. The sudden eruption of brass at the very end of the Benedictus passed without the shudder that

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it should send up our spines. The choir retained from an inauthentic edition an intrusion into the soloists' "Amen" in the Gloria. It was good, however, to hear the work with obligato organ in place of the wind instruments that were later added to the score, and to see and hear the fine Tully Hall organ under the expert hands of Walter Hilse.

Bach's Magnificat, which formed the first half of this Desoff Choirs concert, was less successful. The piece was performed with its four Christmas interpolations. They are cheerful, rustic little numbers that are pleasant in their own way but scarcely match the power of the rest of the piece. Moreover, they help to destroy the conciseness that is a striking feature of the piece in its original form—and Mr. Hammond aided this process by making long pauses between numbers, and even rearranging his singers (quite unnecessarily) for the "Vom Himmel hoch" and "Suscepit Israel" sections. The anonymous orchestra gave an unwelcome demonstration of how not to play Bach, with plodding rhythms and slushy, sustained lines that had no life or breath to them. In the magnificent "Fecit potentiam," only the solid rhythm of those words could be heard; yet there are many other things that need to penetrate—the contrasted, resolving phrase "in brachio suo," the long melisma on "dispersit," and, most of all, the continuous off-beat rhythm of the orchestral bass line (which is nowhere given to the voices). Making Bach audible is a problem that this performance, for all its enthusiasm and good will, did not solve.

WHAT a splendid institution is the annual Giant Bazaar of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, at Lincoln Center! Where else would I have been able to pick up, for a couple of dollars, the large program book for the 1920 Festival of Music given by the Oratorio Society of New York (founded by Dr. Leopold Damrosch in 1873)? This comprehensive document told me just what I wanted to know as a background to the Philharmonic's recent and hugely enjoyable revival of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," under Zubin Mehta. It made clear that here, as in England, "Elijah" was one of the most popular oratorios throughout the latter part of the last century and the first part of this century. The 1920 Festival presented "Elijah" at its opening concert. (Another favorite, Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," was the final major event, with a synopsis in

the program headed "Summary Damnation of Faust.") "Elijah" was first given by the Society on November 8, 1876 (Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" preceded it into the repertory), and was repeated in each period of the Society's life; it was included in the festivities that opened Carnegie Hall, in May, 1891. Yet here, as in England, the work has quite disappeared from concert programs. Are the splendid affirmations and simple piety of this work now thought spurious? Such an opinion is not new. Even before the turn of the century, George Bernard Shaw could write:

Our pet oratorio, as a work of religious art, stands together with the pictures of Scheffer and Paton, and the poems of Longfellow and Tennyson, sensuously beautiful in the most refined and fastidiously decorous way, but thoughtless... The best of it is seraphic music, like the best of Gounod's; but you have only to think of Parsifal, of the Ninth Symphony... to see the great gulf that lies between the true religious sentiment and our delight in Mendelssohn's exquisite prettiness.

Shaw's air of smiling tolerance is just right, I think; it would certainly have been a sour creature who did not enjoy the Philharmonic's rendering. Zubin Mehta was clearly intent on being unsanctimonious—he pushed the fugues along with a fine sense of purpose, and none (or almost none) of the arias dragged. If much of the musical material sounds unoriginal, there is at least the consolation that it is worked out with consummate skill and balance: Mendelssohn always knew how to build a climax at just the right moment, and when to stop. It cannot be denied that there are moments of sentimentality, yet Mehta did his best to avoid indulging them: the little violin arpeggios that decorate the cadences of the quartet "Cast thy burden" are unpleasantly unctuous, but they were tastefully placed in the background; the famous women's chorus "Lift thine eyes" moved well. The more imaginative strokes, such as Elijah's recitative accompanied by divided cellos and bassoons, "Look down on us from heaven," were sensitively done. A pity that the cello solo in Elijah's aria "It is enough" was inadequate; this did sound like watered-down Bach of the worst kind ("Es ist vollbracht" from the St. John Passion seen through rose-colored spectacles). But the arioso "For the mountains shall depart" was unexpectedly moving, with its yearning oboe phrases and gentle, pulsing string chords. Sherrill Milnes was a restrained Elijah, firm, noble, but a

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little too consciously religioso; Leona Mitchell was a lovely, bright-voiced soprano; the tenor Seth McCoy put me in mind of Vaughan Williams' comment about the first Gerontius in Elgar's oratorio—he sang “in the correct oratorio manner, with one foot slightly withdrawn.” The chorus was the Westminster Choir, resplendent in red robes. The singers numbered about two hundred. (At the first performance, Mendelssohn had two hundred and seventy-one.) They made the inspired obviousness of “Be not afraid” sound as noble an utterance as the nineteenth century had to offer. A text was provided; there were only five numbers cut.

The Westminster Choir was matched in color, enthusiasm, and volume by the Temple University Choir when it provided the chorus for Carlo Maria Giulini's performance of the Verdi Requiem during the recent visit of the Los Angeles Philharmonic to Carnegie Hall. Of course, the recollection of that work gives the lie to the notion that the nineteenth century could do no better than “Elijah.” The Requiem needs no special pleading. Giulini used to argue the case for it with such refinement and control that it came as something of a shock to find him slipping into an easy vulgarity in the noisier sections. His famous recording manages to sound lyrical and expressive even through the most violent climaxes; that was not true of the Carnegie performance. Of the solo quartet, only Florence Quivar, a last-minute replacement, sang with anything like precision. Renata Scott, exquisite in her quieter moments, forced a steely fortissimo of horrible timbre whenever the music moved above mezzo-forte, while Martti Talvela contrived to sink way below pitch in the space of just three notes—during “Salva me,” and again in “Requiem aeternam”—and to ignore the rests in “Mors stupebit” (though Nicolai Ghiaurov, the bass in Giulini's recording, also does that). The coherence and imagination of Verdi's vision escaped unscathed, but only just.

CHORAL music of a much earlier age was revived by the Ensemble for Early Music in its pre-Christmas presentation at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Frederick Renz drew together three medieval liturgical dramas dealing with miracles by St. Nicholas to form what was loosely described as “The Play of St. Nicholas.” The implied parallel with the famous and popular New York Pro Musica pro-

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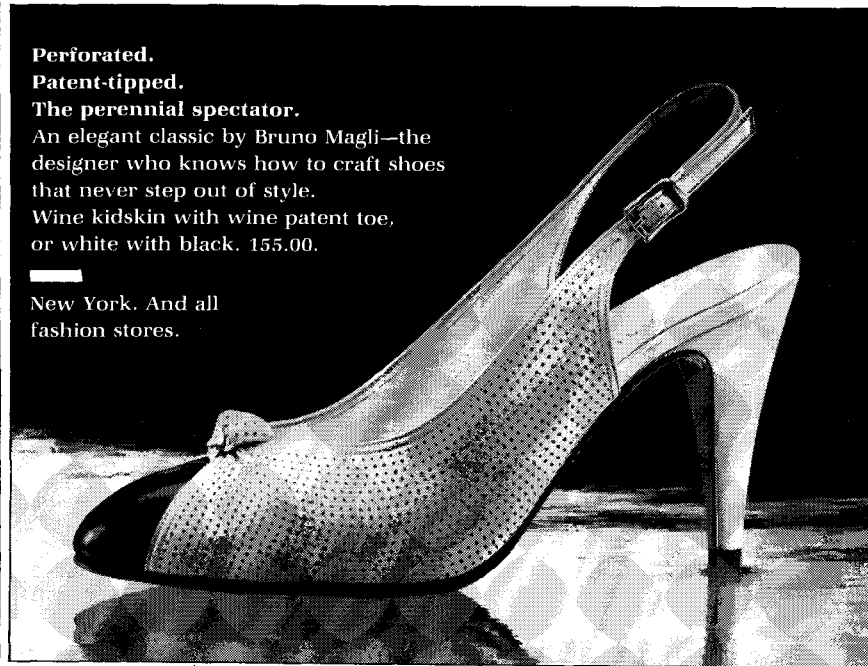
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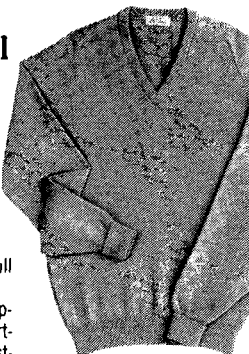
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ductions of "The Play of Daniel" and "The Play of Herod" was clear; and it was justifiable, for the St. Nicholas plays come from the same tradition as "Daniel" and from the same manuscript as "Herod" (which itself is a conflation of two separate plays). Argument about the origin of these dramas has raged in musicological circles for many years and is far from being resolved. Suffice it to say that the orthodox view—that they had their origin in small dramatized additions to the liturgy, notably in a dialogue portraying the discovery of the empty tomb on Easter morning—has been questioned. More important from a practical standpoint is that these plays are not, as the Pro Musica's imaginative productions made them seem, "medieval operas," or sophisticated dramas that should make use of a wide range of costumes and instruments. They were intended for performance in monasteries, by monks and boys, probably without instrumental accompaniment. "Daniel" is exceptional in the scope of its characterization and the variety of its music. The others are far less intricate; some use just one line of music and a regular verse structure, repeated in the manner of a hymn—ascetic material indeed.

The three plays chosen by Mr. Renz were of progressively greater complexity. The last of them, "The Son of Getron," had been revived before. (It was performed in Washington last year, along with Peter Maxwell Davies' "Antechrist," and has been published in an edition by Colin Sterne.) The first two I had encountered only in the published facsimile of the complete Fleury playbook. (One of them was performed in Massachusetts during December, as part of "The Miracles of St. Nicholas," by the Five College Early Music Program, directed by Thomas Kelly, of Smith.) Mr. Renz played no elaborate tricks with the music, except that he gave it a special flavor by using vielles to provide drones and Moorish-type elaborations around the simple line of chant. The vocal line was given a metrical interpretation, which is arguable but was done convincingly. Simple staging and costumes were used, yet there was a good feeling of the monastic context of the performance: children who provided processional chants and interludes sat on choir benches; St. Nicholas was liturgically robed.

The first play, in which Nicholas provides money for the dowries of a poor man's three daughters, was simply done; the increasingly large bags of

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money and the chiming bells that greeted their arrival were added jokes, but neat enough. Less satisfactory was the transformation of three thieves in the second play (about the theft and return of treasure that had been placed under the protection of St. Nicholas) into jolly clowns, falling over each other and singing in skittish rhythms; when this was added to dissonant improvisation to express anguish at the treasure's loss, one felt that the essence of the play had been changed, and replaced with something distinctively twentieth century. "The Son of Ge-tron" was more elaborately staged but finely performed, with an expressive lament from the Euphrosina of counter-tenor Rodney Hardesty, and a powerful Adeodatus in Charles Fairweather. These productions were successful in that a framework of ritual was preserved, and so the single lines of chant did not seem too flimsy to carry the drama. One major reservation must concern the acting, which was often naïve, loaded with gestures out of pantomime. There is no way of knowing how these pieces were acted. But the monastery church of St. Benoît-sur-Loire, where the Fleury manuscript was kept, still exists; on the capitals of its magnificent Romanesque porch and nave are dramatic portrayals of saints' miracles and of episodes from Christ's life, with faces that are highly stylized but vividly alive. In the same part of France, at Vézelay, are even more powerful examples of that art. These surely provide a clue to the sort of expressions that might have been seen as the liturgical dramas of St. Nicholas were acted out in the church.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

How about this "typo" in last week's column? My description of Tom Sullivan, former HEW regional official, as "low-keyed, mild-mannered, but "gutsy" came out in print as "gusty." You can be sure Tom, now with the staff of the U.S. Budget Committee, is far from gutsy. —Wendell Coltin in the *Boston Herald American*.

We're not sure of anything anymore.

As for taste, the movie is gick from one end to the other—gick like the gelatin that clings to canned ham. The maturity level is sophomore dorm, and the comedy cloy its way to detectability only occasionally on little mounds strewn across a desert of talc.—Peter Stack in the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

On the other hand, it's a movie that generates great critical writing.

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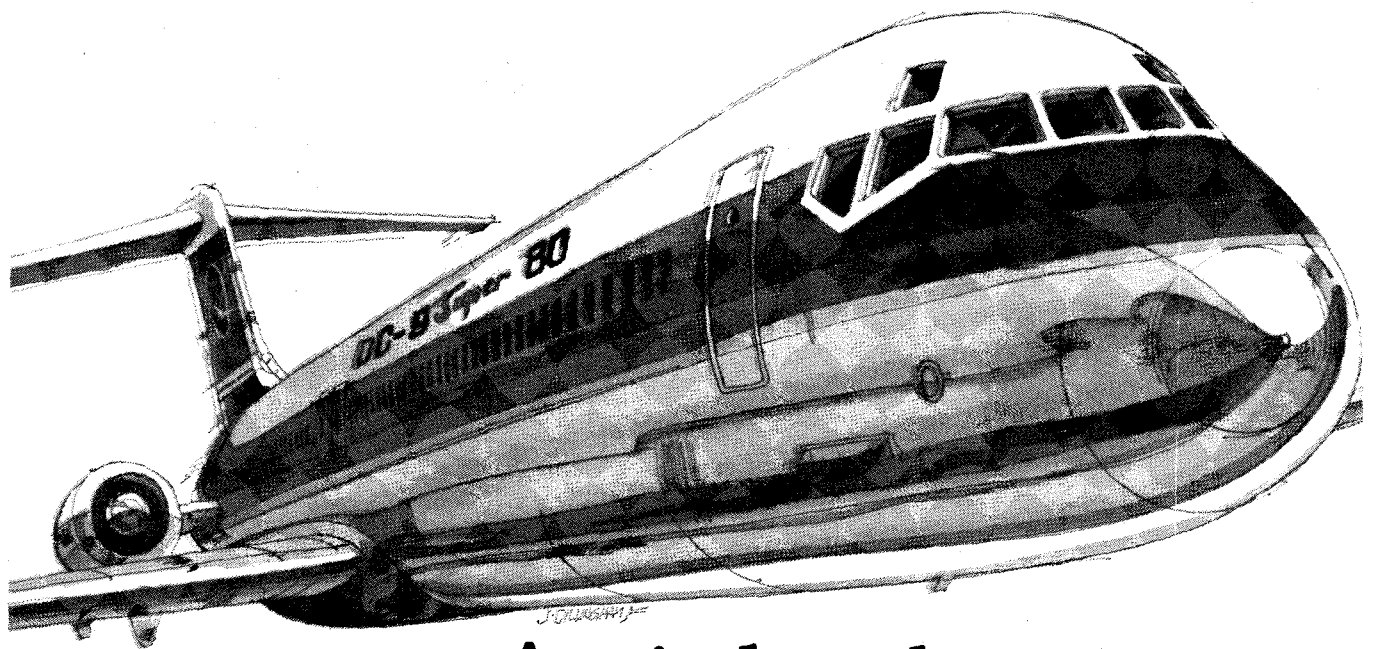
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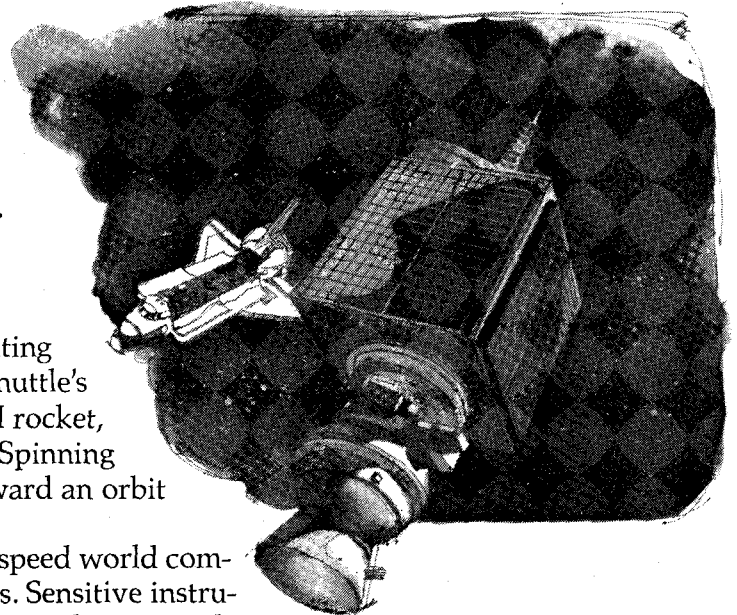
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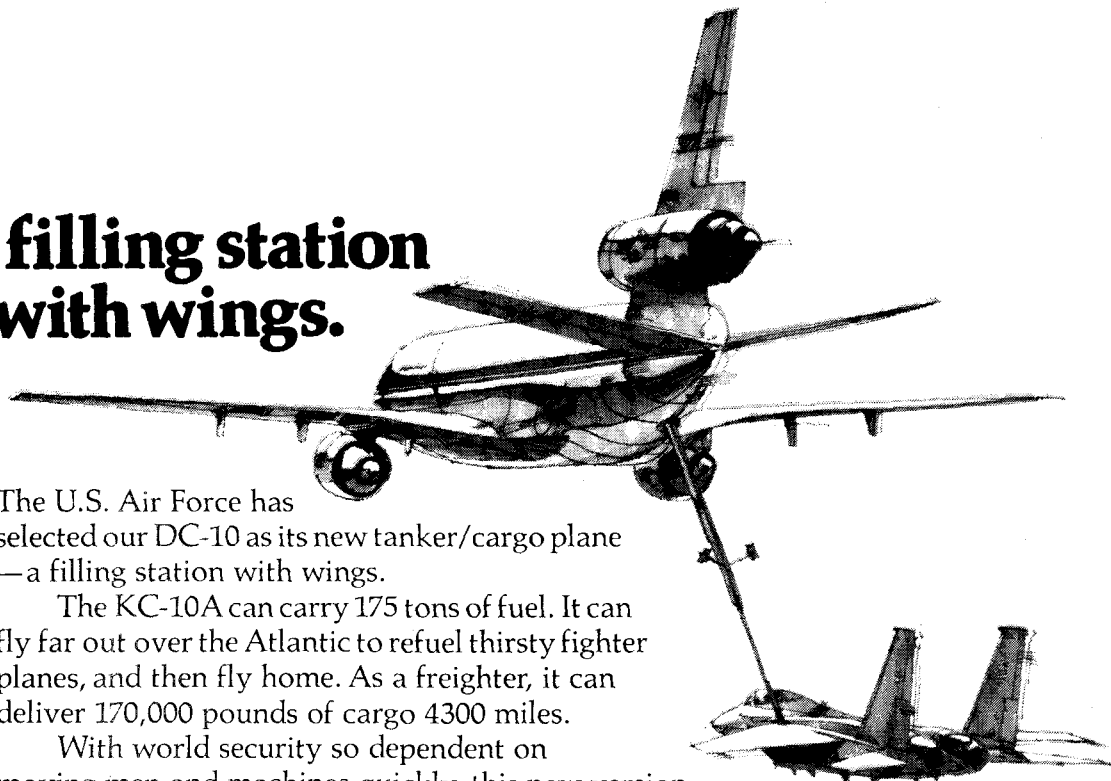


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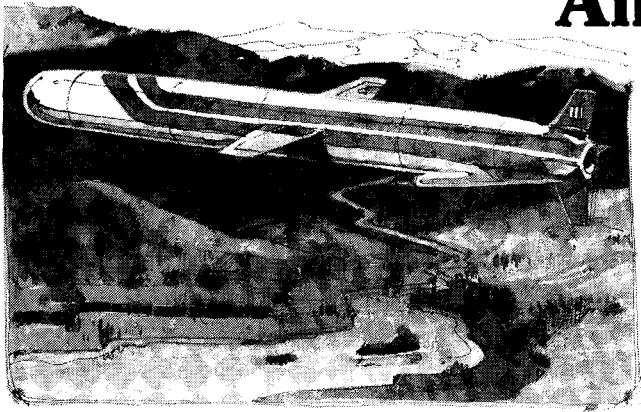
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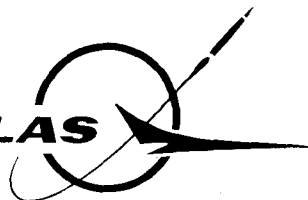


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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Heads and Hearts

IN Hal Ashby's "Being There," we find Peter Sellers with short gray hair, a neat homburg, expensively tailored old-fashioned business suits, and a look of penetrating vacuity in his eyes. The look is the key to this film—its first essential—and Mr. Sellers has got it absolutely right. In the movie, he is a moronic, illiterate gardener named Chance—later amplified by others to Chauncey Gardiner—who has done nothing all his life but water his plants and watch television. Through a series of accidents and willing misapprehensions on the part of strangers, he becomes the trusted friend of Benjamin Rand, a dying multimillionaire banker (Melvyn Douglas), the confidant and sexual partner—of a sort—of the millionaire's wife, Eve (Shirley MacLaine), and an adviser to the President of the United States (Jack Warden) and possibly his successor in office. Chance knows nothing, has been nowhere (he has never ridden in a car, for instance), has no wishes (except to keep watching the tube), has no understanding (when someone uses the word "chance" in conversation, he breaks in with a responding "Yes?"), but the new people he encounters when he emerges, against his will, into the world are so inattentive and self-bemused that they interpret his inanities about the weather and the seasons and the game shows he watches as metaphors or pared-down philosophies or weighty gnomic simplifications, and respond to him with admiration and trust. The wife finds him "intense;" the family doctor says that he has a good sense of humor; the old man says to him, "One of the things I admire

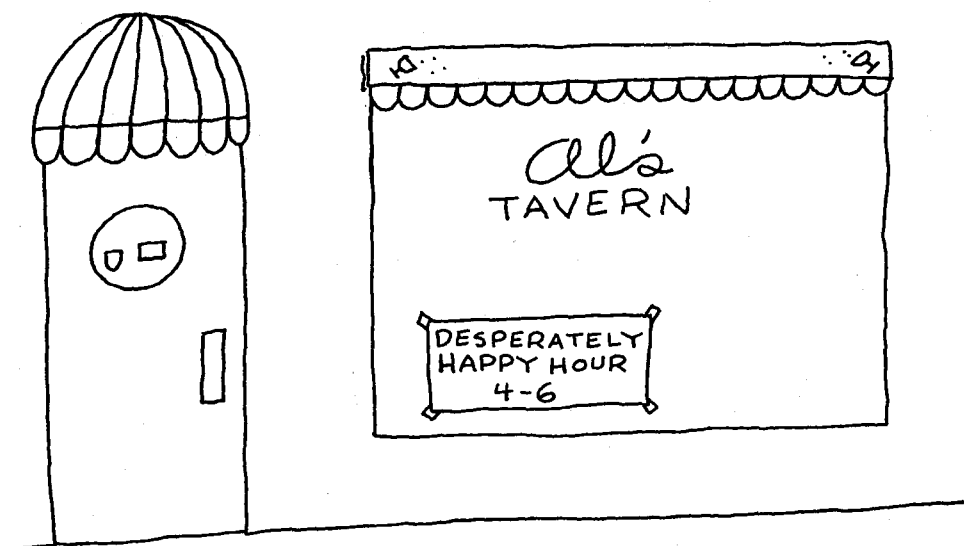
about you is your balance. You seem to be a truly peaceful man;" and when the President, in search of economic counsel, hears Chance say, "As long as the roots are not severed, all will be well in the garden... there will be growth in the spring," he says, "Well, that's one of the most *refreshing* opinions I've heard in a long time."

None of this broad irony would work with a lesser actor at its center, and the wonder of Mr. Sellers' performance is that his look of absolute emptiness—no one at home inside, where the furniture is covered and the dishes and clothes and pictures are forever put away: no one has *ever* lived here—does not alter, and yet it never bores us or becomes affected or excessive. The soundness of this subtle, disciplined performance comes not from the famous theatre of mime that Peter Sellers has in his face (as we all know, he can look forlorn and then hopeful and then ridiculous and pompous, all in the space of a few frames) but from a deeper thoughtfulness about this role and this story. Chance's look is a terminal form of the wiped-out TV face that we have all observed in our children or sensed in ourselves when we lift our lidded attention from the deadly white screen.

The screenplay of "Being There" was written by Jerzy Kosinski, and is based on his own very short, brusquely satiric novel, which it closely follows, but Hal Ashby's direction (he gave us "The Last Detail" and "Coming Home," among others) has helped make the movie deeper and classier than the book, which was not, in truth, a particularly weighty work. He has done this by the surprising means of

slowing things down—exactly the opposite, surely, of what most directors would be inclined to do with a single-line, one-idea story. "Being There" runs for just over two hours, which seems too long, but even as we sigh and shift position in our seat, wanting the film to get on with it, we admire the seriousness and calm—an almost stately quiet—with which Hal Ashby works things out. He shot most of the picture in the gigantic George Vanderbilt mansion in Asheville, North Carolina—an American palace, in fact—which provided him with the dark interior tones and long corridors and museumlike stillnesses that he wanted, and he has been equally well served by a remarkable performance by that useful and enduring actor Melvyn Douglas, who has never been better than he is here, as the fading, feeble, bitter, and death-touched Benjamin Rand—a Croesus with a haunted stare. At times, Rand gives way to irritable and vapid right-wing chatter as he lets out his angry disappointment at a world that has not given way to his money and political maneuverings, yet he is touching and pathetic when he suddenly begins to trust a man he doesn't know at all, with whom he can walk arm in arm with the childlike clinging and affectionate attention of a lonely old man. Only men accustomed to power can afford to be so captious and crafty and selfishly open, and only an actor of Mr. Douglas's abilities can show us all this so easily and surely. Miss MacLaine—faded and sad, with softly curling reddish hair—is almost as good, and a few deft comic gestures of hers save the film's most difficult and tricky moments (a scene involving autoeroticism and sexual misunderstanding) from disaster. The movie is often funny, in a special, glancing way—such as the moment when the President, berating the members of his staff because they have not been able to dig up any biographical material about the mysterious Chauncey Gardiner, cries, "What do you mean, he's got no background! I quoted him on national television today—he's a very well known man." There is also a nice little running joke that sets up parallels between the events of the story and the stuff that Chance simultaneously watches on the omnipresent tube: sitting on the edge of a bed also occupied by a corpse, he takes in a Sealy Posturepedic Mattress commercial; himself in bed with the amorously advancing Eve Rand, he watches Mister Rogers singing "You are my friend—you are special to me" to a tot. And so on.

Yet, given these many assets, "Be-



Chazsotti

ing *There* is a disappointing movie—one that leaves us dissatisfied and emotionally empty. We feel flattened at the end, and perhaps misused. Part of this, I think, is because of the long central joke. We watch, amused and yet increasingly wary, as more and more people are taken in by the dummy; the business is so broad and irreversible that we lose interest and begin to devote ourselves only to the actors. But this may be the nature of any extended satire, and Mr. Kosinski's bitter joke is edged and original. The trouble I have with the movie is the same trouble that I have—along with a good many other readers, perhaps—with all of Jerzy Kosinski's books, which is that they seem inhuman. The idea that Chance is an idiot whom people make wise with their own wishes is funny and worth our thought, but Chance is also entirely without feelings, and there is nothing funny about that. A dying man calls him a true friend, and a lonely, affection-starved woman finds him a source of release and joy. "You have set me free," she says, and the man smiles at her with perfect incomprehension. This is more than cynical; it is cruel and hateful, and without correspondence in experience, for the truth about the world is that feelings do flow in, at the unlikely times and places, and save us from our robot-like lives. The problem with *"Being There"* isn't that Chance has an empty vessel for a head but that Jerzy Kosinski has a splinter of ice in his heart. One moment—one glimpse—in this movie makes us wonder, though. When Benjamin Rand dies at last, the camera pauses for an instant on Chance, who is standing beside the deathbed, and we are astounded to see a tiny glimmer of tears in his eyes. Who thought of this? (It isn't in the book.) Hal Ashby? Peter Sellers? Jerzy Kosinski? This is the most interesting question that this imperfect, interesting picture puts to us.

THE folks over at *MAD* are going to have an easy time of it when they get around to putting out their version of *"All That Jazz,"* the big new movie musical directed by Bob Fosse, which is based, we are given to understand, on Fosse's own life in the theatre. For one thing, the *MAD* artists and writers won't have to waste any time thinking up their customary funny, far-out version of the events up on the screen, because Bob Fosse and his associates, including the producer and co-author, the late Robert Alan Aurthur, have come up with a picture that defies further broadening: it is its

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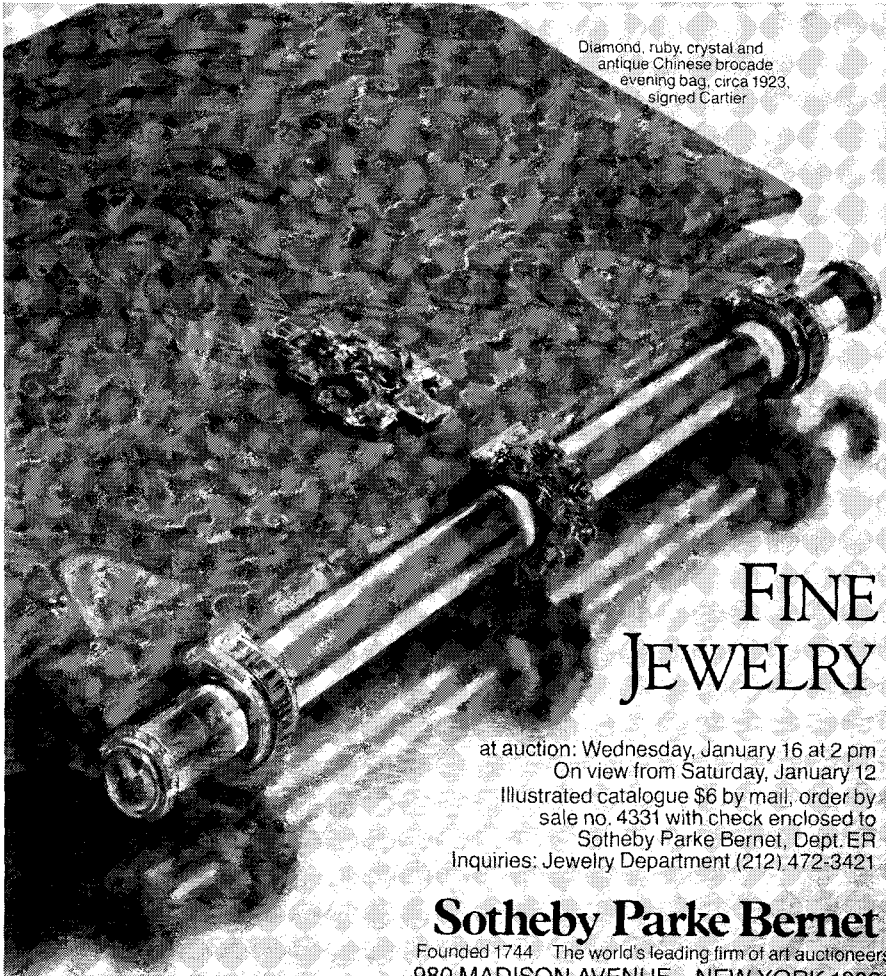
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own *MAD*, and the balloons in the strips can be filled in with dialogue right out of the picture. This leaves nothing for the magazine's artists (and the rest of us) to do but write in the sound effects, which are the most fun anyway. We can begin with the picture's leitmotiv, the repeated footage about how our hero—a choreographer-director named Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider)—begins the day. He presses the button on his stereo to start the Vivaldi tape, for the man is cultured (*klik: yum-tah-tah-tah-da-de-DAH! Yum-tah-tah-tah-deedle-TAH!*), uses the old eyedrops (*plip... winkk*), jumps into the shower (*shwoarsh-shwoarsh*), lights a cigarette (*klik... "Ummmm" ... "Ahhh" ... kaff*), pops a Dexedrine (*popp... glurp-glurp... gungg... ZINGO!!!*), and faces the mirror with a brave little smile and cries, "It's showtime, folks!"

Joe smokes a lot, which is bad for him, and sometimes he grabs his left arm or secretly takes his pulse, while we get some quick flash cuts to an oxygen mask, I.V.s, and hovering nurses—which can all be done in one messy, scary drawing. Then we might have a strip about the scene in which Joe finds time to put his own teen-age daughter, Michelle (Erzsebet Foldi), through some ballet moves in front of a rehearsal-hall mirror. First he pops another pill—probably a nitroglycerin tab (*popp... ulp! "Wheeyew"*). Michelle: "What's that?" Joe: "It's a mint." Michelle: "C'n I have one?" Joe: "Nah, you wouldn't like it." Then, cigarette in mouth, he lifts her and holds her in midair, showing her how to hold her legs and move her arm. Joe: "Like this, see? You (*kaff-kaff... kaff-kaff-KAFF... KAFF-KAFFKAFFKAFFKAFFKAFF... kaff-kaff-kaff!... kaff-kaff... kaff-a-kaff*)..." He puts her down.

Then we should move along to where Joe, the great, worn-out, hard-driving, lovable-genius choreographer-director, is whipping some boys and girls into shape in the rehearsal hall. They are wearing sweaty old Dan-skis and brave smiles, and everybody is bushed. The piano starts again (*razz-muh-tazz, boppy-doppy-doo*), and the dancers move and bend together in rhythm (*bennd, swooop, tapp-tapp-tap, swirl, da-bop*). Joe: "Stop smiling. It's not the high-school play! Again! Victoria, stretch that leg!" Victoria (she isn't meant to be a very good dancer, but Joe has been *sleeping* with her, see?): "Ooh, I can't!" (*Runs to dusty window and hides her head in her arms.*) "Oh, boo-hoo! Sob-sob-sob-sob-sob-sobbb!" Joe (*resignedly, to the*

piano player; he knew this was coming): "Hold it, hold it." He goes over to Victoria (Deborah Geffner) and begins talking very quietly: "Keep trying... Don't quit. I know I can make you better... Stay?" Victoria (*sob... sniff*): "Are you (*sob... gulp*)... are you going to keep on—yelling at me?" Joe (*with a quiet, disarming smile*): "Probably."

Come to think of it, and because the *MAD* artists like big, messy layouts, they should probably slap another figure right into the middle of these last two scenes—Warner Baxter, of course (little mustache, worn-out face, disarming smile), popping aspirins and smoking a million cigarettes and coughing his head off and saying almost exactly the same lines to Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers and the other brave, tired kids in the rehearsal scenes of the first big Warner Brothers backstage movie musical of them all, the 1933 hit "42nd Street." Two musicals for the price of one!

The rehearsals in "All That Jazz" fill Joe Gideon with doubt about his work and his life (he has *standards*), but then the boys and girls get it together and absolutely knock out the show's backers and producers with their big "Take Off with Us" dance number, which is lively and acrobatic and very bare and sexy; when it's over, Joe's ex-wife, Audrey Paris (Leland Palmer), an actress-dancer who is going to star in the show, even though—oh, you know. Anyway, she says, "I don't know about the audience, but I think it's the best work you've ever done." Then she lifts her head, and we see that her eyes are full of tears, and she adds, "You son of a bitch!"

Well, I guess the *MAD* artists are going to be pretty pooped themselves, because they'll certainly have to put in that mysterious female, swathed in yards of white tulle and swirling veils, called Angelique (Jessica Lange), who seems to represent Ms. Death, and who will have to have a "Prop. F. Fellini, Roma" stamped on her rump, and they'll want to do Cliff Gorman's big, drawable face in the sort-of-like-Lenny Bruce part, especially when he says "I got insight into you, Gideon. You know what's underneath? The dreadful fear that you're... ordinary!" and they'll have to work up a drawing that sums up those terrific (if you like them) and familiar Fosse dance numbers—a blur of long legs and outthrust hips, tucked-in chins, hats cocked over eyes, snapping fingers, and sensuous kicks and pelvic twists and... Well, you'll get the idea when you see the magazine, or even the movie. But we'll

need our best sound effects, of course, for the part where Joe pulls out all his tubes and monitors and I.V.s in the Intensive Care Unit (*pluk, tugg... pluk-pluk sprungg!* "Oww!..." *Drip-drop*) and goes padding around the corridors in his hospital benny (*pad-pad-pad-pad... "Ooo-eee"...* "Brrr") while they are readying the sets for the big, final "Bye-Bye Life, Bye-Bye Happiness" number, with Ben Vereen and the whole damned cast, that accompanies Joe as he shuffles off this mortal coil (*shuffle-shuffle, snif, sob, smile*). But before *that*, to be sure, we have the open-heart-surgery scene, featuring a real heart (no credit) and its own terrific sounds (*beep—thung-ga-BUNGG! beep—thung-ga-GLUNGG!*), and the scalpel (*slitttt*), and, I suggest, some reactions from the audience ("Yipes!" "Eeek!" *GAGGGG!*).

Some of the actors in "All That Jazz" almost survive its "Backstage Wife" situations and comic-strip dialogue. The striking-looking Ann Rein-king does more than one could expect with the part of Joe Gideon's put-upon No. 1 girlfriend, Kate, and Roy Scheider is hardworking, talented, and convincing, if never quite charming, in the big Gideon-Fosse role. He has a little pointy beard, tight-fitting clothes, calf-length boots, a lot of wrinkles in his forehead, and that dangling cigarette, but I wish he wouldn't open his heart to us (in the other sense) in *every* scene. A lot of moviegoers are going to love him in this part, and they are going to love the movie, too, because it's fun and because it's about *life* (*ta-dahh!*). It's hard to take exception to this notion, because this is a picture about show-biz people, who are theatrical by nature and must invent a drama for themselves every day. They call this life, but in this case I call it hokum—of a very high, rich order. Go ahead and enjoy it, but watch out for the old cholesterol. —ROGER ANGELL

Rep. Charlotte Sewall of Newcastle appears typical of many legislators, and of many non-political Mainers. She spent a lot of the summer getting ready for winter.

"We had our draperies lined with insulting material," she said.—*Portland (Maine) Press Herald*.

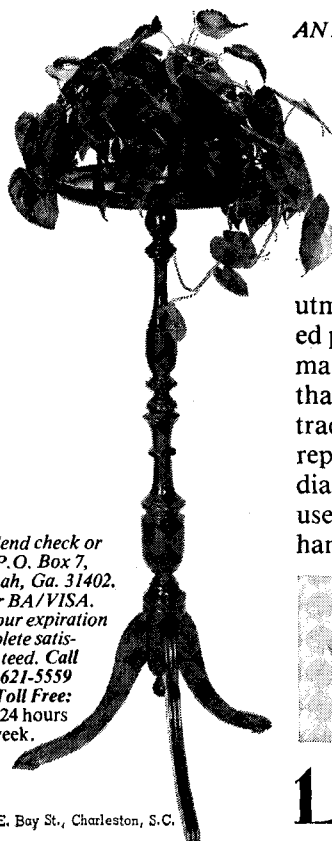
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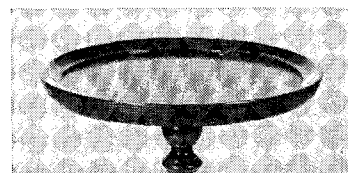
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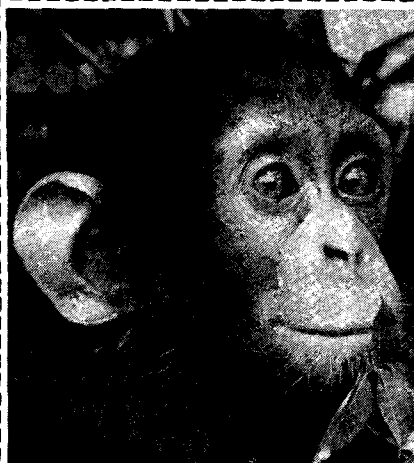


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NOT FUNNY

MITZI SHORE does not like to talk about money. "The dollar sign has never been No. 1 to me," she said recently. "It's always been the art form." The art form in question is standup comedy. In Mitzi Shore's hands, it happens to be worth a lot of money. In 1973, as part of a divorce settlement, she came into ownership of a club called the Comedy Store, where aspiring comedians performed for the opportunity to be seen. The divorce was from a standup comedian named Sammy Shore, who had spent a lot of years working lounges in Las Vegas. Shore had opened the Comedy Store eighteen months before in a small room at the side of a building on the Sunset Strip. The sign he put on the wall said, "The Jokes Are Free. The Drinks Are Seventy-five Cents." Shore ran what he thought of as a "free-flowing, ad-lib sort of place"—a place for comics to try out or just hang out. Shore himself might jump up and do ten minutes, he now recalls, or a comic innocently having a beer at the bar might be told, "Hey, Ralph—you go on next." Every so often, the Comedy Store ran out of comics before the end of the evening; occasionally, it ran out of audience. Six years after Mitzi Shore took it over, she was running three separate clubs in the Sunset building—and she owned the building. She had another Comedy Store in Westwood, near U.C.L.A. She owned two night clubs, featuring comedians, in San Diego. She ran a Comedy Store troupe that travelled the college circuit. She had a hundred and twenty-seven employees, not counting comedians, and an annual net estimated at several hundred thousand dollars. Still, Mitzi Shore prefers to speak of what she does as an art rather than a business. She says that producing an evening's entertainment in one of her rooms is "like painting a picture." When aspiring comedians discuss Mitzi Shore—which they do constantly, always referring to her by her first name—the remark most often attributed to her in regard to her empire is distinctly nonfinancial: "I did it all for the comics."

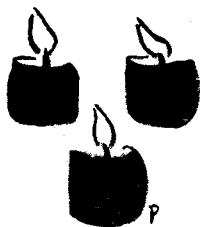
For Mitzi Shore, running the little room on Sunset Boulevard turned out to be the right line of work at the right time in the right town, and even on the

right street. There was a revival of comedy in the early seventies, and it inevitably tilted toward Los Angeles. A few years before, about the only established club that served predominantly as a workshop or showcase for comics was in New York—a crowded room west of the theatre district called the Improvisation. About the time the Broadway shows ended, standups at the Improv would start batting out jokes about their childhoods in the Bronx or their failures on blind dates—all the while peering through the smoky haze in the hope of spotting a talent coordinator who had been dispatched by Johnny Carson. Just before the Comedy Store opened, Carson moved the "Tonight Show" to Los Angeles; sooner or later, every talk show that regularly used comics was being produced there. Aspiring comics still tend to measure their progress by the talk shows they have appeared on—how many Carsons, how many Dinahs, how many Griffins and Douglasses. The television industry in Los Angeles, though, offered the possibility of an even more astounding payoff: comedians could go from showcase clubs to sit-coms without the intervening step of piling up talk-show credits. It is common for unknown actors to work up ten or fifteen minutes of standup material in the hope of being discovered at a comedy showcase by the producer of a television series. In the mid-seventies, the proprietor of the Improvisation, Budd Friedman, moved to Los Angeles and established an Improv branch on Melrose Avenue. Several other tryout clubs opened in Los Angeles and New York. Nobody could catch up with Mitzi Shore.

Sammy Shore—still working Vegas, most recently opening for Donna Summer at M.G.M. Grand—says, "She made it into a business. It was art when I had it." Whatever luck Mrs. Shore might have had in her timing and her location, she had turned out to be, by all accounts, a shrewd businesswoman. Her method of operation did not include pressing comics into service from the bar. Every comic hoping to work a Comedy Store room phoned in at the beginning of the week to ask which time slots he had been given—if any. "Whenever a standup said 'How can I repay you?'" she said recently, "I

said, 'Mention me on TV.'" A lot of them did. Sooner or later, the Comedy Store became a regular stop for people taking a show-biz tour of Los Angeles—an attraction in the way the Universal Lot and the Homes of the Stars were attractions—and the audience was almost always the sort of good-humored cross-section that comedians love. On Melrose, Friedman ran the same sort of club he ran in New York—limited in size, marginally funky, patronized partly by comedy-wise regulars who didn't laugh easily. "What it amounts to is this," a comic who has worked both places said recently. "Budd made a good hamburger; Mitzi turned it into McDonald's." Mitzi Shore ran a constantly expanding operation that could put on, in its various rooms, forty-five comics a night. "I don't want to compete with her," a San Diego night-club operator who claimed that Mrs. Shore had once forced him out of business told William Knoedelseder, Jr., of the *Los Angeles Times*. "She's tough, and we're not that tough. She is the law, judge, jury, and legislature."

Mitzi Shore doesn't look that tough. She is a diminutive woman with very dark hair, very pale skin, and a soft, slightly nasal voice that can be imitated to great effect by a lot of Comedy Store comics. Unlike Friedman, who loves to introduce acts at the Improv with a series of dreadful jokes, she has never appeared before an audience. She says she would be terrified. As the Comedy Store came to dominate the showcase business, though, comedians who were casual about appearing before an audience were terrified of Mitzi Shore. She controlled what was most important to them—access to the stage. She decided who got time slots at a Comedy Store room and who got regular time slots and who got regular time slots at peak-audience periods and who got regular time slots at peak-audience periods two or three times a week. If a comedian needed to be on at eleven o'clock on Thursday night in order to be seen by some producer or manager, Mitzi Shore could arrange to put him on at eleven o'clock on Thursday. If ABC Television wanted to see a dozen comics perform one evening in the hope of finding one or two for a special, Mitzi Shore, who has a contract with ABC as a consultant, decided which comics would be seen. She was indeed the judge and jury, but comics saw her playing roles beyond that: patron, discoverer, longshoremen's shape-up boss, confidante, older woman, mother.



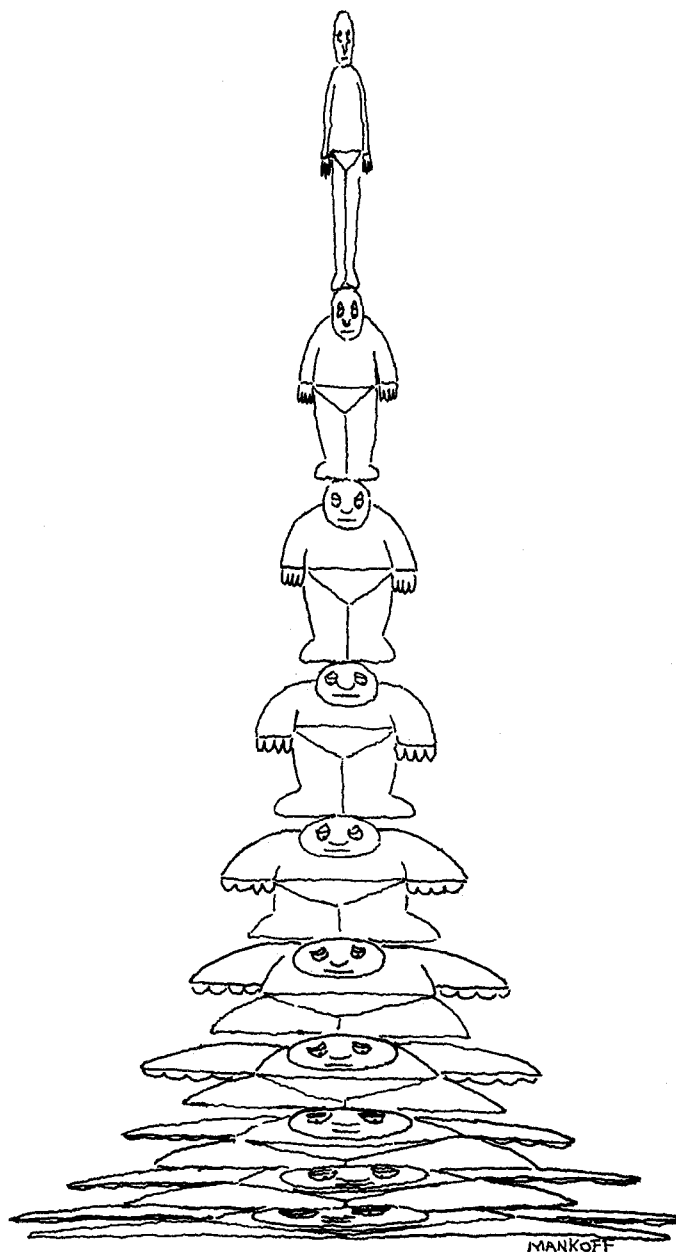
When aspiring comics in Los Angeles talk among themselves—leaning up against a car on the sidewalk in front of the Improv, eating corned-beef sandwiches at two in the morning at Canter's, a cavernous deli on North Fairfax Avenue—they often talk about how Mitzi Shore acquired all of those roles. Introducing into their discussion her view of comedians—the standard psychological view that they are insecure children who crave attention and approval—does not offend them. They tend to agree with it. "Lots of people who have negative feelings about themselves get into comedy," a comic named Tom Dreesen said not long ago. Comedians often talk about rejection. They are a good market for self-help books on building confidence; Phyllis Diller's five rules for an aspiring standup comedian, which Dreesen often quotes, include "Read 'The Magic of Believing.'" Another of her rules is "Realize That No One Is Ever Going to Help You." Dreesen has had more success than most of the other comedians who drifted into Los Angeles in the middle seventies—he has done, by his own count, thirty-two

"Tonight Show's, forty Dinahs, thirty Griffins, and thirty Douglasses—but he finds the business "an emotional roller coaster." ("First a talk show wants you, then they don't want you. You kill them one time; the next time you bomb.") More than any other entertainer, a comic can be seen to succeed or fail at each performance solely according to the immediate response of the audience. Some comics say that despite Mitzi Shore's predilection for talking about helping comics develop their acts and shaping their careers, she has no real knowledge of comedy, but the central fact of their insecurity is that there are no credentials for judging them. If the man in the second row laughs, it's funny; if he doesn't, it isn't.

Mitzi Shore has often said that having been married to a comedian for twenty years taught her not just what comedy is but what comedians

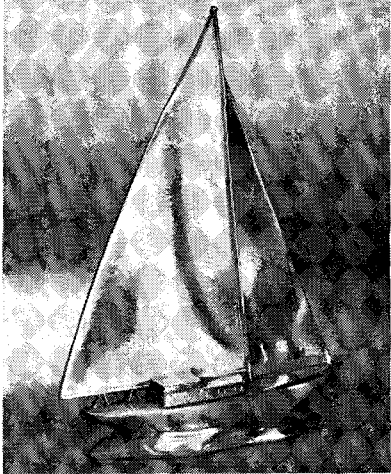
need—what kind of room and audience and encouragement. In the view of some comics who have worked the Comedy Store, having been married to a comedian for twenty years taught her where comics are vulnerable—what they crave, what they fear, how they can be manipulated. Those who take the analytical approach during the early-morning discussions at Canter's tend to think that the young comics who flocked to the Comedy Store from all over the country needed somebody whose approval was basic to their lives, and that Mitzi Shore needed to be that person. Not many comedians seemed to resent the control Mitzi Shore had over their lives, but eventually there was some grumbling about another subject—money.

In a way, the central question was whether family-hamburger-stand arrangements remained appropriate for the McDonald's Corporation. The



Comedy Store had become an industry. Drinks cost a lot more than seventy-five cents, and customers were required to buy at least two of them—after paying a four-and-a-half-dollar cover charge. On New Year's Eve, the cover charge was twenty dollars. Everybody was being paid except the people whose performance the entire operation was based on—the comics. In 1977, when Mrs. Shore opened the Mainroom of the Sunset building as a conventional night club that specialized in comedians who had become well known in the fifties—most of whom turned out not to draw very well in the seventies—whoever was performing got "the door" (the cover charges). But last winter, when she began filling the same room every weekend by booking Comedy Store regulars as "The Best of the Comedy Store," the comics were paid what they had always been paid—nothing. The comedians held a meeting. Dreesen and a few other comics went to Mitzi Shore to talk about the possibility of paying performers in all of the rooms run by the Comedy Store.

Mitzi Shore was hurt. She felt betrayed. Because of the opportunity she had provided, after all, a number of comedians had become rich and famous. She had said any number of times that she loved comics. "I live for standups," she said not long ago. "This is Utopia for them. Look how fortunate it is that they have this Mecca." She was angry. Mitzi Shore simply did not want to talk about money. Eventually, the comedians, organized into Comedians for Compensation, voted overwhelmingly to strike if a settlement could not be reached. Not long after that, Budd Friedman finally got off a line that was considered good enough to quote at Canter's. It was during what he called his first Hollywood party, in his new house in Beverly Hills. Guests were chatting next to the swimming pool, visible through the garden doors. Attractive women were gathered around a large piano, where somebody was playing show

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tunes. A waiter was passing hors d'oeuvres. Friedman took the scene in with a sweep of the arm and said, "I did it all for the comics."

FRIEDMAN, whose club suffered a serious fire around the time Comedians for Compensation confronted Mitzi Shore, agreed to negotiate some sort of payment for comics as soon as the Improvisation resumed normal operations—but only because he believed he had little choice. "If they had hit me first, I might have reacted the same way Mitzi did," he said recently. Like Mitzi Shore, he believed he had spent years providing a stage and an audience for acts that no sane club operator would have booked if they had to be paid. Friedman, who has never minded talking about money, thought it might simply prove financially unfeasible to pay tryout comics. He agreed to see how it worked out, though, and so did other showcase clubs in Los Angeles and New York. Mitzi Shore did not.

When Mrs. Shore finally did talk about money, her offer was to share the door in the Mainroom but not to pay for performances in the rooms she considered workshops. It was rejected, partly because the comics insisted that the distinction between a workshop and a night club was an artificial device to avoid paying people for their work. Mitzi Shore saw the distinction as fundamental. "To my heart and my being, it's like night and day," she said recently. "A workshop is a place to build your comedic personality and develop material. It's a showcase to the industry. You can be bad in a workshop. You can bomb in a workshop." Going to see comedians perform in a workshop, she says, "is like going to a barber college." The problem, she insisted, was that "the angry people made the mistake of thinking the Comedy Store was their career." It was not meant to be a permanent employer, she said, but a springboard. The risk of establishing the springboard had been all hers. The comedians had been given the opportunity to use it for a gamble—a gamble that could result in nothing or could result in fame and fortune that had no relation to the pay of Comedy Store employees like bartenders and waitresses. The way Mitzi Shore looked at it, the amount of money the C.F.C. was talking about—perhaps twenty-five dollars a set in the tryout rooms—was insignificant except to the person who had to pay it to fifteen different comedians on a rainy Wednesday night in Westwood.

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edy Store, fifty dollars a week would have meant the world to me," a comic named George Miller said recently. According to C.F.C. leaders, that amount could keep even some comics who have been on national talk shows from having to leave the business. Sometimes a couple of talk-show appearances do not lead to the next step up—opening for a pop singer on tour, for instance—but to occasional dates in small clubs and a long wait to see if anything is going to happen to the sitcom idea. In practice, the comedians claimed, Mitzi Shore presented her customers in the workshop rooms with the best comedians she could find, and the right to bomb had never been extended for long. "If comics aren't good enough to be paid," Dreessen said, "how come they're good enough to charge people to see?"

When it became obvious, in the middle of March, that no agreement could be reached, the C.F.C. struck the Comedy Store. Comedians picketed the building on Sunset, carrying placards that said "THE YUK STOPS HERE" or "NO MONEY AIN'T FUNNY." They sang, "Mitzi Shore, Superstar, Give us half the covers, you can keep the bar." Few comics crossed the line, and those who did were bitterly resented as people who would do anything for a ten-o'clock time slot. There were harsh words on both sides. "It didn't go smooth," one of the strike leaders said. "It went ugly." The strike was a labor dispute that contained some of the unnegotiable issues more common to a family argument. A labor mediator cannot deal with a feeling of betrayal. Attorneys for the disputing parties have no way of working out a compromise on rejection.

The strike dragged on through April. At times, all of the Comedy Store rooms were dark. The strikers cast around for ways to book their own comedy shows in competing clubs. Eventually, they persuaded powerful allies like the Screen Actors Guild and AFTRA to respect their picket line. Seven weeks after the beginning of the strike—on a night when the picketers claimed that a comic loyal to Mrs. Shore had driven his car into the picket line—an agreement was finally signed. Excepting certain time slots for the least-experienced performers, Mitzi Shore agreed to pay comics in every room of the Comedy Store.

THE dispute between the comedians and Mitzi Shore did not turn out to be the sort of family argument that ends in tearful reconcilia-

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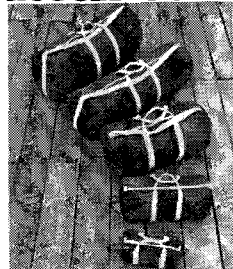
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tion. A few strike leaders, Dreesen among them, never again phoned the Comedy Store to ask for a time slot; they moved to the Improv. George Miller, who had been a favorite of Mrs. Shore's, did not enter the Comedy Store for months while she was there, and when he finally did the police were called to eject him. ("The person who should have been arrested," he said later, "was the comic who was onstage.") Some of the comedians went ahead with their efforts to book evenings at competing clubs—all of which proved unsuccessful. There were immediate accusations that Mrs. Shore was breaking the agreement by not giving time slots to some people who had been particularly active in the strike—accusations that she denied, saying that the terms of the agreement had, for various reasons, greatly reduced the number of time slots available. In the weeks after the strike, late last spring, a comedian from New York named Steve Lubetkin was particularly distraught about not being given any time slots. Lubetkin told friends that he was being shut out because of his intense support of the strike. He told other comics that Mrs. Shore hated him. He said he would never be able to work again. After a meeting of the comics' organization one afternoon in June, he drove to the Continental Hyatt House, a fourteen-story hotel next to the Comedy Store, and went out on the roof. Then he leaped to his death on a ramp that leads to the Comedy Store parking lot. His suicide note said little more than "My name is Steve Lubetkin. I used to work at the Comedy Store."

The comedians held a memorial service for Steve Lubetkin, and Mitzi Shore held what amounted to a counter memorial service. They were incensed when she put a sign saying "In Memoriam Steve Lubetkin" on the Comedy Store marquee. She was incensed by implications that she had been responsible for the suicide. "I'm getting pissed off that I'm being blamed for someone else's inadequacies," she told William Knoedelseder, Jr., who did a long, carefully researched piece on Lubetkin for the *Times*. "This system works. If you've got it, you'll make it and become a star. Not everyone is going to become a star, and those people who are angry and blaming me are probably aware that they aren't going to become a star." The comics often start conversations about Lubetkin by saying something like "nobody blames Mitzi for Steve's death"—acknowledging that someone who would commit suicide over time slots would presumably have committed suicide



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sooner or later over something else. George Miller, whose break with Mitzi Shore has been the bitterest of all, doesn't bother with the disclaimer. "I think if she had treated him fairly," Miller said recently, "he would probably be alive today."

TO outward appearances, the Comedy Store has been back to normal since the summer. The bitterness between Mitzi Shore and the comics, though, seems unending. The comedians' organization—now called the American Federation of Comedians—has gone to court with dozens of complaints accusing her of breaking the agreement. Mrs. Shore hardly bothers to hide her contempt for the agreement. She has been ordered by a Los Angeles judge to enter into the grievance arbitration that the agreement calls for, but she is appealing the order. She quit booking comics during the week at her Westwood club for a while, and now does not pay the ones she books. Some comics are more interested in working—even for free—than in arguing the point. Some comics are concerned that Mrs. Shore and Friedman may have been right in saying that paying comics would reduce their opportunities. Friedman has started booking a band one night a week at the Improv. "As long as I have to pay for entertainment," he said recently, "I might as well pay for something that draws customers."

On the whole, though, the comics who led the strike are proud of how it came out—proud that comedians, for once, stuck together, and proud that paying showcase comics is now accepted throughout the country. Still, they sometimes sound sad when they talk about what has happened. They are sad about Steve Lubetkin, of course, and they are also sad about their relationship with Mitzi Shore. She still occupies some of the roles she had for them. They often say it might have all been different if she had been willing to talk about the tiniest bit of money when the subject first came up. "She would have had to offer so little," one of the comedians said recently. "She could have been a heroine. She would have been the madonna of the comics. We really wanted her approval."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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CONCERT RECORDS

Rediscovered "Leonora"

IT has long been known that the play on which Beethoven's opera "Fidelio" was based had been used for operatic purposes by at least three other composers: Pierre Gaveaux (1798), Simon Mayr, Donizetti's teacher (1805), and Ferdinando Paër (1804). It has also been known that Beethoven expressed admiration for Paër's version, whose first performance, in Dresden, preceded that of Beethoven's first version by slightly more than a year and that of his final version by ten years. The operas of Gaveaux and Mayr have long been neglected. The play that got the whole thing started was Jean Nicolas Bouilly's "Léonore," which was originally translated and tailored for Beethoven by Joseph Sonnleithner; his version was later altered, much to Beethoven's satisfaction, by the experienced librettist Georg Friedrich Treitschke, and the result was "Fidelio" as we know it today. The Swiss conductor Peter Maag has recently studied the score of Paër's opera in the archives of the Teatro Regio, in Parma, and a recording of it, as edited and conducted by him, is striking enough to have caused some

stir among opera enthusiasts (London OSA 13133; six sides). Paër was born in Parma and in the late seventeenth-hundreds settled in Vienna, where he was influenced by Mozart. Later, he moved to Dresden and, finally, to Paris, where he became Napoleon's maître de chapelle and the conductor of the Opéra-Comique. He wrote no fewer than forty-three operas, of which the recently rediscovered "Leonora, o l'Amore Coniugale" is one of the finest. After the Dresden première came a performance at the Teatro della Pergola, in Florence, with Mme. Francesca Paër, apparently the composer's wife, as protagonist.

Unlike Beethoven's work, Paër's contains no spoken dialogue. The conversational episodes are all in secco recitative. The general focus of the work is also somewhat different: while Beethoven's opera is a hymn to freedom, Paër's is concerned mainly with wifely devotion, freedom taking second place. Certain unforgettable episodes in the Beethoven work, such as the prisoners' chorus, the quartet in which Leonora enters carrying chains, the unfettering of Florestan, and the grand finale, are

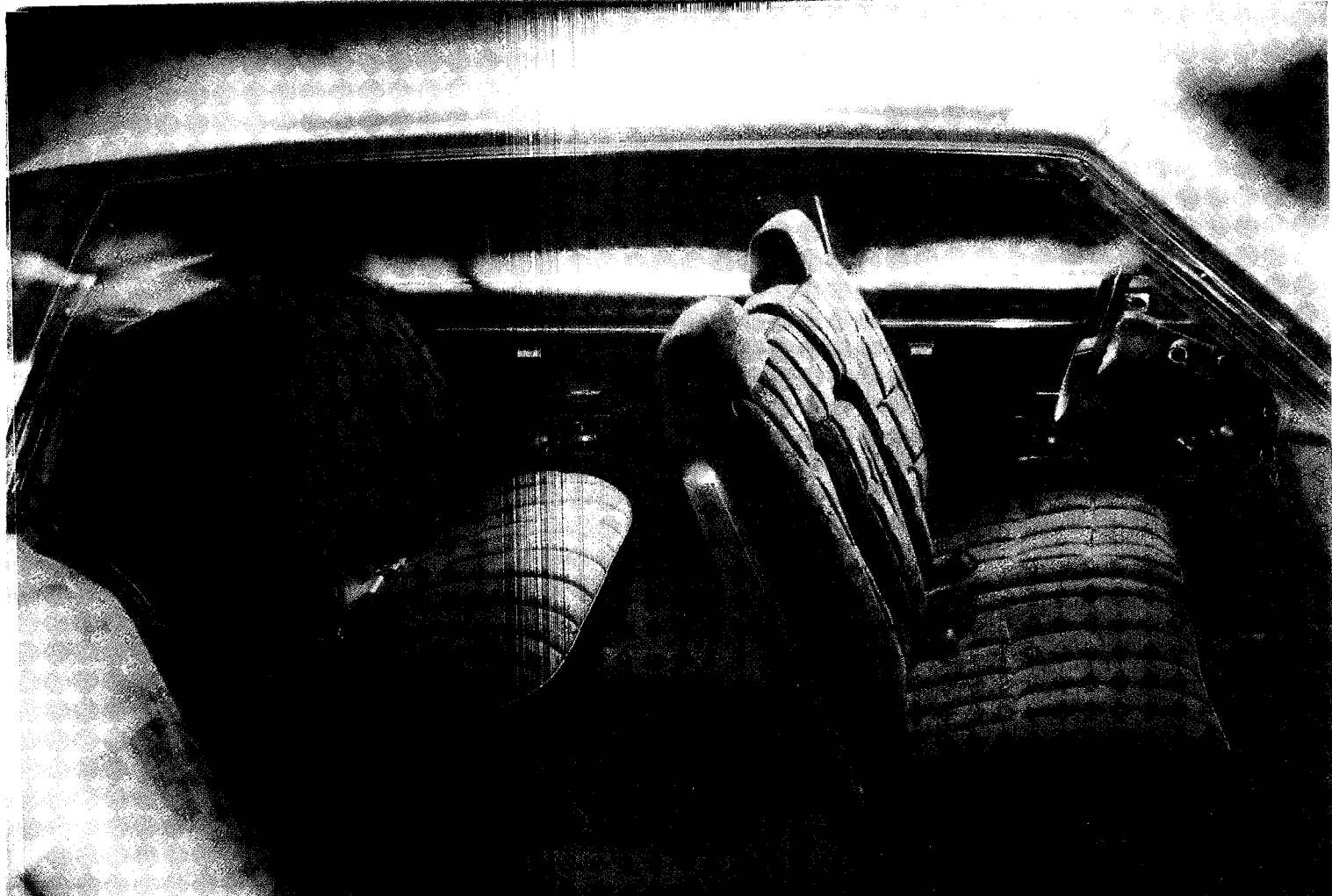
absent in Paër's. But the quality of Paër's music is very high—almost Mozartian—with a few flights of coloratura that are more typically Italian. The moving concern of Florestano for the unconscious Leonora after Pizzarro's exit from the dungeon; his realization of who she is, in the aria "O soave momento!"; and the final duet, which takes place underground in Paër's version, are outstanding scenes. Somewhat more is made of Marcellina's crush on Fidelio (a marriage is actually planned) than in Beethoven. Ultimately, Leonora promises Marcellina a dowry for her marriage to Giacchino. After the entrance of Don Fernando into the dungeon, Pizzarro is placed under guard and fettered with the chains that formerly held Florestano. The opera concludes with the whole cast addressing the audience on the merit of such wifely virtue as Leonora's. Now that the score has been rediscovered by Mr. Maag, it should be of interest to opera houses throughout the world, for it is indeed a work of top quality—unfairly neglected, and far more professionally written than "Fidelio."

Mr. Maag's recording involves Ursula Koszut (as Leonora), Edita Gruberova, Siegfried Jerusalem (as Florestano), Giorgio Tadeo, Norberth Orth, John van Kesteren, and Wolfgang Brendel, along with the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra.

THE librettist for Rossini's "Otello," one Francesco Maria Berio, had a good deal less respect for Shakespeare than did Verdi's librettist, Arrigo Boito. Berio's libretto does not follow Shakespeare at all except in that the Moor murders Desdemona and lives to regret it and commit suicide. There is no tenderness between Otello and Desdemona. Rodrigo is converted into a serious rival of Otello for the affections of Desdemona. Desdemona's father dislikes Otello, and curses his daughter for proposing to marry him, preferring Rodrigo as a son-in-law. There is a duel between Otello and Rodrigo. Jealousy winds things up as Otello murders Desdemona, thinking that her affections are directed toward Rodrigo. Finally, Desdemona's father is brought around to



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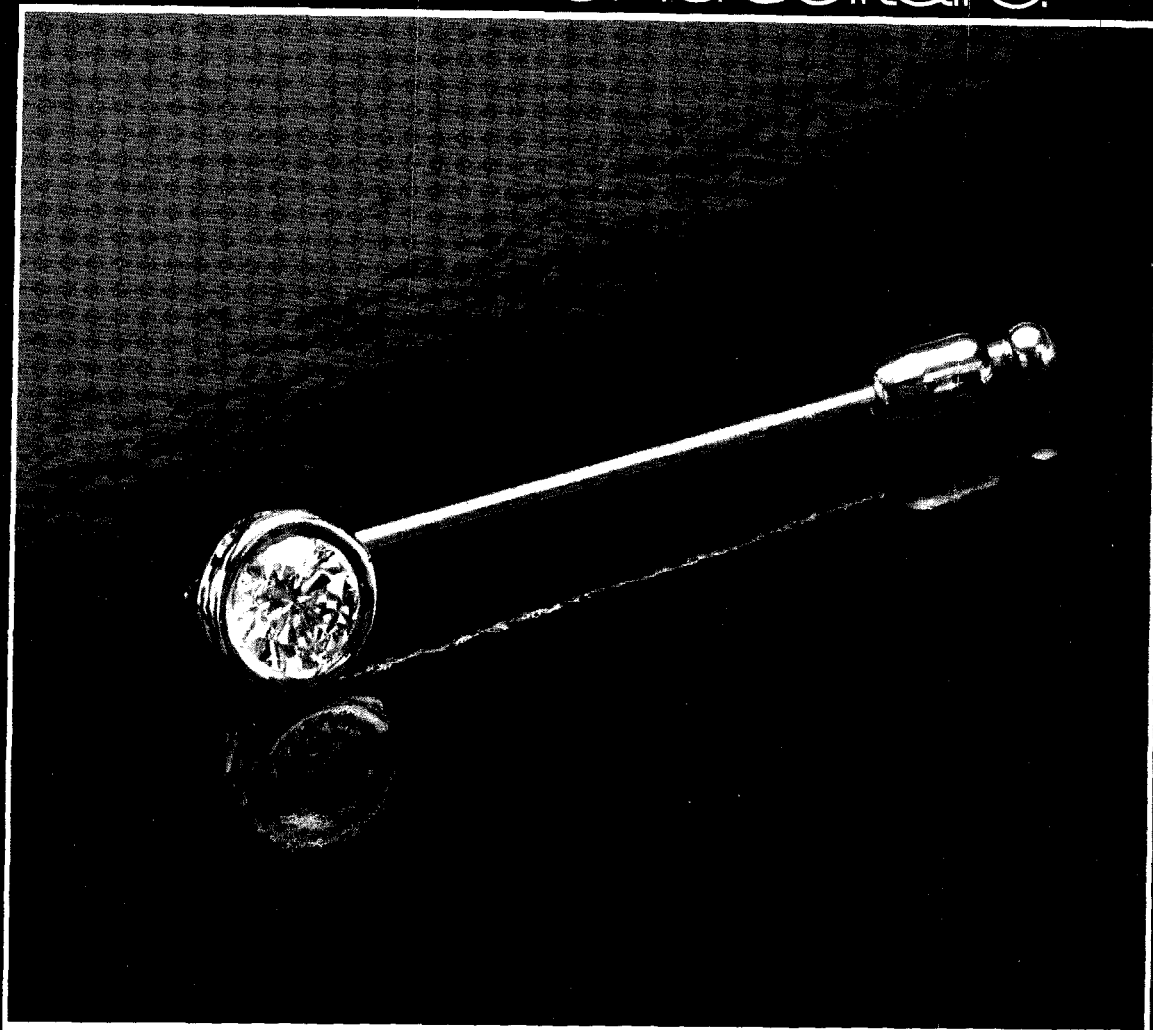
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consider a marriage between Otello and Desdemona, but it is too late. Desdemona is dead. Otello then commits suicide, bringing to a close a hodgepodge of Italian opera clichés that do no justice to the emotions of Shakespeare's play. However, if one can forget Shakespeare it's possible to see Rossini's opera as first-rate Rossini, with many fine arias and a certain amount of crude dramatic effectiveness. The opera has been recorded, for the first time in complete form, by Frederica von Stade, José Carreras, Gianfranco Pastine, Salvatore Fisichella, Nucci Condò, Samuel Ramey, Keith Lewis, and Alfonso Leoz, with the Ambrosian Opera Chorus and the Philharmonia Orchestra, under the baton of Jesús López Corbos (Philips 6769 023; six sides). The performance is generally excellent, though Mr. Carreras is not always up to the taxing fioritura of his role.

Antal Dorati, in his series of revivals of Haydn's operas, has finally reached the last one written for the court of Esterháza—"Armida" (Philips 6769 021; six sides). It is an opera seria, requiring a great deal of fioritura singing, and it concerns a sorceress who is sent by the Prince of Darkness to infiltrate the ranks of the Crusaders and weaken them by her feminine wiles. This is the first recording of the work, and the singers are Jessye Norman, Claes H. Ahnsjö, Norma Burrowes, Samuel Ramey, Robin Leggate, and Anthony Rolfe Johnson, with the Orchestre de Chambre de Lausanne, Mr. Dorati conducting. The work is beautiful, and this is a superb performance by all concerned.

Leonard Bernstein, with the Hilversum Radio Chorus and the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, has provided a splendid recording of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 110; four sides). The soloists are Edda Moser, Hanna Schwarz, René Kollo, and Kurt Moll.

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" has been given a fine performance by the Regensburger Domspatzen and the Collegium St. Emmeran, with Hubertus Baumann and Frank Sahesch-Pur, boy sopranos; Michael Hoffmann, boy alto; Heiner Hopfner, tenor; and Nikolaus Hillebrand, bass, under the baton of Hans-Martin Schneidt (Archiv Produktion 2710 024; six sides). The accompanying instruments are of Bach's period, and the scoring is the original. Boy singers are sometimes

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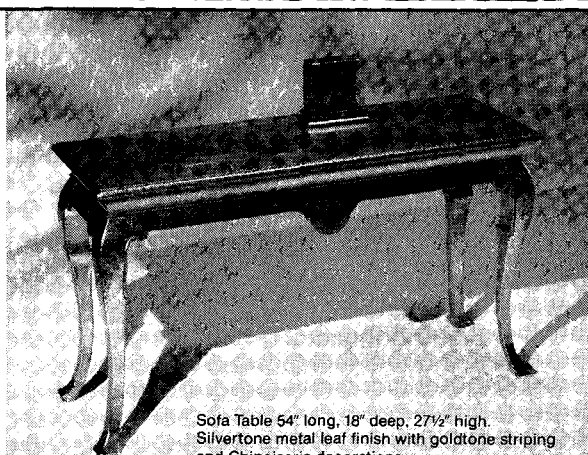
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undependable, but these do remarkably well.

The redoubtable oboist Heinz Holliger, who also plays the English horn, is heard in performances of Haydn's C-Major Oboe Concerto, H. Vllg No. C1; Rossini's Variations for Oboe and Small Orchestra; Anton Reicha's Scene for English Horn and Orchestra; and Donizetti's Concertino for English Horn and Orchestra (Philips 9500 564; single disc). Mr. Holliger is accompanied by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, under the baton of David Zinman. His oboe and horn playing is masterly, with sensitive phrasing and a wide variety of tone.

Two of Carl Nielsen's string quartets—the one in F Minor, Opus 5, and the one in E Flat Major, Opus 14—have been recorded by the Carl Nielsen String Quartet, of Denmark (Deutsche Grammophon 2531 135; single). The music is everywhere pleasing, with some dramatic force, and it is elegantly performed. Nielsen is emerging as an important composer, and these works represent him at his best.

The pianist Michael Ponti has produced a disc of little-known piano music, accompanied by the Southwest German Chamber Orchestra, under Paul Angerer (Turnabout TV 34740; single). The selections include Liszt's "Malediction" for Piano and String Orchestra, Czerny's Divertissement de Concert for Piano and Orchestra, Franz Adolf Berwald's Piano Concerto in D Major, and Charles Valentin Alkan's Concerto da Camera No. 2 for Piano and Strings. All these are nineteenth-century Romantic virtuoso showpieces. The Czerny will surprise some people, not only because of its beauty but also because of the resemblance of its idiom to the later style of Chopin.

The Horowitz concerts of 1978-79 have been issued by RCA (ARL 1-3433; single). The works performed include Schumann's Humoreske, Opus 20; Rachmaninoff's Barcarole, Opus 10, No. 3, and Humoreske, Opus 10, No. 5; and Liszt's Consolation No. 3 and Mephisto Waltz No. 1. All are played with Horowitz's characteristic dash and astonishing fingerwork.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

There are women in high office in government, yet again we face a presidential campaign without any women candidates. Invisibility rears its ugly head.—Janet Cnare in the *Madison (Wis.) Press Connection*.

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BOOKS

Addict

IN Henry Mayhew's great nineteenth-century oral history "London Labour and the London Poor," a boy with "long and rather fair hair" speaks of the rigors of his childhood:

I'm a native of Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, and am sixteen. My father was a shoe-maker, and my mother died when I was five years old, and my father married again. I was sent to school, and can read and write well. My father and step-mother were kind enough to me. I was apprenticed to a tailor three years ago, but I wasn't long with him; I runned away. I think it was three months I was with him when I first runned away... I stopped in lodging-houses until my money was gone, and then I slept anywhere—under the hedges, or anywhere... I had to beg my way back... but was very awkward at first. I lived on turnips mainly. My reason for running off was because my master ill-used me so; he beat me, and kept me from my meals, and made me sit up working late at nights for a punishment.

And here, a hundred and twenty years later, in the autobiography "Straight Life" (Schirmer; \$12.95), is the alto saxophonist Art Pepper speaking of his childhood:

One time when my father had been at sea for quite a while he came home and found the house locked and me sitting on the front porch, freezing cold and hungry. She [Pepper's mother] was out somewhere. She didn't know he was coming. He was drunk. He broke the door down and took me inside and cooked me some food. She finally came home, drunk, and he cussed her out. We went to bed. I had a little crib in the corner, and my dad wanted to get into bed with me. He didn't want to sleep with her. She kept pulling on him, but he pushed her away and called her names. He started beating her up. He broke her nose. He broke a couple of ribs. Blood poured all over the floor. I remember the next day I was scrubbing up blood, trying to get the blood up for ages.

Most of Mayhew's four-volume work consists of interviews he conducted with London street people—prostitutes, beggars, flower girls, pick-pockets, sweeps, peddlers. Pepper's book is largely a self-interview. He is a drug addict, and seven years ago, after he had finished three years in Synanon, he began talking his life into a tape recorder as an act of catharsis and stabilization, and this letting loose continued for several years. There is a plethora of tape-recorded books—books set down in a false prose, whose authors have sidestepped the hard, distillative act of writing. But "Straight Life" demon-

strates again and again that Pepper has the ear and memory and interpretative lyricism of a first-rate novelist. He describes what happened to the tenor saxophonist John Coltrane:

He got on that treadmill and ran himself ragged trying to be new and to change. It destroyed him. It was too wearing, too draining. And he became frustrated and worried. Then he started hurting, getting pains, and he got scared. He got these pains in his back, and he got terrified. He was afraid of doctors, afraid of hospitals, afraid of audiences, afraid of bandstands. He lost his teeth. He was afraid that his sound wasn't strong enough, afraid that the new, young black kids wouldn't think he was the greatest thing that ever lived anymore. And the pains got worse and worse: they got so bad he couldn't stand the pain. So they carried him to a hospital but he was too far gone. He had cirrhosis, and he died that night.

Here is the sort of subterranean soul Mayhew relished:

I looked around the club and saw this guy there, Blinky, that I knew. He was a short, squat guy with a square face, blue eyes; he squinted all the time; when he walked he bounced; and he was always going "Tchk! Tchk!"—moving his head in jerky little motions like he was playing the drums. Sometimes when he walked he even looked like a drum set: you could see the sock cymbal bouncing up and down and the foot pedal going

and the cymbals shaking and his eyes would be moving. But it wasn't his eyes; it was that his whole body kind of blinked.

Pepper was born in 1925, in Gardena, California. His father was a tall, tough, handsome merchant seaman and labor organizer, and his mother, raised by an aunt and uncle, never knew her parents. Pepper's parents were twenty-nine and fifteen when they were married, and he was born with rickets and jaundice. There was little to the marriage. Pepper's father was at sea, and his mother was irresponsible and dissolute, and the relationship soon broke up. Pepper was sent to his paternal grandmother in the California countryside when he was five. He was a lorn, fearful child. "I'd wander around alone, and it seemed that the wind was always blowing and I was always cold," he recalls. "I was afraid of everything. Clouds scared me: it was as if they were living things that were going to harm me. Lightning and thunder frightened me beyond words. But when it was beautiful and sunny out my feelings were even more horrible because there was nothing in it for me." His grandmother was a cold German woman, who had her own sorrows, and when his father, who



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paid her to raise the child, visited between sea trips, Pepper was caught in a cross fire:

My grandmother cooked a lot of vegetables, things I couldn't stand—spinach, cauliflower, beets, parsnips. And [my father would] come and sit across from me in this little wooden breakfast nook, and my grandmother would tell me to eat this stuff, and I wouldn't eat it, couldn't eat it. He'd say, "Eat it!" My grandmother would say, "Don't be a baby!" He'd say, "Eat it! You gotta eat it to grow up and be strong!" That made me feel like a real weakling, so I'd put it in my mouth and then gag at the table and vomit into my plate. And my dad was able, in one motion, to unbuckle his belt and pull it out of the rungs, and he'd hit me across the table with the belt. It got to the point where I couldn't eat anything at all like that without gagging, and he'd just keep hitting at me and hitting the wooden wall behind me.

Pepper took up the clarinet at nine, and his father would sit him in bars in San Pedro and make him play "Nola" and "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round" while his friends nodded approvingly and said, "That's Art's boy. He plays nice music." Pepper switched to the alto saxophone when he was twelve, and by the time he was seventeen he was married and working for Stan Kenton. He was in the Army from 1944 to 1946, and then spent five more years with Kenton and made his name as an original and graceful alto saxophonist. But his true career, the weight and heat of this book, began in 1950, when he became addicted to heroin. He was already an alcoholic, and he had long popped pills and smoked pot. None of these gave him surcease from the demons of loneliness and self-hatred. The heroin did—particularly the first time he tried it: "I could feel it start in my stomach. From the whole inside of my body I felt the tranquility... Sheila [a singer] said, 'Look at yourself in the mirror! Look in the mirror!' And that's what I'd always done: I'd stood and looked at myself in the mirror and I'd talk to myself and say how rotten I was... I thought, 'Oh, no! I don't want to do that! I don't want to spoil this feeling that's coming up in me.'... But she kept saying, 'Look at yourself! Look how beautiful you are!'"... I looked in the mirror and I looked like an angel." In 1953, Pepper was arrested and sent to jail for possession of narcotics. During the next thirteen years, he spent more time in jail than out of it. He did five years in San Quentin, and his descriptions of life there are relentless and brilliant.

Pepper hit bottom just before he

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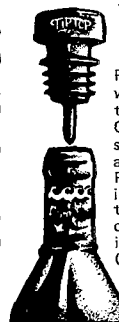
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put himself in Synanon. He was an alcoholic and a junkie, and his career as a musician was in abeyance. His girlfriend had thrown him out, and he found himself, aged forty-four, sitting on his mother's porch, surrounded by his few belongings, and drinking brandy in the midday sun:

My mother had changed a lot over the years. She had found God. She had accepted Christ as her personal savior, and she'd stopped drinking and smoking... She said, "What happened? Where's Christine?" I said, "Christine's gone. She's gone. She's finished. She's gone. She left me here." My mother said, "Oh, Junior, you can't stay here! You know that. We've tried that before. It won't work." I said, "Don't get upset. Don't start flipping out, ma! I know it isn't going to work. I'm not asking to stay with you. I'm not going to stay with you. I know you don't want me to stay with you. You'd rather have me lay in the gutter and die than have me stay with you!" She said, "You don't have to talk like that." I said, "Well, it's true, isn't it?" She said, "Oh, Junior, please!"

Pepper has married again, and he is playing and recording. He is in a methadone program. He has no illusions. ("And that's what I will die as—a junkie.") Nor does he have any remorse or self-pity. He has lived the inverse of the straight life, and he has lived it as well as he knows how. He does not rail against the laws that treat addicted human beings as criminals: the straight world has *its* hangups. He is an eloquent and gifted man.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE NIGHTCLUB, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$7.95). This is the first appearance in English of a novel written in 1933, when Simenon was just thirty and approaching what we now recognize as the peak of his unusual powers. It is, like all his work of that period, dense and turbulent and concerned with obsession. Jean Cholet is a young newspaper reporter in the provincial river port of Nantes who finds himself drawn, almost against his will, to the midnight life of a sleazy night club, to the seeming urbanity of its professionals, to the contrast with them of a moody, not very attractive girl singer; and it is there, to the detriment of his job and to the anguish of his parents, that he spends every possible moment, drinking, splurging



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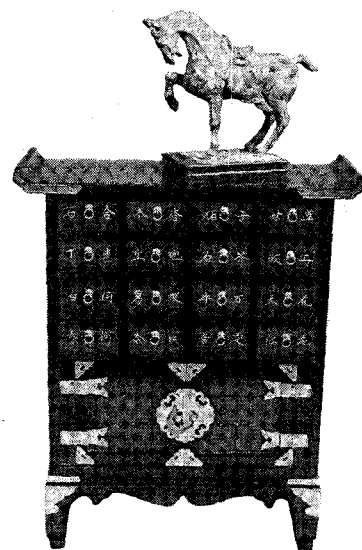
on borrowed money—confused, compelled, and, finally, infinitely touching.

GENERAL

JOHN BUCHAN AND HIS WORLD, by Janet Adam Smith (Scribners; \$10.95). John Buchan (1875-1940) is best remembered as a writer, and perhaps most particularly as the author of "The Thirty-nine Steps," that much-imitated prototype of the modern spy novel, but his literary work, though extensive (he published well over fifty books), occupied only a part of his life. At twenty, while a student at Oxford, he published his first book, and, as a classmate said of him prophetically, "everything he put his hand to prospered." Buchan was in *Who's Who* at the age of twenty-three, and then took a First in Greats at Oxford. Soon thereafter, he was admitted to the bar. He was a successful publisher, he was an enterprising war correspondent, he was elected to Parliament, he was raised to the peerage (as Baron Tweedsmuir), and at the time of his death he was Governor-General of Canada. He was also an ardent fisherman, mountain climber, countryman, and man of affairs. Miss Smith is the author of a full-length biography of Buchan, and this book is a short and richly illustrated version of her earlier work. The text is little more than a catalogue of events and accomplishments, though Miss Smith has some interesting comments on Buchan's thrillers and their anticipation of such phenomena as the contemporary terrorist, but the pictures, many of them scenes from Buchan's wide travels, are first-rate.

PEOPLE OF THE BAYOU: CAJUN LIFE IN LOST AMERICA, by Christopher Hallowell (Dutton; \$8.95). This is the kind of book that almost always gets shouldered aside in the obligatory celebrations of literary flash or fashion. It is excellent but unassuming, revealing but neither unmasking nor deploring—simply a quiet appreciation of an ethnic minority that is more or less contented with its lot. Cajun country ("Cajun" is a corruption of "Acadian") embraces some four and a half million acres of bayous, marshes, and islands (and an ever-threatening encroachment of oil wells) in southernmost Louisiana. Most Cajuns are white French-speaking descendants of the hapless French settlers evict-

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ed from Nova Scotia by the British in the eighteenth century, but within this minority there is also a minority of a French-speaking racial mixture of blacks, Indians, and Chinese. Practically all Cajuns make their living in the waters that surround them—as trappers of muskrats and nutrias, as shrimpers, oystermen, crawfishermen. Mr. Hallowell, a onetime editor of *Natural History*, is an outsider, but he has spent much time in the bayous, visiting, fishing, and trapping with Cajuns, and he is on intimate, pull-up-a-chair-and-help-yourself-to-the-gumbo terms with several large families. He thoroughly knows and respects his subject, and his writing is clean, lively, and, on occasion, warmly affecting. Illustrated with attractive line drawings by Joe Deffes, and with a map.

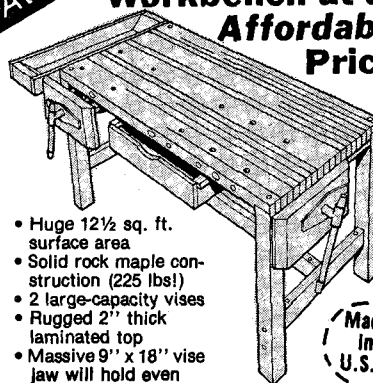
MYSTERY AND CRIME

SMILEY'S PEOPLE, by John le Carré (Knopf; \$10.95). George Smiley, who retired as master of the British secret service known as the Circus when the Cold War was supplanted by détente, is gingerly recalled to duty when one of his former "people," a brilliant anti-Soviet Estonian émigré called the General, is murdered on Hampstead Heath. The General, as Smiley patiently works it out, had been trying to reach him with what was understood to be documentary evidence that could destroy the infamous Russian spy-master Karla, and through secret journeys and risky observations and dangerous interrogations Smiley follows his slender leads to a tense and shivery triumph. As always, Mr. le Carré weaves a tangled web, but for once it is not quite inextricably knotted, and it is possible to experience its unravelling with understanding as well as admiration. There is also an uncommon tautness in the narration—in the fine-cut episodes by which the story moves—that holds the underlying melodrama in perfect control.

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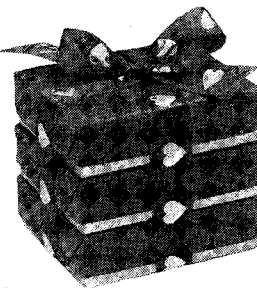
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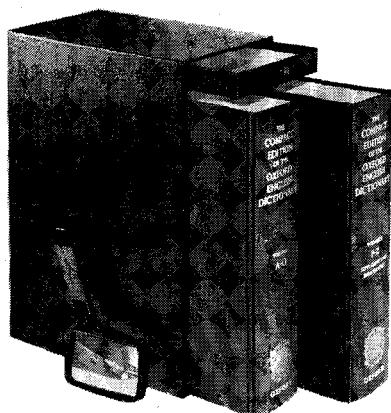


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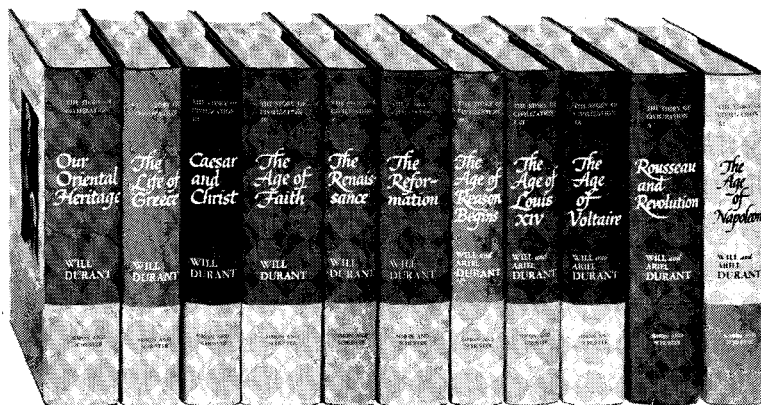
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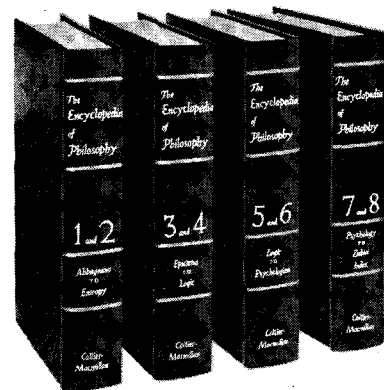
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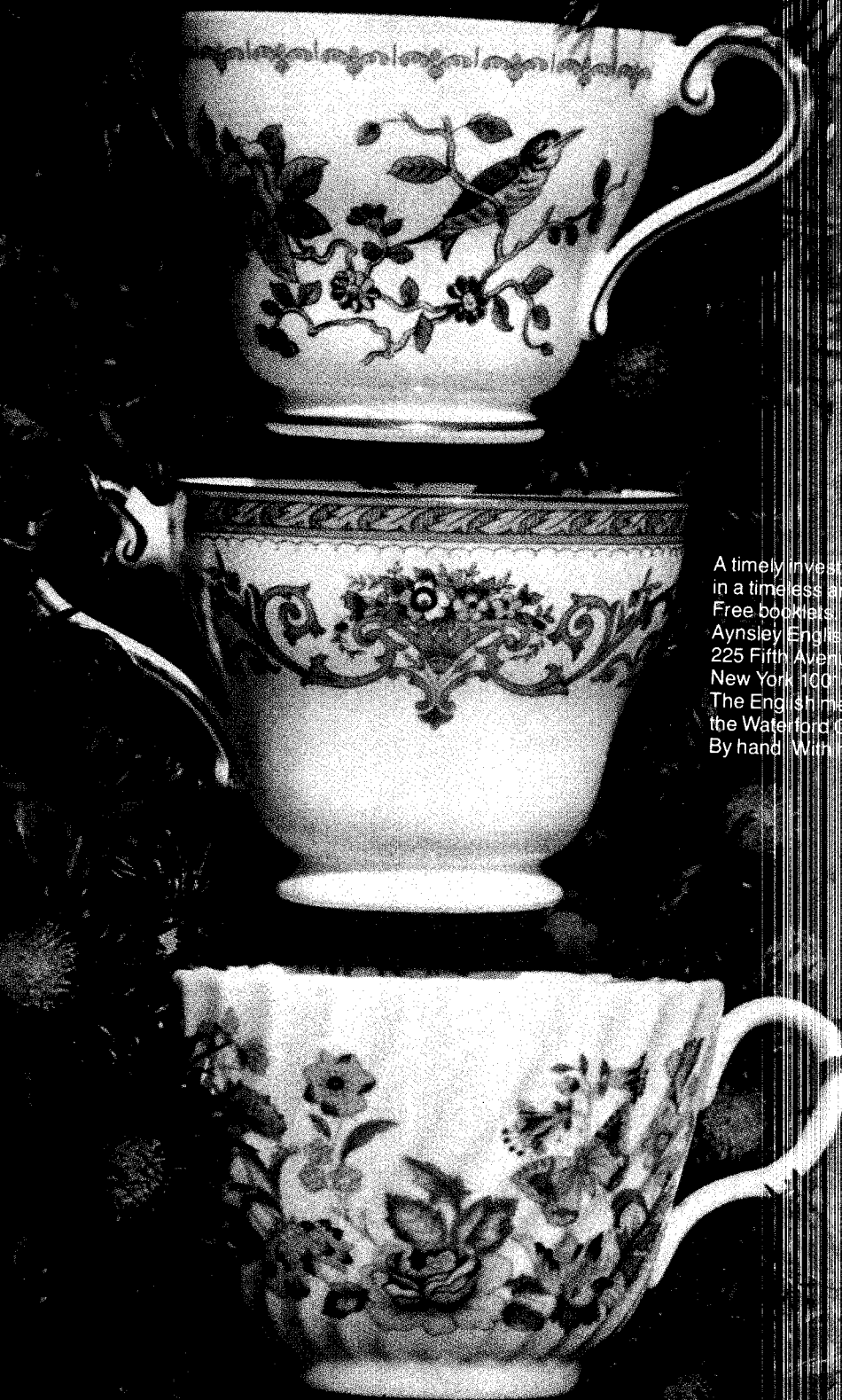
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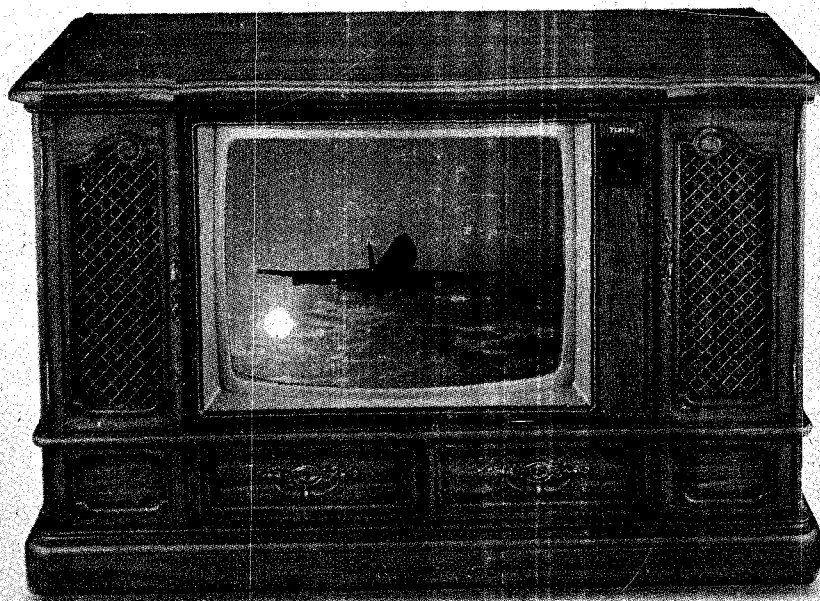
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